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Liberty

ly for Everybody

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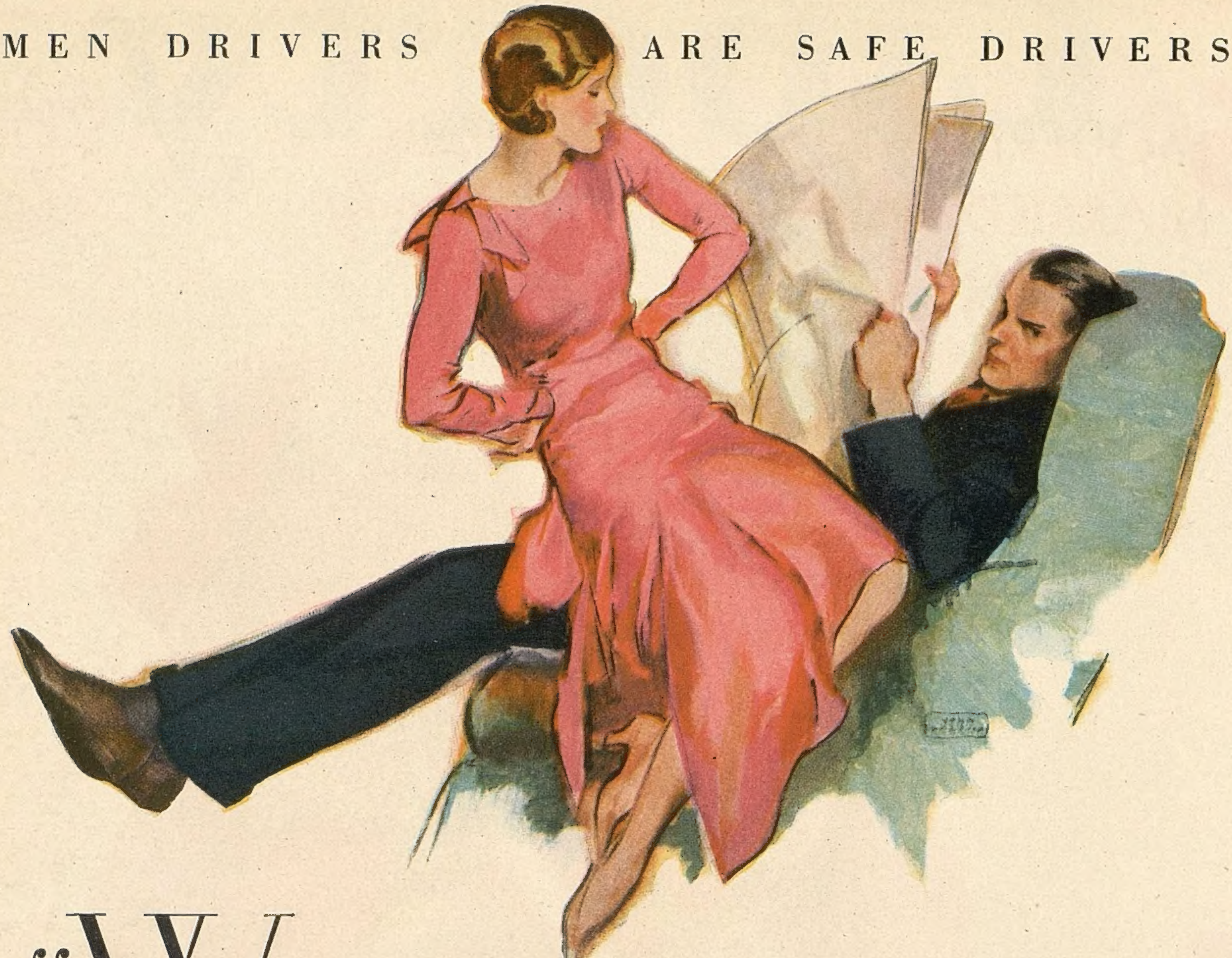
Leslie Thrasher

GRIMSHAW ~ BENCHLEY ~ CARROLL ~ DOHERTY ~ HOLDING

WOMEN DRIVERS ARE SAFE DRIVERS*



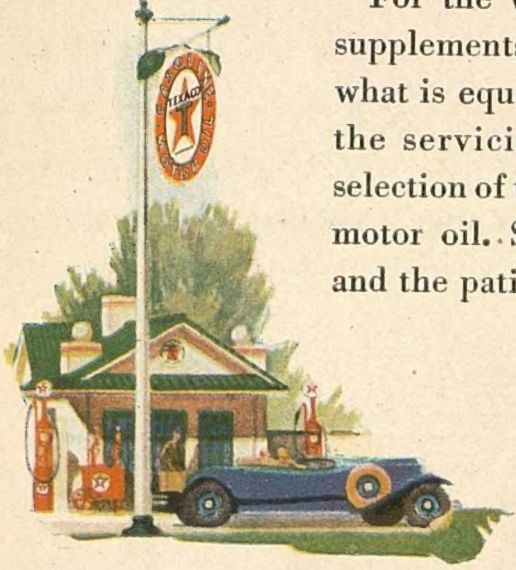
"What, another fender?"

"A summons for speeding! A dent in the radiator! Another fender! Now really John . . ."

For years her own record has been clean in spite of the fact that with her daily driving she puts down more miles on the speedometer than her husband.

For the woman driver of today supplements care at the wheel with what is equally important—care in the servicing of her car, in the selection of the right gasoline and motor oil. She has the desire and the patience to compare ease of starting, power on hills, mileage and cost. And—she has singled out Texaco Gasoline, high-test at no extra price, and Texaco Golden Motor Oil, clean, clear, pure. She has found that this combination assures her absolute dependability in every driving situation and gives her the confidence and sense of security behind the wheel which she desires above all else.

For finest engine performance—for greatest economy—stop for gasoline and motor oil at the Texaco Red Star with the Green T.



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* STATISTICS INDICATE—24% of the licensed drivers in the U. S. A. are women, yet they are involved in only 6% of all automobile accidents.

MODERN MARRIED WOMEN WANT TO BE SO SURE

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene

Every day a surprisingly large number of women send for "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." They are no longer satisfied with casual advice. They realize this is often incorrect, even dangerous. Mail coupon for this frank, authoritative book.

Not so very long ago, the practice of feminine hygiene was always associated with a premonition of danger. This was natural enough. Until recently bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid were the only germicides really effective for the purpose. . . To the good fortune of women, *Zonite* is now available everywhere. This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is absolutely non-caustic and non-poisonous. It cannot cause areas of scar-tissue nor interfere with normal secretions. Yet it is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body. Sold in bottles: 30c, 60c and $1. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

THE PHILIPPINES—WHY?

Damn, damn, damn the Filipinos,
Cross-eyed Kakiak ladrones,
Underneath the starry flag,
Civilize 'em with a Krag,
And return us to our own beloved homes.
—U. S. V. song of 1899.

Secretary of War Hurley and Secretary of State Stimson told the Senate Committee on Territories recently that they are opposed to any plan to grant independence to the Philippines.

Secretary Hurley wrote the committee a letter in which he said that independence now "would be disastrous to the ultimate interest of both Filipino and American people," and that he favored maintaining the present status quo indefinitely.

Secretary Stimson, who used to be Governor General of the Philippines, testified before the committee to the same general effect. Independence, he said, "would destroy self-government in the Philippines" and result in their being overrun by the Chinese. He urged at least thirty years more of American rule to give capital a chance in the islands.

With two members of the Cabinet thus speaking their minds, it seems reasonable to suppose that this is the attitude of the Administration.

Thirty-two years ago the United States decided that, since the Maine had been blown up, we would have to free Cuba from the Spanish tyrant, and we went in with a great pledge of self-abnegation, vowing that we would never annex Cuba itself. Teddy Roosevelt took San Juan Hill (with the help of a few regulars), Sampson or Schley (or the captains and crews) won the Battle of Santiago, and Admiral Dewey, at the other end of the world, sailed into Manila Bay, engaged a far inferior fleet, and won a famous victory.

So we were introduced to the Philippines. We had never been around in them much, but we paid Spain $20,000,000 for them, and then spent $600,000,000 in a war to annex them.

Most of us oldsters look back on that war with no great reverence. It calls up memories of Hell-Roaring Jake Smith, the Samar massacre, the water-cure, juramentados running amok, "civilize 'em with a Krag," etc. Thus we made the Filipinos safe for democracy.

Ever since then all their elected members of Congress and representatives in the United States have state that what they want is freedom from the United State We have given them schools and roads and things, but we have merely substituted the rule of one white man for that of another. And that other had been more prone to know them, to intermarry with them and settle down in the islands than we are. Now they want freedom, and our Cabinet members, Hurley and Stimson, say they shouldn't have it.

Well, that was the way the slaveholders used to talk. They said the slaves really enjoyed slavery. Now try and give slavery back to the Negroes and see how much they enjoyed it.

But that isn't all of the matter. Frankly, we do not predicate our feeling about the Philippines wholly or chiefly on their welfare.

All strategists know that in the event of war against Japan we could not hold the Philippines. They form an untenable salient from our natural line of defense. In the Treaty of 1922 we agreed not to fortify our bases there. In other words, our stay in the Philippines is at the sufferance of Japan. We cannot blink the fact.

We see the rising tide of color all over the world—in China and India particularly. If the tide is successful, we can be sure it will take acute form in the Philippines. Not only would we lose a war with Japan for possession of the islands, but the very fact of their being in our hands holds out an invitation to the members of the yellow race to bring about such a war. It would be a terrific piece of propaganda for the yellow man's pride if Japan should trim us in the Philippines.

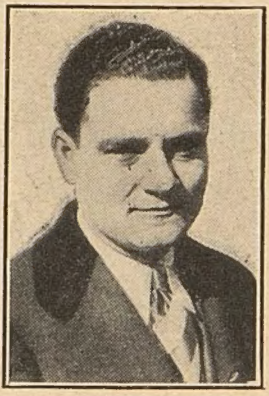
However, the United States is in the position of a man with a parcel of worthless land for which he is being taxed, or a block of no-good stock which is maybe assessable. He just won't let go.

And yet we think there is a warp and woof of time that runs through these things. Messrs. Hurley and Stimson think (1) that we must not get out, (2) we must not prepare to defend the islands, and (3) that, however, we must defend them long enough to satisfy "honor" should war come.

If the Philippines contained some strong base such as Gibraltar, or such as Singapore may become—a base calculated to be of assistance to our fleet in battle—there might be some sense in holding down a population of Malays by force and making them like it. But the Philippines are a strategic weakness to us, not a strength, so there's no such excuse for us to stay there.

If we fight Japan in the Philippines we are almost sure to lose. If we fight in Hawaii we are almost sure to win.

Oh, well, if the statesmen won't take our advice we can't help it. We are doing our best by them.



BEG PARDON

In Liberty for May 24, in "The Mystery of Arnold Rothstein," the picture herewith was erroneously identified. It is a picture of Maurice Cantor, New York attorney and former member of the New York State Legislature, who was Rothstein's counsel.

Liberty regrets the mistake.

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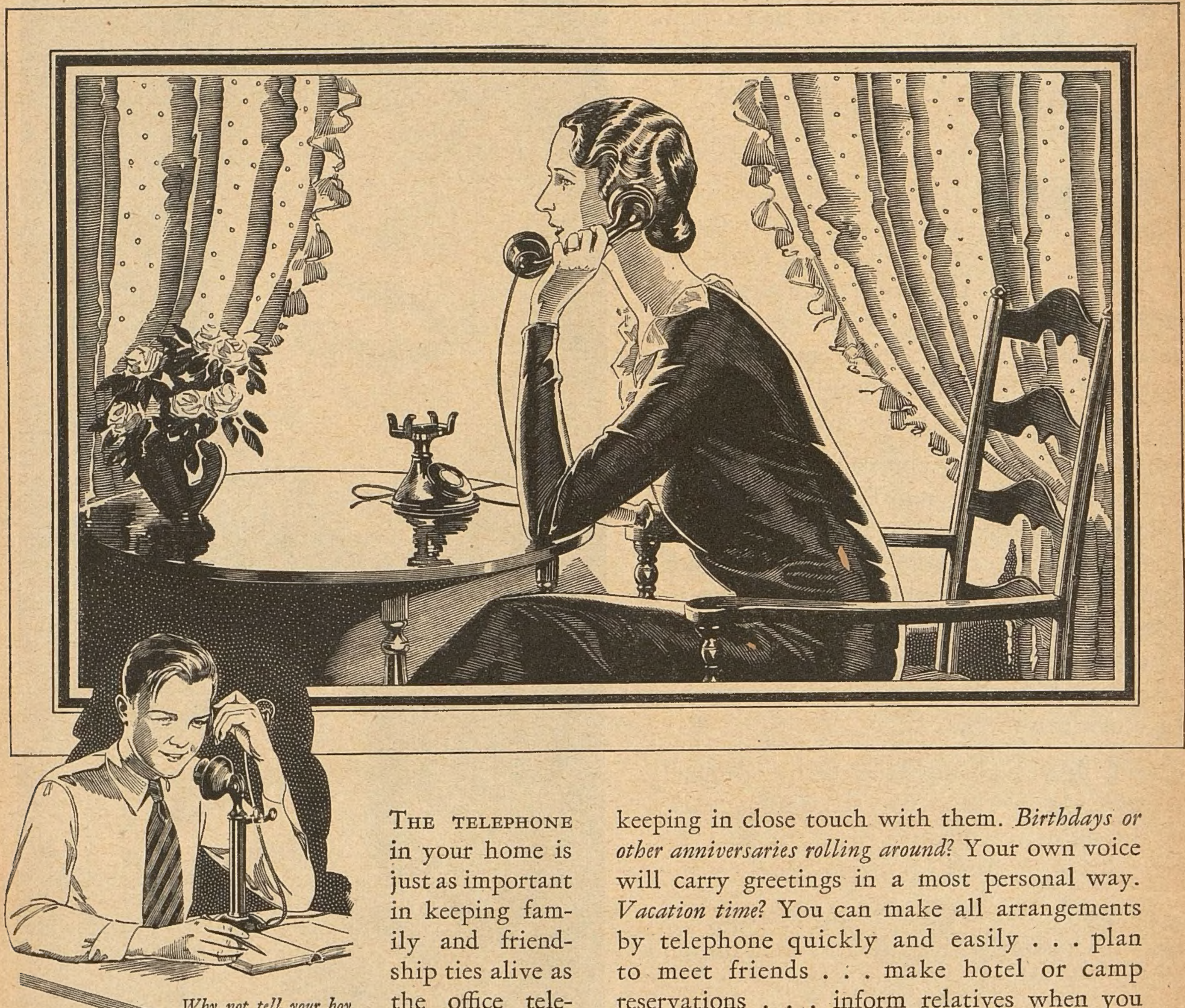
When They're away...
Keep in Touch by Telephone



Why not tell your boy and girl to call you—and "reverse" the charges?

THE TELEPHONE in your home is just as important in keeping family and friendship ties alive as the office telephone is in the transaction of inter-city business. Women as well as men are using it more and more to maintain those essential relationships in modern-day life.

The end of the school term? Congratulations? A telephone chat with your children at regular intervals will mean a world of encouragement to them. *Friends in other cities?* The telephone is an ideal medium for keeping in close touch with them. *Birthdays or other anniversaries rolling around?* Your own voice will carry greetings in a most personal way. *Vacation time?* You can make all arrangements by telephone quickly and easily . . . plan to meet friends . . . make hotel or camp reservations . . . inform relatives when you will be in their cities. *Father and mother "back home"?* What would mean more to them than your cheery "hello," carried across the space that separates you?

You can talk across the state or across the country as clearly as you can across the street. And the cost is surprisingly low. Some one, somewhere, would *like* to hear your voice—today. Inter-city calls are *Quick . . . Easy to make . . . Inexpensive.*

It Gives Your Teeth A *Double* Cleansing!

Colgate's penetrating foam sweeps into tiny crevices, washing out decaying particles as well as polishing the surfaces...thus cleansing teeth completely.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

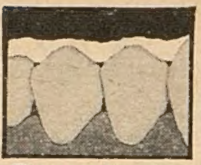
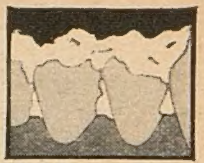


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the tootbbrush cannot reach.

IT is easy to fool yourself that you have really cleaned your teeth, after vigorously scrubbing the outer surfaces until they sparkle.

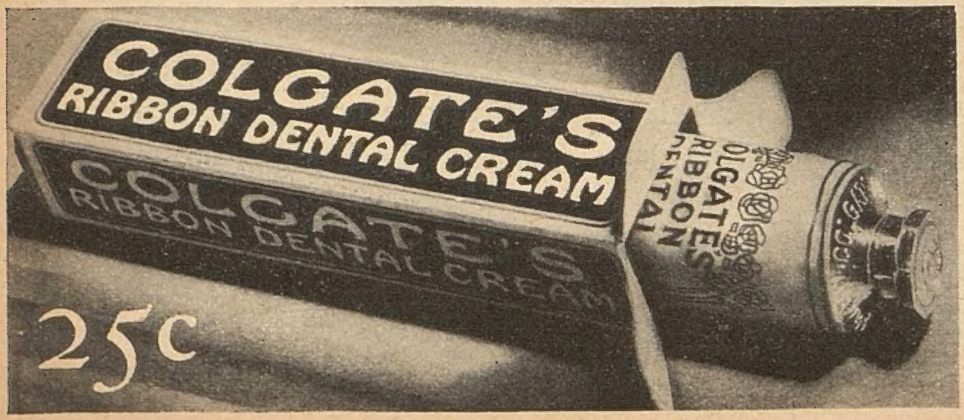
But unless you use a dentifrice like Colgate's, whose active foam penetrates the spaces between teeth, and the tiny fissures where food particles collect, and *washes* out these hard-to-clean places, you haven't done a complete job of cleansing. Your teeth, though pearly white, are only *half* clean!

Not all dentifrices are able to clean these crevices equally well. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any leading toothpaste . . . hence, Colgate's cleans best. Its lively, bubbling foam creates a remarkable property which enables it to penetrate into tiny spaces, softening the impurities and literally flooding them away in a wave of cleanliness.

Thus Colgate's cleanses the teeth completely . . . *washing* out the crevices as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Why not give your teeth this *double* protection?

Colgate's is the largest selling toothpaste in the world today. More dentists recommend it than any other.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder . . . it has the same high cleansing ability as Ribbon Dental Cream.



FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-528, P. O Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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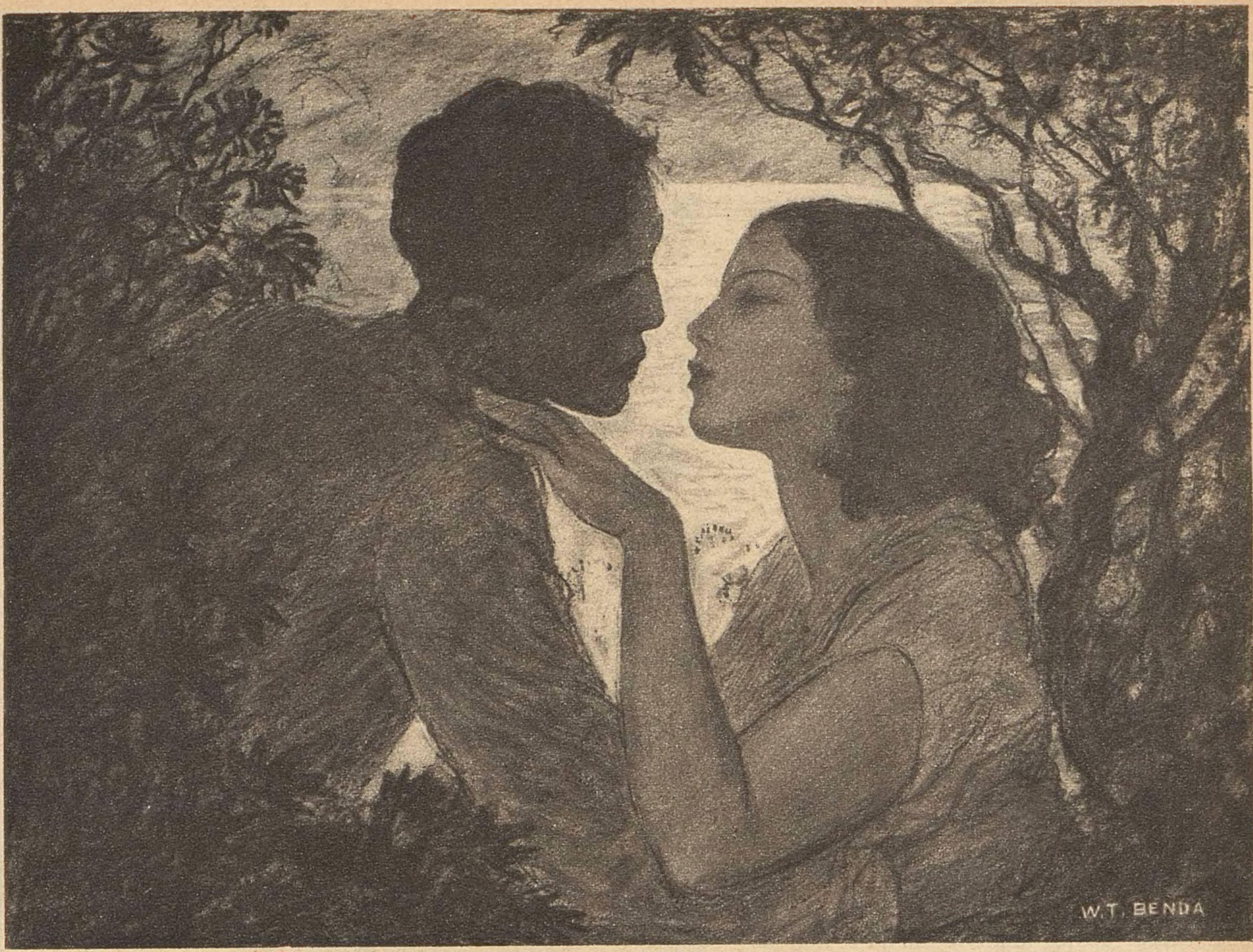


He took the blossom, placed it in the buttonhole of his white coat, and gently closed his arms about her.

The Captain had a Daughter

A South-Sea Island Romance

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

whose mail goes "via Sapphire Creek" to Papua, most dangerous land in the world. Her father was an Antrim man and she was educated in Belfast and London. She has done real exploring in the islands of which she writes.

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

THERE never, surely, had been such an island night. It was in the dark of the moon, but all the more clearly you could see the little waves bursting and spreading on the sands down by the swimming-bath wall, each crumbling into emerald fire as it fell. And you could see, far out where boats from the steamer kept coming and going, the wake that trailed behind each one, a following V of flame. And if you threw a twig of coral into the sea the sparkles that shot up where it fell, the spreading and fading circles of the jade green, vivid upon black, were almost too beautiful to believe.

Such nights are always quiet, with a little secret whispering among the casuarina trees, with a constant rhythmic crash of waves on coral shale, but windless, still. Peaceful here in the New Scotland group, where small islands are too small for motor cars, and big ones too much overgrown, so that no horn blasphemes the jeweled nights, and never a loud-speaker shouts and batters, because (happily) reception is poor, and people for the most part are unable to buy dear and doubtful luxuries.

You may hear, perhaps, the thin voice of a single

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CAPTAIN HAD A DAUGHTER
Continued from page seven

gramophone and the homelike sound of tomahawks chopping wood for fires, and always the showery patter of palm leaves, the magical tinkle of floating coral twigs, pulled backward and forward by the tide. That and the troubling sweetness of the new pandanus flowers, falling fresh upon the night, for a girl alone. For Cecily, island maid.

Now, a girl in the islands never need be alone unless she chooses, because the islands are the home of love. The lad from the steamer knew that. When dark came down he had seen the flash of pebbles thrown into the water away down by the swimming baths, where at night it was always quiet. And as soon as he saw the flashes he knew that they were signals. A girl down there was signaling, consciously or unconsciously, her lonely state.

At first he took no notice. He was a burnt child dreading fire where women were concerned. One of them had very lately taken his heart in her hands, thrown it on the deck of the ship in broad sunlight, and, setting her stilt heel upon it, trodden on it—squish!

But it was dark now, and dark was kind. Dark laid a healing hand upon all wounds. And somewhere at the far end of the island, where those lights kept flashing and fading, there was a girl. Perhaps more beautiful than the woman who had hurt him. Possibly kinder.

It happened, therefore, that, treading softly in deck shoes, he came to the swimming-bath wall, and saw, perched upon it like a bird upon a bough, the silhouette of something young and forthright and slender. And Evan, picking up pebbles, tossed them into the water, so that fiery spray leaped up in a double fountain. And the girl turned and looked at him through the transparent darkness—he could feel her do it—and laughed. The laugh of beauty, never to be mistaken.

So it began: an Eros and Psyche romance, yet innocent, incalculably sweet.

ON the first evening they said very little. Cecily guessed that the tall youth with the fine shoulders and the musical, well bred voice was sad; guessed, too, the reason. There was that in her own heart that helped her to understand. She spoke to him of his journey, of the islands, of the great cities from which he had come.

"I was at school in the Sacred Heart Convent," she told him. "I came back six months ago."

"I'm just through the University."

"Did you like it?"

"Yes—no—I don't quite know."

"That's how I felt," she said.

"I suppose girls don't like their schools, as a rule," he ventured.

"But they do—I think."

"Really?"

Silence fell. Each seemed to be keeping something back. Evan spoke next.

"I can't help feeling as if I had met you before."

"I feel a little like that, too," she said. He noticed the way she spoke; a shade precisely, but daintily. It was as if she had been carefully trained. She, listening to his voice, was pleased with it.

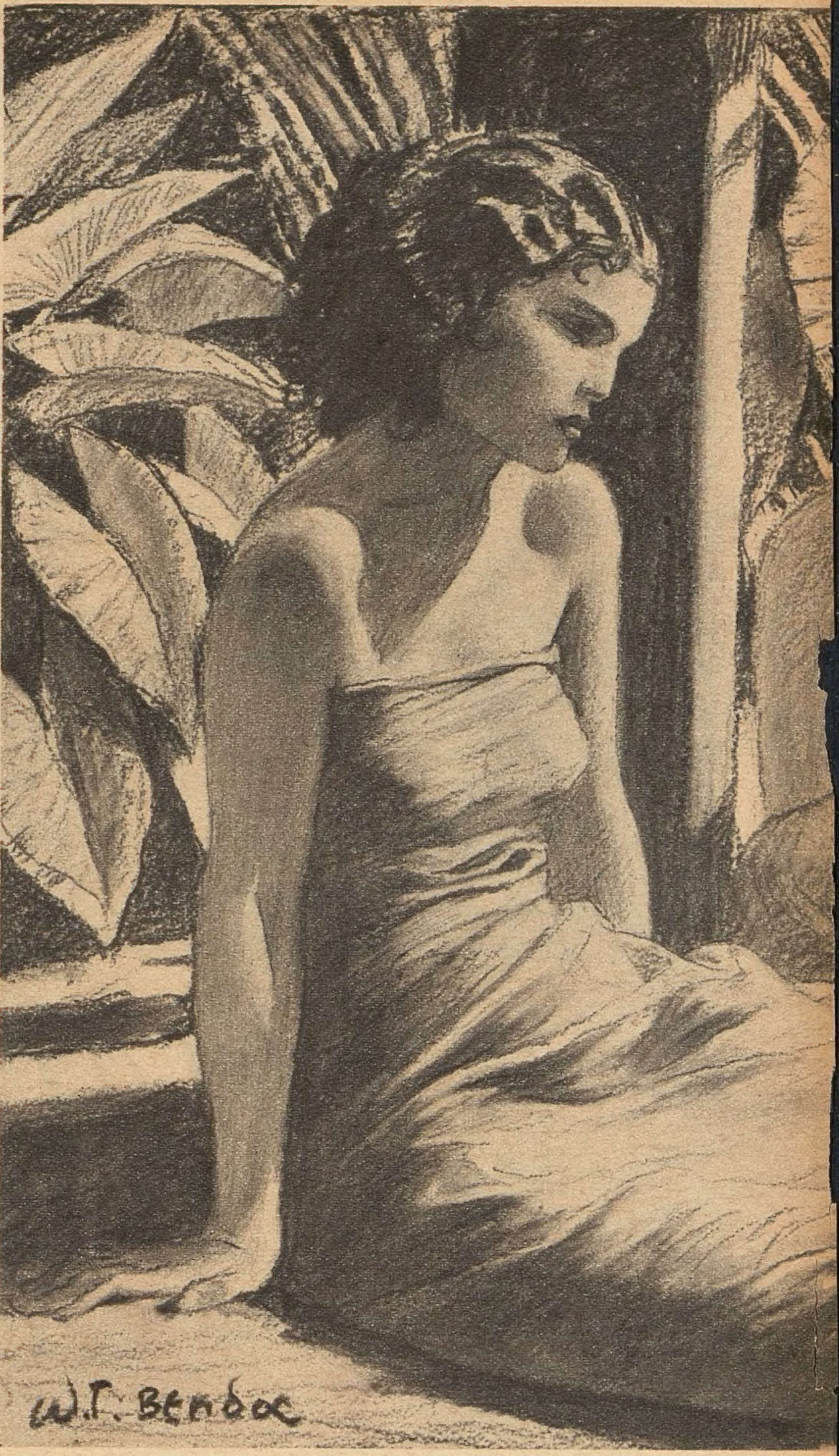
She learned his name that first night—Evan. She told him only that hers was Cecily.

"That's pretty," he said. "Do you live here?"

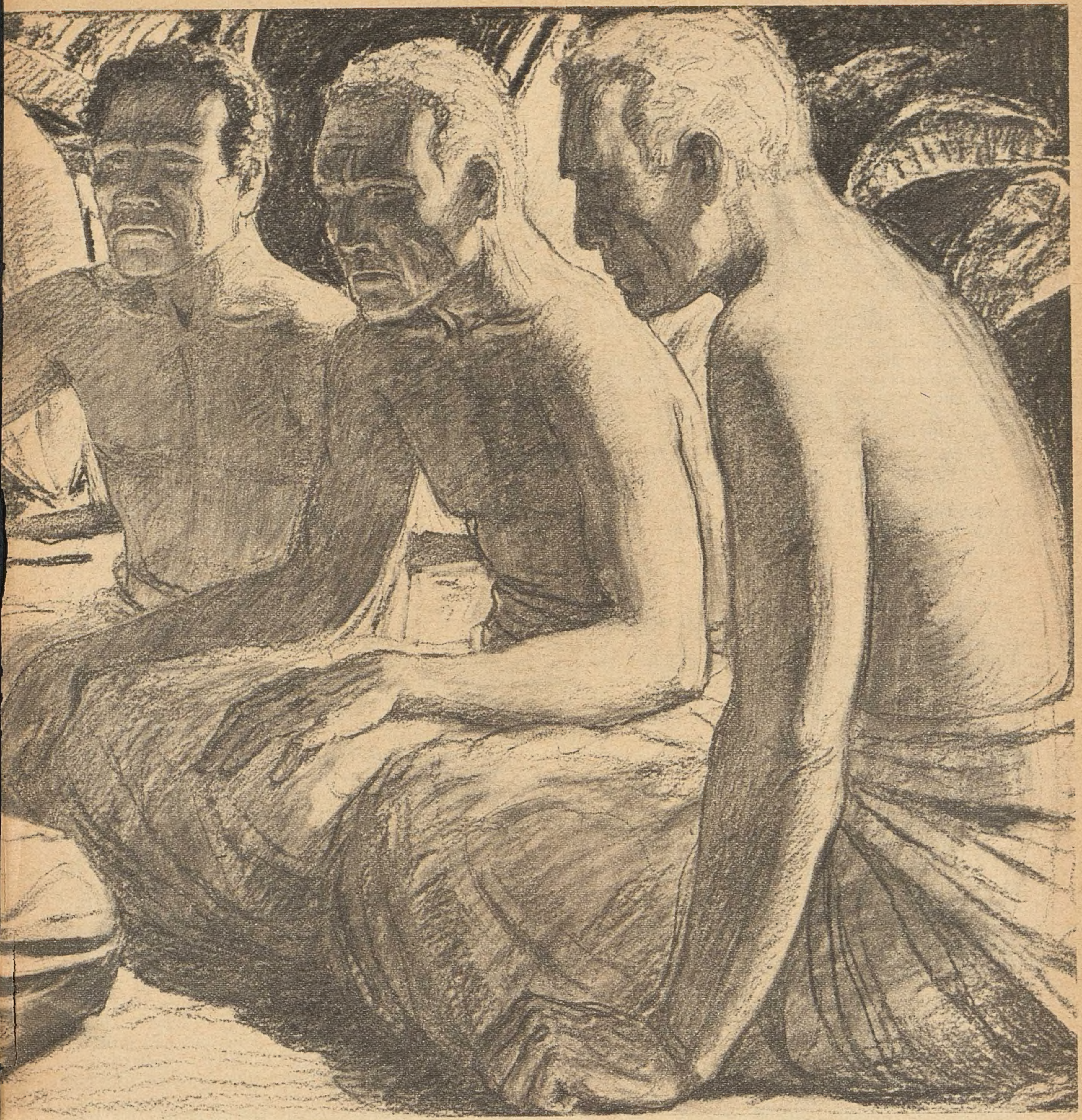
"Yes. With my people," she answered. He told her that he was going on with the boat to the big island of the group; that he was to be a planter there. He sighed suddenly when he said that, and she wondered whether, perhaps, he did not like planting.

Three days the steamer stayed, discharging and taking on cargo. And every night Evan came down to the swimming-bath wall, and every night Cecily was there. On the second night he called her Cecily; on the third (she shivered with delight), Psyche. "Do you know the myth?" he asked her, and, just for the pleasure of hearing him tell it, she said: "No. Who was Psyche?"

"She was a girl of old Greece," he answered. "She had a lover—a husband. He used to come to her in the dark, and he made her swear that she would never light her lamp to look at him."



The people of Lekassi town had made a proposal to her. T



d Samoan blood, and with the strain had come a liking for the old idea of a Village Maid, an eternal virgin.

"And did she?"

"She did. And she saw that he was a god, and very beautiful, but he left her at once."

"Did he return?"

"Never." Cecily knew her mythology better than that, but she made no comment.

They were both silent for a moment or two. Far off, the steamer's winches clattered and ceased.

Cecily was the first to speak. "Did Psyche," she said, "ever ask his name?"

"He thought it better she shouldn't know."

"Always?"

"Perhaps. He'd dreamed a dream, and didn't want to waken from it." They had forgotten Cupid and Psyche now; were talking plainly of themselves.

"If she knew his name?"

"It would all end. Have to."

Oh, she knew now. Oh, it wasn't the first time these sons of noble houses had come up to the islands with the price of a plantation in their pockets. Sometimes they'd "done something," and sometimes they hadn't. Didn't she know? She whose heart had been burnt out of her body only three months ago, so that she could hardly say she had one now; wasn't quite sure, even on this magic night, that it ached. . . .

The steamer winches seemed to fill the whole world with their clamor, roaring and ceasing, roaring and ceasing through the night. Soon they would stop. Soon—tomorrow night—the siren would sound out there by the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CAPTAIN HAD A DAUGHTER
Continued from page nine

wharf, and the long, glittering snake of a ship would glide away. And with it he would go, he too.

She could feel the minutes speeding past her like the flights of wild duck that went rushing through the sky at sundown.

"Do you know the islands well?" she asked. One had to say something—anything.

"Not very well," he answered. Then, with that curious caution that seemed at times to cling like a mist about his most ordinary remarks: "They—interest—me."

"How do they interest you?"

"It's this way: The white races are imitating the dark—everyone knows that—dances, music, color schemes, other things not so desirable. Mostly—other things."

She knew exactly what he meant. It had hurt her to think of it, often.

"The dark races," she answered him, using his own phrase, "have something better to give."

"They have. They have. If the white races only knew. But they—the whites—ask for the worst, and they take it, both hands full. Wallow in it."

"They can show the way—the darker races," she said, "to what the world is losing."

"Peace," he said, striking in with his note of the duet. It was as if they sang together, each sure of what was coming.

"They grasp the essentials."

"The innocent, sweet things—Mother Earth."

"They know what matters."

He swung off the question of the dark races. "Cecily," he said, "you've a lovely mind. Oh, a lovely body too, I know. There's no girl like you in the world."

"Because I understand the island people? Oh, but I was born here."

He did not tell her where he was born, although she waited to know.

Silence fell again. The floating corals tinkled in the tide; the little, fire-edged waves burst on the sand. Ah, that pandanus flower hanging above! How much too sweet it was, how it made your heart ache, you, who pressed a lonely pillow these soft island nights!

Into the stillness broke the sudden blare of the steamer siren. The boat was preparing to go.

Evan said: "I used to think, often and often, that every steamer siren could be drowned in the tears that have been shed for it. And that long cry itself—I used to think it said things for you, tore out your heart and flung it to the winds. But that was only talking . . . Now I know."

"Yes," she said, her breath exhaling on a long sigh.

"Will you give me two things to take away?"

"Yes," she said.

"A spray of that pandanus flower above your head—and a kiss."

SHE plucked the flower, not heeding the blood that fell from her slim fingers as she thrust them through the sword-edged leaves.

"Yes," she said.

He took the cluster of creamy blossom, placed it in the buttonhole of his white coat, and very gently closed his arms about her. In his long kiss she knew that he was slaking a thirst long felt. Afterward, when she could think, it seemed as if he had known her and needed her before ever they had met.

But at the moment she could not think. She had never been so kissed before; she who had known kisses hot as flame, and hated them, even while she loved them.

Then he was gone; and she was sitting on the rough stones of the swimming-bath wall alone; and the steamer was sending out its second call.

The third and last came when she was in her own room at her window, looking out through twisted nets of jasmine at the white stars and the sea. Down below in the drawing-room, her father, the captain, was putting a record on the gramophone, one of the old Victorian songs that the old man loved.

"Give me a flower, dear love," said he.
She gave it with a sigh.
That night he was going across the sea,
And this was his last good-bye.
O love for a year, a week, a day,
But alas for the love that loves alway!

Cecily, not yet old enough to know that all love songs are one song, felt amazed at the close correspondence of Sweethearts with her own experience. "It might have been written for me," she thought, and then—then, with bitterness, "Both times!"

She beat down her hair with a wet brush; it was curly hair, that owed nothing to the hairdresser, but Cecily did not think herself lucky in that particular. She powdered her face a thought too heavily, and went down into the lamp-lighted drawing-room, where her father, Captain Cecil Crane, R.N., retired, was sitting with hands folded comfortably over a fat stomach.

A quarter century ago he had been noticeably upright, active, tense, and slim. Thirty-nine then, he had looked no more than twenty-eight. Now, at sixty-four, he might have been seventy. Thus much had an ill-advised marriage, a compulsory retirement, and twenty years of lotusland, done for one of His Majesty's smartest officers.

CECILY and he were like, like as a kitten and a cat. The same face, the same eyes, brilliant gray, the same long limbs and narrow feet and hands, even, to some extent, the same expression. Yet—

A kitten may be like a cat, and different—in color. Cecily was colored. Crane was white.

She had the fine, well bred features of his family, but her brow arches were heavy as the arches of a Roman bridge above a river. Those brows came down to Cecily, shielded, housed, and clothed, from ten thousand years of ancestors who ran naked under the sun. Her hands, delicate and delicately cared for, were brown on the satiny backs of them as any tennis player's hands may be. But on the palms they were dead white like the soles of her light-brown feet, seen when she went swimming, scatheless, in the hottest hours of noon. Like the brown, pale-soled little hand-feet that clutch the bars of the cages in the Sydney Zoo.

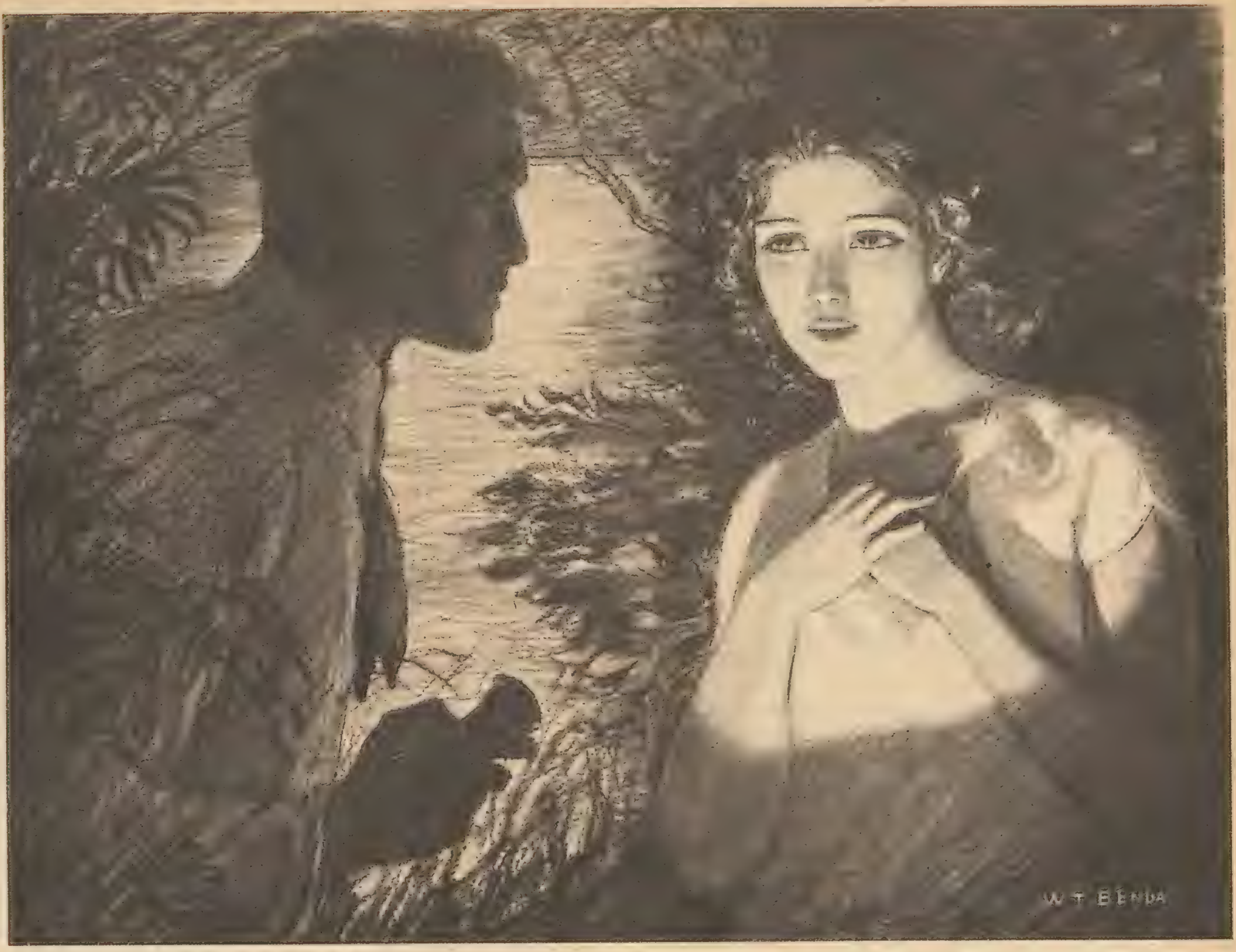
"Any letters this mail?" her father asked, shutting off the gramophone. He could see that Cecily had been agitated. Direct questions he never asked this motherless daughter of his, but she caused him disquiet. "I wish she was safely married," he used to think. "Finest colored girl in the whole Pacific, bar none. Handsomest. Cleverest. Legitimate, too. Why, dammit, she could marry a duke." He did not quite mean the duke, but he aspired to a store manager at least, or perhaps a younger son from home, sent out for some not very serious fault.

There'd actually been a chance of one—Edmund Forsythe—who had come up to New Scotland to learn coconut planting, paid Cis no end of attention, and gone off without by your leave or with your leave on a long holiday south. Forsythe was one of the Brookmaster family; Crane knew all about them. "Good" people, but flighty. Still, you couldn't expect everything—with color—and he would have accepted Forsythe as a son-in-law. He'd have asked his intentions, too, like a shot, only the (unpleasant word) had left without ever coming to see them. The captain wondered if his girl hadn't at least had a letter.

"Oh, yes," she answered languidly to his tentative question. "About half the girls in school wrote to me this mail."

"Urrumph," said the captain. "Is it my fancy, or is this a very hot night?"

"I thought it almost cold," answered Cecily. She had a strand of the pandanus flower in her fingers, was playing with it, crushing the maizelike blooms and letting



He seized the torch and turned it toward her. Now both of them cried out, and the words were the same.

loose their cloying scent upon the room. She remembered another flower—no island flower, but a rose, pale, sun-smitten, homeless in the tropics—that she had given Edmund Forsythe the day his steamer left. Was life nothing but steamers leaving and hearts breaking, in the islands?

One white man—her heart beat high at the thought—one white man, at all events, had not held her cheaply. If Evan had left her, as others left, it was not for the same reason. It could not be, because he did not know.

She wondered a little what his reason had been. But her wonder did not last long. The exquisite Eros and Psyche dream was fading, as the lights of the steamer faded and died beyond the reef. Far deeper on her mind that other dream was stamped; the dream that had haunted her, burned her, during three long months; that had almost swept her at the last over one of those dark unfathomed precipices down which a dreamer in a fateful moment may fall, from which he wakes to real life, actually fallen, and maimed. . . .

YES, it was like sleepwalking. But she had paused on the precipice edge; she had not fallen.

Her father, who loved her with an aching uneasy affection that seldom gave him rest, now, over the edge of his newspaper, watched her walking up and down the room. "She is like a carved ivory from Japan," he thought. "She's made like a statue. She would drive any man mad. Then, why—at twenty—"

But he knew why. No man in the islands was prepared to pay the price that he had paid twenty-one years ago.

Weren't they right?

"Right or wrong," swore the captain to himself, "Cecily shall marry a gentleman, or—" He did not quite know whither that "or" might lead. Would she care to become a nun? Possibly. She had shown some tendencies that way; her bedroom was a little shrine of holy pictures, beads and lamps and votive flowers; the passion of a passionate heart denied earthly love, and turning itself toward heaven. But even if all this were more than an outburst of girlish sentimentality, would the nuns have her? No. He had never seen a dark face among the white ones under a convent veil. Heaven nor earth seemed to want the colored girl.

HE took up his newspaper again; began to read. It was a Sydney morning journal; the captain got them up in packets of thirty at a time, and read them systematically, one a day. He had come now to the fourth of the parcel. There wasn't much in it. He could hand it over to Cecily now; she was intelligent, she read everything, even politics. . . .

Ten minutes after, Cecily, sitting in her long chair opposite the captain, rose quietly, dropped the paper on the floor, and left the room. The old man stared, his under lip falling down like a child's. He hadn't been well lately; felt things more than he used to. What had happened to Cecily? There was nothing in the paper to call forth the tragic look that he had caught as she went out of the room. He'd go through it again.

He did, from the leader to the printer's name, almost. At first he found nothing. Then it occurred to him to look at the one part he had skipped.

"Deaths" he read first. There was nothing there. "Births" he did not look at. "Marriages"—ah, here it was!

"Forsythe—Lidiard:—At St. Jude's Cathedral on the 21st inst. by His Lordship Bishop De Forest, assisted by the Venerable Archdeacon Browne, Henley James

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CAPTAIN HAD A DAUGHTER
Continued from page eleven

Forsythe, third son of James Shuttleworth Forsythe of Brookmasters, Liphook, Hants, to Dorothy Elizabeth, younger daughter of Hugh Francis Grant of Coolanga Downs, New South Wales, and Myamee, Potts Point, Sydney."

For a moment Crane said nothing, and then, his face that was already red flushing almost purple with rage, he uttered chokingly, "All the time! All the time! Making a fool of my girl!"

"She'll do—something," was his next conscious thought. There had been an interval of semiblankness, during which he had felt one clutching hand, the left, grow dead and chilly; relax, without his will, its hold on the newspaper. He wondered if he were ill. But he didn't want to think about himself. Cecily. That was it. Cecily—likely to do something. What?

Captain Crane pulled himself to his feet. One foot, the left, was lame, dragged a trifle as he walked across the drawing-room. He noticed suddenly that the town lights were out. "What d'they mean?" he thought. "Only eight o'clock. Only—" He looked at the clock on the table. It was ten minutes past twelve. Vaguely he felt that there was something disquieting in this circumstance, but he could not get it clear in his mind. One thing alone stood out, black and plain—Cecily.

Cecily. Going to do something. . . .

That day, forty years back, when a young lieutenant, jilted by his love, had stood beside a brass-bound port with the blue sea outside, and raised a service revolver to his temple . . . He remembered it. He couldn't remember what it was that had stopped him. Somebody coming in, was it not? And now he must come in, and stop it. What?

The stairs were a mile high and two miles long, but he got up them. Cecily's door was shut. He opened it. She was sitting by the window, and as he came in she hid something very quickly between her fingers. He knew by the smallness of it what it was.

On the threshold, he stood looking at her, swaying a little on his feet, his face blotched purple and white. "You can't do that, Cecily," he could hear himself saying. "Promise me." She stared at him, growing alarm in her eyes. "Not to be done," he said with some difficulty; his tongue seemed to have grown thick and awkward. She ran forward, holding out her arms. Just as she caught him, his voice rang through the room as it had rung a hundred times from the bridge of his fighting ship. "CARRY ON!" it shouted, and instantly was stilled.

Cecily ran for the cook boy. "Get the doctor," she said. "Master very ill." But she knew that he was not ill—now.

When the doctor had come and gone, and the silent women had done their work and slipped away, Cecily took up her watch by the bed. At first she cried her heart out, alone and at ease. Then she lifted one cold hand, kissed it, and said, "I promise you I will."

. . . . .

THE village of Lekassi lies far out in the sea. Not on an island, or even on a promontory, it stands. It is built simply and entirely in the emerald shoal waters of Lekassi Bay, and you must take canoe and paddle half a mile from shore before you can come at it.

Like Venice it stands on piles and its pathways are the sea. Under the brown houses, built of nipa thatch and sago bark, the waters run with the tide. When you lie on your latticed floor, dreaming away the hot hours of the day, you can watch with sleepy eye the sparkle of green waves astream among the piles below. Seine nets hang in the dark cavern of the roof above you; the ocean shells with which they are weighted swing and tinkle softly in the wind like little magic bells; the edges of the thatch whisper delightfully all the morning through, and there is, save the slapping of the waves among the house piles, no other sound at all.

There is sunset and sunrise; there is the southeast season of winds, and the northwest season of rains. There's the moon when the turtles lay their eggs on barren shoals and islets; there's the moon when the savory sea worm comes up from the deep for one hour of one day, making festival for all the coast. There are these moons and others, and these winds, suns, and rains. But there are no years.

No years. Nobody here knows how old he is, how many years have passed since he or she was young. Nobody remembers much of anything that happened the day before yesterday. There is always today, and the fishing canoes going out, and the cooking fires at sunset, and the dancing after. These brown people, wise or foolish, as one chooses to call them, think that sun and wind, sport, work, feasting, and love are enough; that life of itself is sweet, and the present moment sweetest.

Tuira, who died, was a daughter of a great chief. She had the biggest house, the one that stands on a forest of high piles, with open platforms all round it and turtles' ivory-colored skulls set in rows about the edges as a sign of wealth. A white man came to Tuira's house and she went away with him, and afterward she died. They said she was not happy. They said that Tuira's own daughter, who had been to the great cities and learned everything there is in the world to know, was not happy either. And when the white man, her father, died she came home.

IN the end of the southeast season she sat on the platform before the door of the great house. Nobody lived in it with her; that seemed strange to the brown people of Lekassi, her cousins and uncles and aunts, but they supposed she knew her own business. She was not dressed like the brown women, because she was half white; she wore a loose cotton frock instead of a little grass tunic. But she wore no hat, and her feet, the color of whale-tooth ivory darkened with the sun, were bare.

She had been in Lekassi now for several moons; nobody remembered just how many. She spoke the Lekassi tongue and she made beautiful fishing nets, and she could pound and wash the cloud-white sago stuff, when the women went to the mainland for it, as well as any of themselves. She was kind and she was very beautiful, but the young men of Lekassi did not offer her gifts. In the islands, "color" is respected, but not loved.

As for Cecily, daughter of the sea captain and of Tuira, she had kept her promise—so she held—by throwing away the little poison bottle that Crane had seen in her hand the night he died. But, nevertheless, she did not wish to live. So she had killed the strong half of her, the white half, by going back to her mother's home, and there she meant to stay, and so let the white side die, with all its sorrows and—forget.

This day the southeast trades, strong, virile, with that touch of cool in the heart of them, drawn from polar seas, that simulates, strangely, the mingling of white blood with black, had struggled foot to foot with the northwest monsoon. The northwest, the black, warm wind, carrying the scent of spices and the reek of coral reefs, laden with squally rains and lit by lightning—the northwest, that in its warmth, its richness, and its fury so strangely resembles the dark races over whom it blows—was winning in the fight, as every year it wins for a time. Tonight there would be no steady river of cool air flowing up above; there would be rain and storm, or else, perhaps, the hot drugged calm that comes with waning November under the Line. In March the nights had been thus hot and still, with, now and then, the wonder of sea fires breaking on the beach below the swimming-bath wall, miles and miles away. . . .

Cecily, daughter of sea captains and of island kings, sat thinking long that afternoon, with her bare feet, old-ivory color, set on the black palm lattice of the platform, and her loose native gown streaming about her as the sea wind blew it to and fro. She was thinking. . . .

Today the people of Lekassi town had made a proposal to her. They had Samoan blood in their veins, these folk, and with the Samoan strain had come a liking and reverence for the beautiful old Samoan idea of a Village Maid, an eternal virgin who watched over the fortunes of the village, organized its feasts and dances, received its visitors, and brought it good luck; who, in return, was richly dressed, loaded with presents, and treated as half divine. In Lekassi, more than once, they had elected a Village Maid, but the wild New Scotland blood had proved too warm to stand restraint, and the Maids, losing their good name, had been deposed with contumely. Thereafter, Lekassi had gone without that honor.

Now they thought that Cecily, one of their own blood and a great chief's granddaughter, might with advantage be offered the empty post. They could forgive the white strain, since she herself seemed to make nothing of it, and since, after all, her father had been what the Pacific isles admire and reverence above any other distinction—a captain of a warship. And her habit of living alone, her lack of interest in all men, white or black, seemed to mark her out for the position. So they had come to her, and tomorrow her decision must be given.

She had made it already—almost. Here, it seemed, among her own people was something like what she had half desired, half feared, and altogether known impossible among the white races—the shelter of the veil. But if she took this invisible veil among the people of Lekassi, she felt that it must be for good. She could not repeat, a third time, the scandal that had caused laughter, anger, and mockery through half a dozen villages down the coast. Sensuous though the Pacific islander may be, he understands purity and hates pretense.

Head on dusk-ivory hand, Cecily sat and thought until the sun went down, and by the time the last spark was quenched in a quiet sea she had almost come to her final decision. She rose, went into the great empty house, that must be empty always now, save for the fall of her own light feet across its trembling floor, and, kindling the cook fire upon its bed of ashes, set to preparing her supper.

Later she came out, and saw a marvel.

The sea, from rim to rim, was alight with living fire. Green flames flickered about the supporting piles of the house where the tide broke against them; out in clear water one or two canoes left wakes of emerald, and great fallen moons went tossing where their keels and their paddles had passed. Running sparkles, like the play of northern lights, trifled about every lift and swell of the unseen tides. And a long way off a steamer, making for the port, drew one clear trace of flame behind her over miles and miles of sea.

CECILY, still as a shadow, stood long-robed, stately, against the sky, and looked—and looked.

Then she turned, went silently into the house again, and came forth a shadow differently outlined, brief-skirted, softly rustling, touching the lattice of the platform with heels that clicked as she moved. Her canoe lay tied to the lowest step of the platform. She slipped into it easily as a water vole into reeds, and noiselessly paddled away.

Surely the nightingale that set its breast against a thorn was female! Cecily desired, that night, to set her breast against the thorn that had touched, if not pierced, it many moons ago, when the sea fires burned about the swimming-bath wall, and she had stood there listening to a man from the great world who loved her and respected her as well. So many had only loved!

She would go there, alone, once more, and call back in fancy, those three nights when Evan and she had dreamed the Eros and Psyche dream. There was nothing in that remembrance that she must, with long pain, forget. Softly, regretfully, she could dream her dream and go back to the life she had chosen in Lekassi.

Almost, as she swept her canoe easily over mile on mile of sea into the straits and to the little town, she could have believed that she was coming home from one of her fishing excursions, that nothing in her life had been altered. Almost. . . .

Beside the swimming baths, where she pulled up her canoe on the beach, it was dark tonight, save for the light of stars and of flickering sea flames. She found a coral twig and tossed it into the water, where instantly it sent up a fountain of fiery drops, falling back into broken and fading circles of green light. And as the last circle died away, another fountain suddenly rose beside it.

Cecily caught her breath. There was someone there. Under the swimming-bath wall, hidden by the dark. . . .

A stranger? She thought not.

"Eros!" she called softly. And the answer came through the dark: "Psyche! This is magic, surely."

In the dusk, two hands found each other. "Where have you come from?" two voices asked almost together.

She answered first. "From Lekassi. And you?"

"From my plantation. I'm going south on the steamer. For good."

AT this, as if it had been waiting for nothing else, the steamer by the wharf sent up a long, lamentable cry.

"You said once," Cecily's voice came to him, "that every steamer siren might be drowned in the tears that are shed for it."

"There'll be no tears shed over this one," he answered. "I'm leaving the islands because I have no friends."

"No friends! You!"

"None worth keeping." There was a note of sadness in his deep voice that struck her very heart.

"The last time I met you," he said, "I was going to my—going home—full of hope, and a woman tore my hope to bits and danced on it. No." She had not spoken, but he heard her unvoiced question. "I won't tell you; it's not for an innocent girl to know. Well, I picked up the bits and tried to mend my life. It won't be mended—here. Perhaps not anywhere. Anyhow, I'm going."

Silence for a moment. The steamer's winches rattled, a long way off.

Cecily said: "I've something for you to take with you." She held out her hand. It was scratched and torn, though he did not know that, and it held a long tress of the scented pandanus flower, now in bloom again.

He took her and the flower together in a long embrace. And Cecily, the instant he released her, stepped back and, swift as a man drawing a pistol, pulled from her pocket a little electric torch, and snapped it alight.

With difficulty she caught back a cry as the light fell on his face. He seized the torch and turned it toward her.

Now both of them cried out, and the words were the same: "Oh—you, too!" For the face of Eros, like Cecily's own, was beautiful, sad, and—brown.

The torch fell between them.

"I didn't think," he said with a long breath, "that there was anyone just like myself in the world."

"Nor I," she said. "I never hoped it."

The steamer gave its second cry.

"Oh," she cried, "you'll miss your boat!"

"I shan't miss it," he answered her, "because I don't mean to take it."

. . . . .

When the chiefs of Lekassi met to hear the answer of Cecily, Tuira's daughter, she said: "I have changed my plans. You remember my mother's kinswoman, Maiera?"

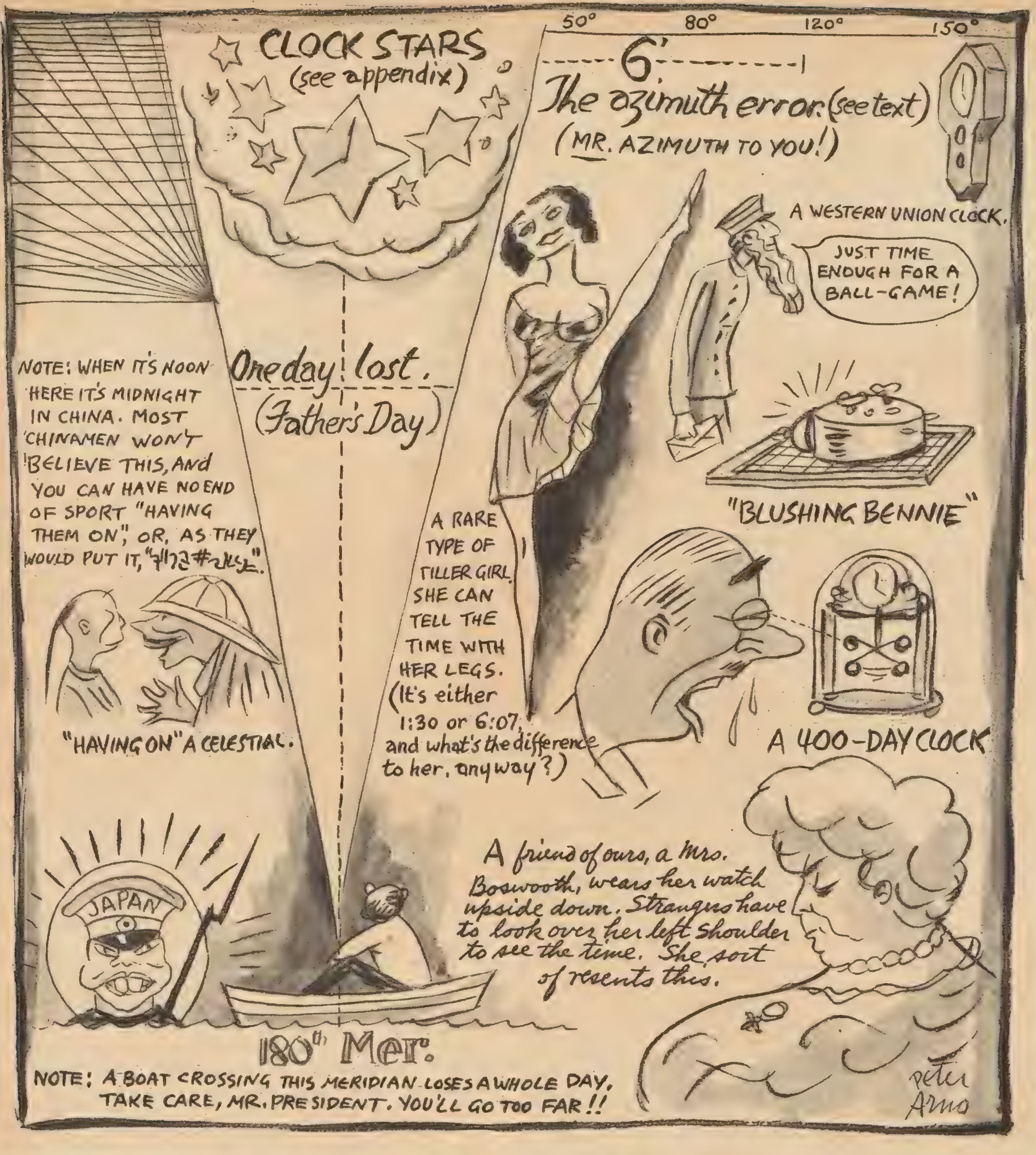
"We do. She was very lovely, and she died young. She had a son to a white man, and they took the child away."

"Well, friends of mine, that child is a man, and I have made him my husband, and we will live here together."

There was silence for a moment, and then:

"It is a good thing you have done, Cecily of Tuira," said the chiefs.

THE END


50° 80° 120° 150°
CLOCK STARS (see appendix)
6'
The azimuth error. (see text) (MR. AZIMUTH TO YOU!)
A WESTERN UNION CLOCK.
JUST TIME ENOUGH FOR A BALL-GAME!
NOTE: WHEN IT'S NOON HERE IT'S MIDNIGHT IN CHINA. MOST CHINAMEN WON'T BELIEVE THIS, AND YOU CAN HAVE NO END OF SPORT "HAVING THEM ON", OR, AS THEY WOULD PUT IT,
One day lost. (Father's Day)
"BLUSHING BENNIE"
A RARE TYPE OF TILLER GIRL. SHE CAN TELL THE TIME WITH HER LEGS. (It's either 1:30 or 6:07, and what's the difference to her, anyway?)
"HAVING ON" A CELESTIAL.
A 400-DAY CLOCK
JAPAN
A friend of ours, a Mrs. Bosworth, wears her watch upside down. Strangers have to look over her left shoulder to see the time. She sort of resents this.
180th Mer.
NOTE: A BOAT CROSSING THIS MERIDIAN LOSES A WHOLE DAY. TAKE CARE, MR. PRESIDENT. YOU'LL GO TOO FAR!!
Peter Arno

How to tell time by the Zodiac and one thing and another, as explained by Mr. Benchley.

What Time Is It?

And What of It?

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

BY secretly consulting an old bootleg watch which I hid away (set at Standard Time) under my bed when my native state went daylight-saving, I find that it is a little over a month now since the Cossacks stormed up at the door and forced us to set our clocks an hour ahead. And, at the end of this month, I can give out a definite verdict against daylight-saving. I don't like it. I don't care what the reasons for it are. I don't like it.

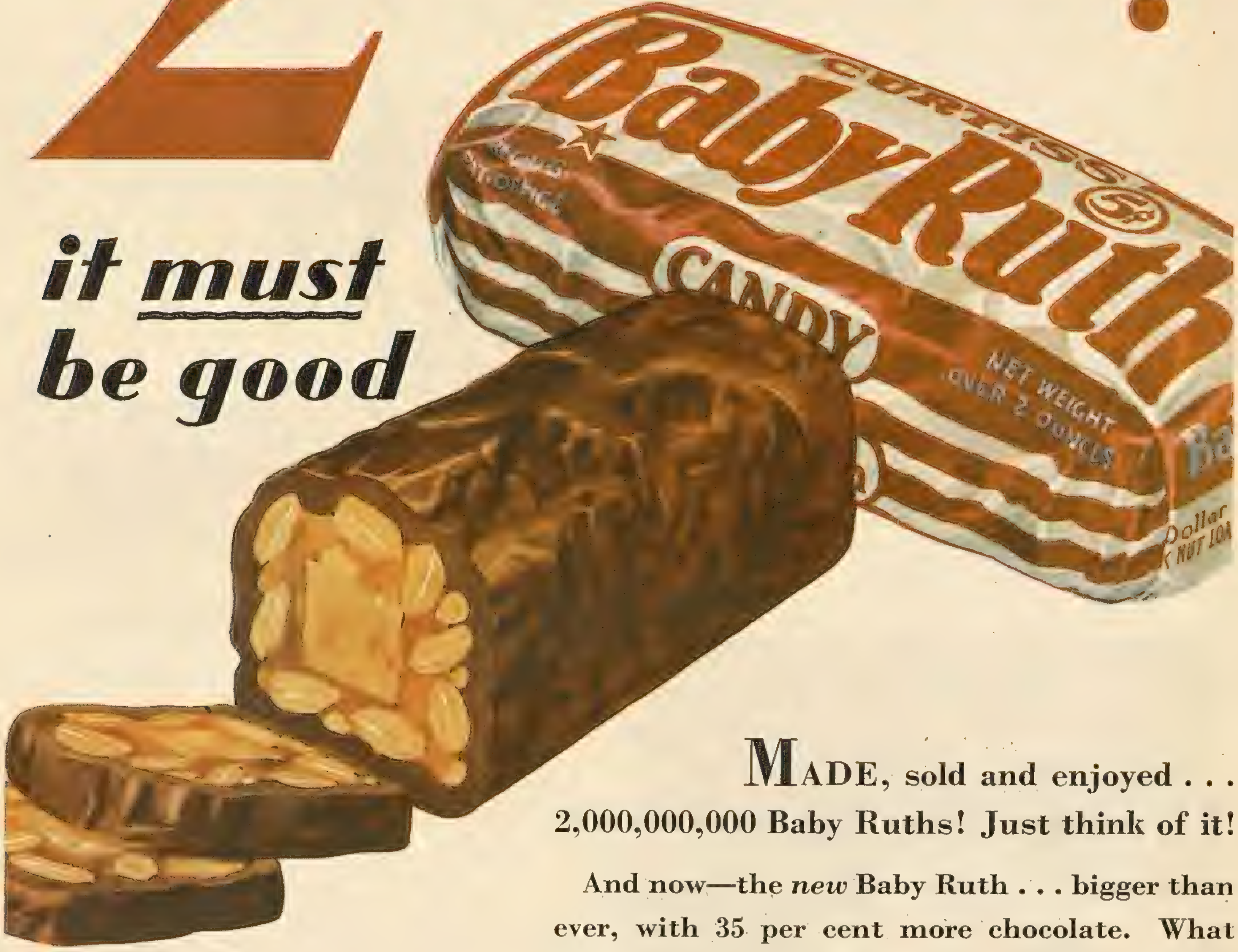
And beginning tomorrow I, personally, am going back to God's time. My body may belong to the State, but my soul belongs to Standard Time. If necessary, I will carry the case to the Supreme Court.

Time-keeping is a difficult enough maneuver at best, without monkeying around with an extra hour plus or minus. Just the fact that, when it is noon in New York,

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

the 2 Billionth!

it *must* be good

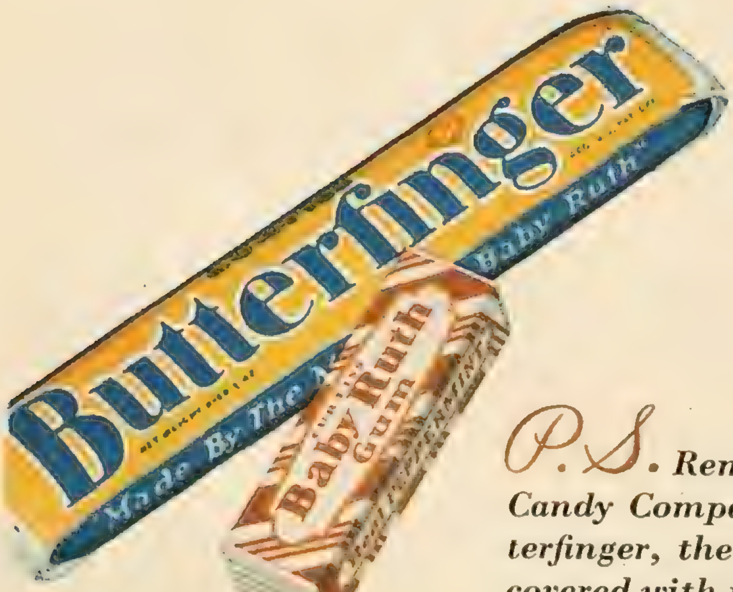

CURTISS
Baby Ruth
CANDY
5¢
NET WEIGHT OVER 2 OUNCES
Dollar
NUT LOA

MADE, sold and enjoyed . . . 2,000,000,000 Baby Ruths! Just think of it!

And now—the *new* Baby Ruth . . . bigger than ever, with 35 per cent more chocolate. What smooth, *satisfying* flavor, when you're hungry!

The secret's in its *blended* goodness. Pure stimulating chocolate. Lots of plump, crunchy nuts. A center of caramel opera cream. The best ingredients obtainable, in just the right proportions.

If you haven't tasted the new Baby Ruth, try one today. At lunch time . . . on the golf course . . . whenever you crave good, wholesome candy.


Butterfinger
Made By The Makers of Baby Ruth
Baby Ruth Gum

P. S. Remember, there's a whole list of Curtiss Candy Company products. Among them are Butterfinger, the crisp, toothsome nut butter candy, covered with rich chocolate. And Baby Ruth Gum, with the real mint flavor you can't chew out.

for Economical Transportation

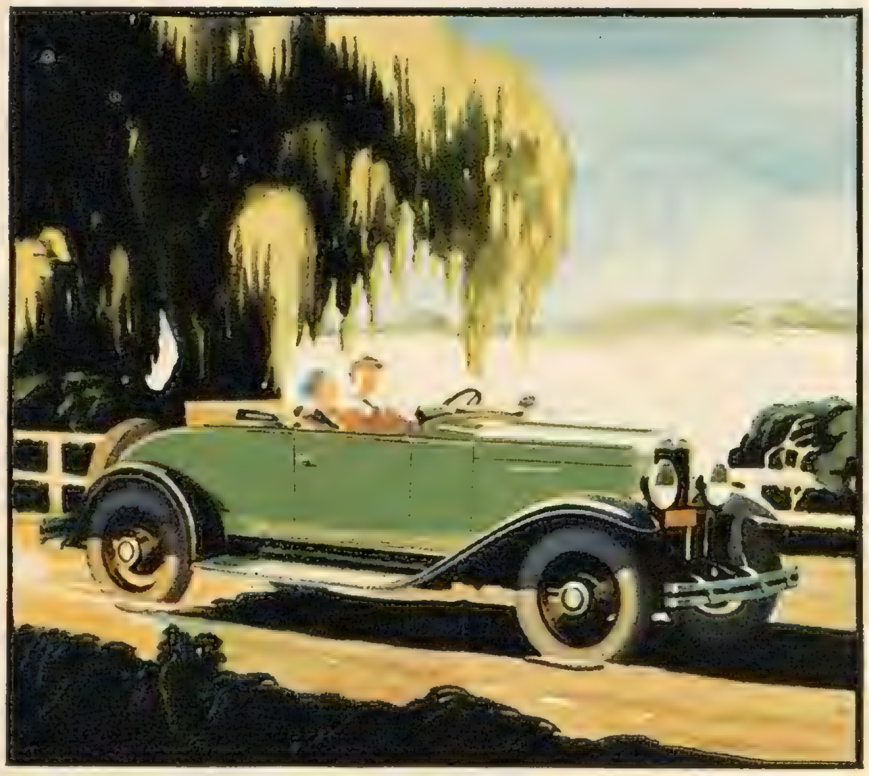
CHEVROLET

IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX

...because so much depends on smoothness and quietness of operation

In the great low-price field, old ideas of motor car value have undergone a radical change during the past eighteen months. The six has swept into spectacular popularity. And largely responsible for this is the fact that Chevrolet offers buyers in the low-price field the advantages of six-cylinder smoothness and quietness of operation!

The big 50-horsepower motor operates with that effortless smoothness so essential to genuine motoring enjoyment. When you idle the motor—drive fast in second—accelerate rapidly in high gear—or travel for hours at top speed, the power flows evenly and easily all the time. Every person in the car has a pleasant and restful ride.



The Sport Roadster, $555

In addition to increasing the enjoyment of motoring, Chevrolet's six-cylinder smoothness actually protects the car against the effects of continuous vibration. This makes for lower upkeep costs, longer life, and a higher resale value.

Yet for all these advantages of finer, smoother, more flexible six-cylinder performance, the Chevrolet Six is one of the most economical cars you can own. It costs no more for gas, oil and tires. It costs no more for up-keep. And it can be purchased on extremely favorable terms—a low down payment and easy monthly installments.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CHEVROLET SIX

The Sport Roadster	$555
The Coach or Coupe	$565
The Sport Coupe	$655
The Club Sedan	$665
The Sedan	$675
The Special Sedan	$725

(6 wire wheels standard)
Special Equipment Extra

Roadster or Phaeton

$495

The Sedan Delivery	$595
Light Delivery Chassis	$365
1½ Ton Chassis	$520
1½ Ton Chassis with Cab	$625
Roadster Delivery	$440

(Pick-up box extra)

All prices f. o. b. factory Flint, Michigan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

it is 5 P. M. in Paris has always worried me, and even now I am more or less inclined not to believe it. And when, last New Year's, greetings were radioed from New Zealand which reached here on December 31, I went into a sulk which almost spoiled the holiday for my friends. The whole idea is unpleasant to me.

The thing gets worse the farther west you go. When you cross the 180th meridian in the Pacific (so they try to tell me) you lose a whole day, which I very much doubt. If, at the same time, daylight-saving is in effect just at that time, you lose one day and one hour. I suppose that, if someone were to come along and say so, you lose one day, one hour, and one minute. The thing can easily be made absurd.

If everyone knew the trouble that the Western Union goes to in order to fix Standard Time, there wouldn't be so much tampering with it on the part of irresponsible legislators. From the United States Naval Observatory they select a list of about 150 so-called "clock stars." It is a great honor to be on this list. In order to be on it, a star has to sit very still and not wiggle or whisper, so that its permanent position can be noted in the American Ephemeris or Social Register. The person who told me all this (and who has, for obvious reasons, asked to remain anonymous) says that only stars which cross the meridian within twenty degrees of the zenith are included, "in order that the azimuth error may be small." Just how large an azimuth error has to be before it becomes large I forgot to ask, but I should imagine that six or seven feet would be pretty big for any azimuth error that you or I would be likely to have anything to do with.

Well, sir, after the Western Union has selected its clock stars, it takes a look at them each night through pearl-handled opera glasses, and, according to my informant, in this way finds out what time it is. I am not quite clear on the thing yet, and don't know whether they see the hour marked out *on* these stars or whether the stars, if looked at from the right angle, spell out "E-i-g-h-t-f-o-r-t-y-t-h-r-e-e." However, the experts at the Western Union can tell, and I suppose that is all that matters. If I knew what it was they did, and how they were able to tell time by the stars, I should be an expert at the Western Union. That is, of course, provided that I was socially acceptable to the present experts.

BUT, on the whole, I think that I shall keep out of any jobs which involve an understanding of clocks and time-keeping. I can't even understand my own clocks. I have an alarm clock, a plain, unattractive piece of mechanism which I bought in a drug store about eight years ago. This clock will keep perfect time so long as it is tipped over on its face. If I humor it in this whim, however, it is obvious that I am not going to be able to tell what time it is, because I can't see the face. I tried once placing it over on its back, but it raised such a fuss that I had to turn it over instantly into its old position.

I have now solved the problem by having it on a table with a coarse wire net for a top instead of a solid piece of wood. So when I want to see what time it is, I simply get down on my hands and knees and look up through the wire, and there, clear as day, is the face of the clock looking down at me with the correct time. This maneuver also serves a double purpose, as it gets me out of bed much more surely than the mere ringing of an alarm will do.

I have had several letters from friends asking me why I didn't get rid of this clock and get one which would tell time without being coddled; but I have become fond of "Blushing Bennie," as I call it (because it is always hiding its face) and I wouldn't know what to do with a new clock staring directly at me every time I looked at it.

Down in the living room I have a clock which is called a "four-hundred-day" clock, which is supposed to run 400 days without winding. This feat seems to be accomplished by arranging four large cherries on a rotating stem which hangs down out of the works of the clock (clearly visible through the glass cover) and they go slowly round one way and then slowly round the other until the person who is watching them has gone mad. I have got myself trained now so that I can lean against the mantel and watch them rotate for six hours without feeling queer, but people who are not used to it should not try watching for more than fifteen minutes at first. If I have any work to do, it is a great comfort to know that I can always keep from doing it by watching these revolving cherries, for after a while I get hypnotized by the sight and am unable to take my eyes away. I have a man who does nothing else but come and lead me away from the clock whenever I have been there too long or when anyone in the room wants to talk to me.

Sometimes a dash of cold water in my face is necessary, and this is apt to irritate me and make me petulant at first, but when I am myself again I realize that it was for the best and reward the man with a warm smile and a "Well done!"

I DON'T know what we are supposed to do with the clock when the 400 days are up, because the directions distinctly said that under no circumstances was it to be touched once it had been started. I suppose that we shall have to throw it away. I shall want to save the cherries, however, and can perhaps learn to twirl them myself.

All this will perhaps show you how mystified I am by any time-recording device, even the simplest. And when it comes to chronometers of a more complicated nature, I am frankly baffled. This is probably why daylight-saving not only confuses but irritates me, because I wasn't really settled in my mind about the old Standard Time and resent any further attempt to make it more difficult. I understand perfectly the attitude of Holland in the matter of so-called "Zone Time." Or perhaps you don't know what Holland's attitude was.

In 1879 a busybody named Sandford Fleming brought forward a plan for the whole earth which set out twenty-four standard meridians to be fifteen degrees apart in longitude, starting from Greenwich, England. There was to be an hour's difference in time between each two of these.

This was the guy who made all the trouble and made it possible for people in California who happened to be in the middle of a big party at midnight call up someone in New York on the telephone and wake him up out of a four A.M. slumber to say: "Hello, you big bum, you! Guess who this is!"

Well, all the nations accepted this crazy scheme of time-telling except Holland. Holland couldn't see any reason for messing around with meridians when there was so much trouble in the world as it was (and is). So Holland, although one of the smallest nations, stood out against the whole world and kept its own time, and, as a result, didn't get into the War when it came. And also makes delicious cheeses. And tulip bulbs. So you see?

My plan is to be known as "the Holland of Scarsdale," and to set all my clocks (except the one which cannot be tampered with) back to the old time we loved so well. They may throw me in jail, or they may cut off my electricity, but I am going through with this thing if it takes all summer. I don't like Time, and I never have, and I want to have as little to do with it as possible. If I am bothered much more by it, I shall take all the hands off all the watches and clocks in my house and just drift along, playing the mandolin and humming. I'm too busy a man to be worried by figuring out what time it is.

More of Mr. Benchley's innermost reactions to life's problems will be bared in an early issue.

Ben Eielson

The FLYING VIKING

An Account of His Deeds in the North, and His Passing to Valhalla

Wide World photo

President Hoover awarding Lieutenant Eielson the Harmon Trophy for the outstanding flight of 1928—his flight with Wilkins across unexplored stretches of the Arctic.

By

RICHARD CARROLL

a Bostonian by birth, a Newfoundlander in boyhood, and a soldier in the trenches overseas on his sixteenth birthday. Since the war he has done newspaper work and written for Liberty, often on aviation topics, as he is himself a flyer. He also contributes fiction, sometimes choosing war themes.

Photo by Hi Williams

Lieutenant Carl Ben Eielson as he looked when ready for a flight in a polar region.

IT was written that Carl Ben Eielson should die within the arctic circle, written in a thousand years of Scandinavian folklore. When I read the first reports of his death I had the feeling at once that I had read it all before, perhaps with different endings, but the same story told and retold. It might have been of Ericson, or Amundsen, Stefansson, Nansen—in tales of the vikings, ancient and modern, who had wandered afar from their tight little homelands to slake their inherited thirst for the cold, perilous unknown.

I'm sure that Ben Eielson himself could not have supplied a reason for his wanderings, save a hint that something vague within his make-up drove him out and on. It is there that his story differs from Dick Byrd's adventures, from Umberto Nobile's attempt at an undertaking for which neither race nor temperament nor climatic inheritance had fitted him. That gallant old Norseman, Amundsen, had pulled Nobile through his first ordeal. Without him on the second he courted and met disaster.

It is equally fitting that Ben Eielson should have been born in the little village of Hatton, in the Red River Valley that cuts through the plains of North Dakota.

The patriotic American, seeing the hand of God in

International photo

The Wilkins and Eielson plane in flight across the arctic wastes. It was a Lockheed Vega.

everything pertaining to his country's greater glory, could well believe that the little countries of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden were created solely to produce men capable of opening up the vast wind-swept plains of America's Northwest.

Ole Eielson, hard and gray today at fifty-nine, was only one in a long stream of Norsemen who in the early 1880s were slowly plodding their way north and west, intent only on staking out their farmlands, but destined to found great states.

OLE had come in the spring of 1884, when he was thirteen years old, and had found his own way from La Crosse, Wisconsin, to Dakota Territory and to Hatton. Ten years before his arrival, Andrew Stavens, a fellow countryman, had halted his covered wagon beneath the shade of an oak tree in a grove on the banks of a tributary of Red River. There he had built the first cabin in what is now Steele County. Only a few weeks ago Andrew Stavens' daughter, Agnes, showed Oliver Eielson and myself the homestead mark on the oak tree where her father had made it more than fifty years ago. Some day soon Agnes and Oliver, who is Ben's brother, will be married.

Compatriots of Stavens in the '80s were reaching out westward and north from Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota. The boy Ole Eielson had left his birthplace in Wisconsin when the urge for wandering gripped him. His father had come out from Norway and carried the family banner past Chicago. Ole was to take it farther west, and later Ben Eielson was to pick up the trail and, in the spirit of the vikings, carry on until he dropped, farthest north.

Too young to farm, Ole went to work in Hatton's only store. From then on time alone regulated his progress. In a few years the town had grown large enough to support two stores and Ole supplied the second.

In 1893, his business prospering, he married Olava Baalson of Brooten, Minnesota, and seventeen years later, when she died, she left him eight children, Elma, Edwin, Carl Benjamin, Adeline, Oliver, Arthur, Helen, and Hannah. Of these children, Elma, who played mother to the rest of the family after their mother's death, is married today to Hatton's leading merchant, Elmer Osking, and has two children. Edwin is dead. Carl is dead. Adeline teaches school in the West, Oliver is just returned from

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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South America. Arthur is with the Western Electric Company in New York City, and Helen is teaching in North Dakota. Hannah is still at school. Thus, like most Scandinavian families, they are scattered far and wide.

The town of Hatton flourished, and today Ole Eielson is its leading citizen. He is the town's banker, and for twelve years was its mayor. Planted in the middle of a vast plain, sheltered from the bitter winds of winter by the tree belts planted by the pioneers, it is typical of the farm country settlements. Once a day the Great Northern Railway sends a train there, and in the rainy season, or when the prairie roads are snowbound, the railroad is Hatton's only access to the outside. Fit training ground for an explorer. Only one stranger came in among the Norwegians, but somehow Bill O'Hara fitted into the picture, and today, as sharp-tongued and as fiery as ever, the Irishman remains one of the town's brightest touches.

Ole Eielson, having planted the family standard in the Northwest, gave himself up to the accumulation of wealth and the raising of his family. From him the story switches to Ben.

Carl Ben Eielson, the boy who was to drive into the ice packs of the antarctic, blaze air trails in snowbound Alaska, and skim close to the north pole itself, was born, the second son of Ole, on July 20, 1897. His early life was the life of any healthy boy in a country village. At thirteen he was through grade schools and in high school. At seventeen he was a freshman in the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks. He was a keen student, was active in baseball and basket ball, and one of the best debaters in the state.

A family group. Ole Eielson, father of the Flying Viking, looms up behind the five of his children who are standing; they are, from left to right, Arthur, Carl Ben—the Viking himself, Elma, Adeline, and Hannah. Seated in front of them are their sister Helen, their brother Oliver, and Elmer Osking, the husband of Elma, with the two Osking children.

IN his early school days he gave promise of evolving into nothing more exciting than a good business man. His father had set his heart on Ben as his successor, and until his second year at the university the son had no thought of rebellion. At the university Ben duplicated his high-school record. He was bright but not brilliant. Entering his twenties, he was just a healthy young man with a surplus of physical energy and decidedly uncertain as to where his talents could best be directed. His brilliance in debate finally tipped the scales in favor of law and against commerce. His chief assets here were his coolness and the logic of his attack.

Physically Ben was not impressive. The casual observer could not, of course, sense the tremendous staying power hidden in his make-up. Sparingly built and hard, in height he was a little above the average. In appearance he was not unlike Roald Amundsen before the arctic gales had transformed that old viking's face into frozen parchment. He was about the same build and height. Ben had Amundsen's hawklike nose, slightly modified. The same straight line of mouth and the high forehead with the hair receding as though to leave more facial area to push into the wind. But where Amundsen, molded in a life's struggle against the unconquerable elements, pushed others to the background by the sheer force of his personality, Ben could not. He was never as dominant as the older man. Rather was he content to remain in the background. Only his enthusiasm enabled him to come to the fore and take his place in the limelight.

Two years at the University of North Dakota convinced Ben that the law offered more exciting tilts than commerce, and in the fall of 1917 he entered the University of Wisconsin school of law. He lasted through the winter, and early in 1918, nearing his twenty-first birthday, he gave way to the universal urge and enlisted. He chose the air service as offering the most fun. Law, commerce, and all else faded before the new venture. Without knowing it, he was satisfying the still indefinite racial urge within him.

BEN made a good pilot, not a Doolittle or a Williams, but a good one nevertheless. Ground school at the University of California and flight training at Rockwell and Kelly fields fitted him for France. His commission as a second lieutenant won, and his sailing orders for France in his pocket, he was ready for the second phase of a war bird's career when the Armistice was signed. His sailing orders were canceled and within a few months he was back in Hatton.

But the germ had been planted and immediately Ben gave it chance for growth. With a few friends he formed a flying club at Hatton and became one of the nation's first barnstormers, those daring flyers who hopped their crazy Jennies all over the nation, wing-walking, stunting, and generally cutting up for the amusement of the folks at the fairs and for their own meager profits. It was aviation's most dangerous, most romantic age.

Ben stuck fairly close to Hatton, and when in the fall of 1919 he decided to finish at the University of North Dakota, he took his plane with him to fill in spare time with a little joy hopping and barnstorming. It was wonderful training for him. Anyone who has flown a Jenny knows that to handle it through complicated maneuvers is to do skilled work. He brought in money to his club and things prospered. In June of the following year he graduated and, taking his ship with him, devoted the summer to flying. The end of this venture came when, in a village fittingly named Climax, Minnesota, Ben tried to get off a short field by shooting under two lines of telephone wires. At the second line the old Jenny hooked a wing around a pole and crashed. Ben's brother Arthur took the ship home in a truck, so badly broken that it was beyond safe repair. The end of the ship was the end of Ben's flying club.

Ole Eielson now made another attempt to keep his flying son with him. Aided by the other members of the family, he offered Ben a compromise. If the young man did not want commercial work he might try law again. Ben entered Georgetown University college of law in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

the fall of that same year, 1920. One term was all he could stand.

Returning to Hatton, he formed the Hatton Aviation Company and again bought a Jenny. All through 1921 and far into 1922 he stunted and gave joy hops to such of the farmers as had courage enough and money for a ride.

It was still the day of the barnstormers. Lindbergh was only beginning to turn his eyes skyward and, in 1921, had not yet made his first flight. Some idea of what aviation then meant to the nation can be gathered from a handbill of the Hatton Aviation Company. To all and sundry it was announced that:

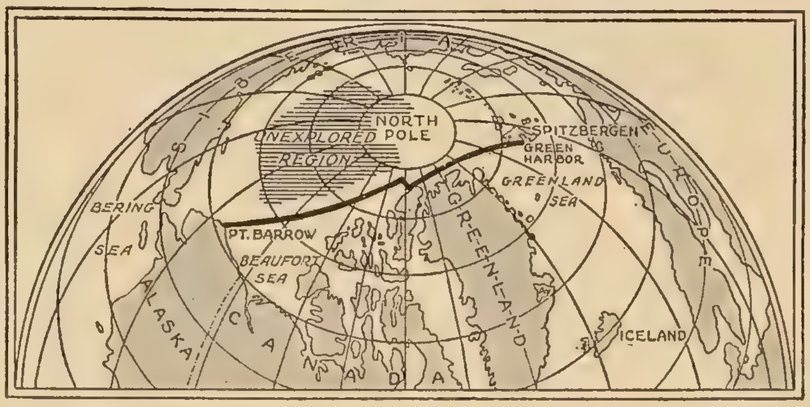
P. & A. photo:

Captain, now Sir, George Hubert Wilkins showing Amundsen the route of the Wilkins-Eielson flight from Point Barrow to Spitzbergen. Wilkins is at the left, Eielson at the right, behind the flag. The picture was taken at Oslo, Norway.

> Our Pilots will give a real acrobatic flight.
>
> Any stunt that Art Smith did at the San Francisco Exposition, and some he did not know how to do.
>
> We do not give a skimpy loop or two and call it an exhibition. We do everything known to aviation. We guarantee to satisfy.
>
> OUR MOTTO: Never take a chance with a Passenger.
>
> Tail Slides, Tail Spins, Loops, Wing-overs, Barrel Rolls, Power Spirals, Immelmann Turns, Falling Leaf, Side Slips, Vertical Virage.

REMEMBERING that Ben was the whole pilot staff, and that the ship was an army Jenny of only ninety horse power, the club's announcements of stunts and safety in combination put it all up to the pilot. There were no mishaps.

Ben's father had not given up his attempt to tame his son. If Ben wanted to satisfy any lust for adventure, let him go away, but let him do something tangible. Alaska, for instance, was far away, and adventure might be had there and work. He talked Alaska to Ben.



The route of the Wilkins-Eielson arctic flight.

That vast country, part arctic and part temperate zone, was rich in possibilities.

But nothing gave Ben Eielson hope when he finally left North Dakota. It was his father's confessed plan to get his son north so that he would be remote from the temptations of flying. Ben went as a teacher and took a place in the Fairbanks high school.

How badly Alaska had needed Ben Eielson it did not realize until he was dead. Here was a country of rich minerals and furs, a country of gold and copper and platinum and lead, of widely scattered communities and isolated trapping stations, where winter distances were measured in weeks and months, and where men and women died for lack of aid that could not reach them. Beyond Fairbanks and to the north most activities ceased with the first heavy snows. Perpetual night reigned and travel was slow and perilous. Much valuable time was lost, time that was yellow gold.

Ben had been teaching in Fairbanks two months when the old urge to fly came back to him. The good citizens of the town had been stirred up a few years before when United States Army flyers had dropped in on them. But flying as a means of transportation was not seriously thought of. The nature of the country weighed against it.

Strange as it may seem, winter flying in Alaska was less difficult than summer flying. While the sun did not shine during the cold season, the vast expanses of snow gave up a creamy light, and in clear weather objects on the ground were plainly visible to a pilot. Summer brought its problems. The vast forest regions each year during the warm spells had their inevitable fires; dense clouds of smoke rolled skyward, and few sky lanes were without them. Such smoke barriers did, and do, present a real flying problem.

ALL these things Ben was to learn later. Just now, in the fall of 1922, he thought chiefly that it would be great to have an airplane. It would add zest to life, destroy some of the monotony of teaching. Promptly he organized a flying club to purchase the inevitable Jenny.

To accomplish his purpose Ben went to Dick Wood, then president of the First National Bank of Fairbanks, and to him talked aviation, stressing its value as an attraction for the annual Fourth of July celebration. There were no planes in Alaska, but over in Dawson a fellow named Prest had a ship and wanted to hop to Fairbanks for the big show. His fee was to be $1,000. When Prest's plane cracked up at Eagle there was none to take his place. Wood agreed with Ben that an aëro exhibit would help the show; but supposing he got a plane, who was there in Fairbanks to fly it? Ben had neglected to tell any one in Alaska that he was a veteran pilot!

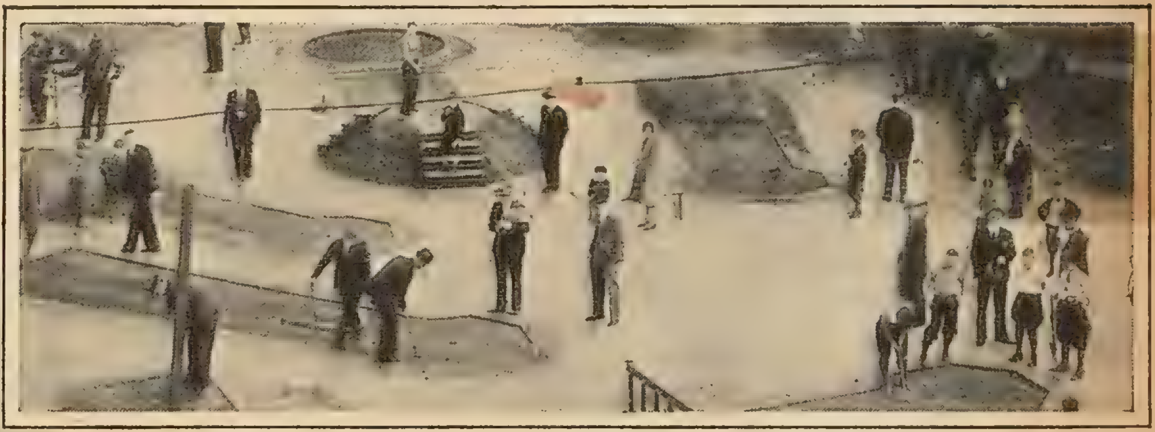
It did not impress the Alaskans when Ben said he would take the plane aloft if they would get it for him. They figured he had nerve and that probably it did not require a great amount of skill. Dick Wood called in Bill Thompson, editor of the News-Miner, and the three men decided to buy a ship, sending to Sacramento for it.

Having convinced the town council that they could supply the place of the missing Prest and his ship for the Fourth, the now air-minded trio wired $750 to a fellow in Sacramento who had a Jenny for sale at that price. Inside a month they got a receipt, but no plane or promise of one. Another month followed, and another. In May they wired private detectives to look up the salesman, and the sleuths trailed him halfway across country until they got him in Kansas. He was honest enough, but was having more demands for ships than he could meet. On July 1, three days before the celebration, the Jenny was unpacked at Fairbanks and became Alaska's first commercial airplane.

Ben promptly assembled his ship at a field just outside the town. The miners and merchants came out to see, and openly expressed the opinion that it could not fly.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Thar's gold in them thar hills, stranger



A glimpse of a full 18 hole Tom Thumb course in operation—a money maker for thousands

Here is hole No. 7. Note the sand traps and bunkers —just like the real thing

Every hole different. Every hazard of golf. Great sport for the skilled and the unskilled

PLAY the TOM THUMB Golf Course in Your City

Tom Thumb miniature golf is the outstanding game of the season. Great exercise—clean fun—exhilarating sport.

Look up the Tom Thumb golf course in your town. If there is not one there today, there will be tomorrow. Hundreds of Tom Thumb courses are in operation—hundreds are being installed. Watch for the one in your town. Try this new fun. Millions are playing. Get the thrill of your life. Tom Thumb has tricky hazards—and the patented Tom Thumb greens putt just like real grass.

Remember the only satisfactory miniature outdoor putting greens are the Patented Tom Thumb Greens. The public knows the difference. That's why they seek out and play only on the Tom Thumb Courses. Millions are playing Tom Thumb.

MILLIONS ARE PLAYING

Big Profits For You

Yes sir—gold in every bunker—in every trap—in every water hazard—in every putt of the ball—there is gold for you if you climb on the band wagon instantly.

The Patented Tom Thumb Greens have made miniature golf an instant success. 300 to 1,000 play daily on the eighteen individual holes of Tom Thumb Golf. Tom Thumb patented greens stand the traffic. They look like grass and putt like grass.

Every shot on a Tom Thumb Golf course is a golf shot. Every hole is a real golf hole—rewarding a good shot and penalizing a poor one. Here is real golf with all its fascinations and its thrills. A well located Tom Thumb Golf course on a piece of property 60′ x 120′—the larger the better—will pay you beyond your fondest expectations.

Here are a few letters out of scores received:

May 11, 1930

Receipts at the Elmhurst Course, Elmhurst, L. I., are as follows: May 2, $86.25; May 3, $180.50; May 4, $288.00; May 5, $146.75; May 6, $166.90; May 7, $160.00; May 8, $183.00; May 9, $204.50; May 10, $247.50; May 11, $362.00.

Harold M. Early

May 12, 1930

Receipts from Rochester, Pa., Tom Thumb Golf Course from May 1st to May 10th—total, $1,622.25, with constant increase in business daily.

J. Paul Jones, Manager

April 21, 1930

We opened our Tom Thumb Golf Course Tuesday and made that day $135.00; Wednesday $144.00; Thursday $177.00; Friday $197.00; Saturday $206.00.

Harry A. Hall, Charleston, W. Va.

"Beg to advise that we have had excellent success with the Tom Thumb Golf Course. We operated this course for one month and our proceeds that month were $2800."

The Charleston Miniature Golf Company, Charleston, S. C.

With a modest sum of money you too can be on your way to big profits.

3 to 6 days after you receive your course, it is open. Easy to install. Everyone plays—rich, poor, skilled or unskilled.

Good in all towns having a population of 5,000 and up.

Don't let this chance slip by. Address the nearest office. Write or wire today.

National Pipe Products Corp.
Rochester, Penna.

Tom Thumb Sales Corp.
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Tom Thumb Golf, Chrysler Bldg., New York

Fairyland Manufacturing Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Tom Thumb Golf of Canada
86 John St., Toronto, Canada

TOM THUMB GOLF

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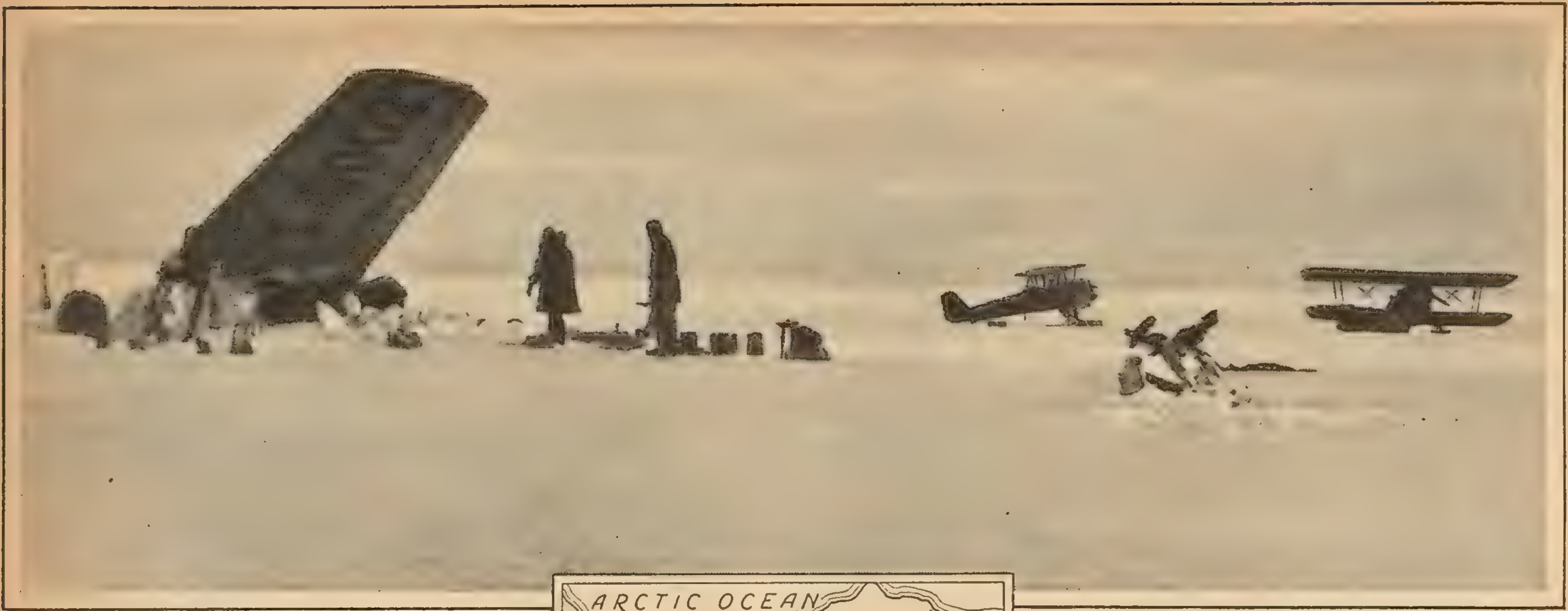
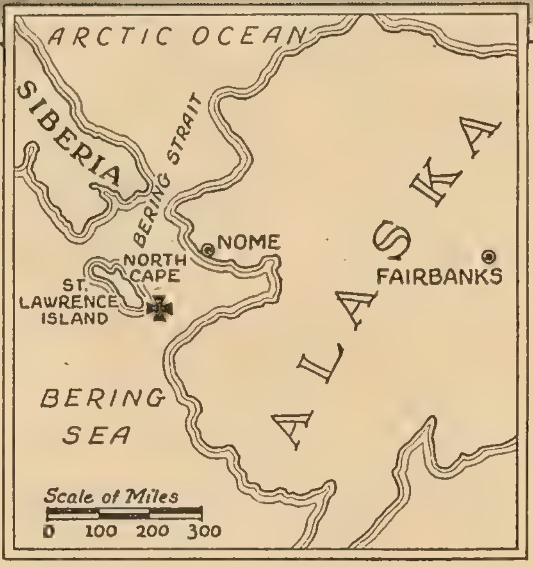


P. & A. photo

The end of the Flying Viking's path of glory—his wrecked plane, near which, after long search, his body and Earl Borland's were found.



The cross shows approximately where Eielson's plane crashed on his second flight of rescue to the icebound ship Nanuk.

[BEN EIELSON, THE FLYING VIKING
Continued from page twenty-two]

On the third the Jenny was fully assembled and a nervous Ben gave the propeller a turn to start the engine. It was a surprised Ben who jumped back as it started up as smoothly as ever an OX5 did.

He immediately climbed into the cockpit and took off. After making one loop for the benefit of the watching townspeople, he landed to wait for the morrow.

On the Fourth he put on the first real acrobatic show Fairbanks had ever seen. Gladly enough the town handed over to him the $1,000 fee and with that money the plane had almost paid for itself and the freight on it. His next job completed the payment. This was an exhibition at Nenana, where the miners gave him $500.

The coming winter put other ideas than joy riding into Ben's head. He decided to try his luck with air mail, and enlisted the help of Wood and Thompson. They in turn appealed to Paul Henderson and Delegate Dan Sutherland, who were then in Washington. Ben journeyed there himself. The result was that Congress gave the post-office authorities money enough to ship a De Haviland plane equipped with a Liberty motor to Fairbanks, and Ben got a contract to carry mail from Fairbanks to McGrath, nearly 300 miles. The price agreed on was two dollars a mile for the first five trips and a dollar and a half a mile for the next five. Only ten were to be made.

The Alaskan winter was in full progress when the plane was assembled. With it came a set of skis made to Ben's order; and his DH became one of the first to use such equipment. Ben took off from Fairbanks early in the morning of February 12. Four hours later he landed in McGrath with his load of mail, cutting the usual time for the trip by fourteen days. That trip alone was enough to sell aviation to Alaska. But it wasn't enough for the postal authorities, who couldn't see how an airplane could operate successfully in a country where winter temperature dropped as low as sixty degrees below zero and generally hovered close to forty below.

All Alaska was watching that first flight. And when Ben dropped down at his destination, not only Fairbanks, but the whole territory was elated.

LATE the same afternoon Ben set out for home. Knowing he was coming, and despite a snowstorm that had come up, the whole town turned out to meet him. When hours passed and he did not appear, they grew fearful. Not until nearly seven o'clock did they hear the first drone of his engine. It was dark, so they gathered the big drums used for storing gasoline, filled them with inflammable material, and set it alight to guide him. Instead of placing them to mark the edges of the field, however, they piled them along the center. Ben, coming in, kept far enough away from the line of flames and, too late to change his course, found himself descending on a patch of shrubbery. He cleared all but the last obstruction, a stunted oak tree. He hit and gave his ship the gun to pull her over. She cleared and came down on her nose. The result was a broken prop which cost him $424 to replace. It was the second accident of this kind and the second prop he had to replace.

As Alaska then boasted no landing fields and the terrain over which all flights had to be made was either mountainous or shrub-covered table-land, the matter of two broken props was not serious for several months of flying. The accidents did, however, cut into the profits, and profits were needed to buy more ships and branch out.

BEN now began that phase of his career that was to endear him forever to the Alaskans. Hospitals were few and far between and special attention for the sick could be had at few points. Journeys over land and sea in winter worked untold hardships on the unfortunate sufferers. Ben's air-mail flights were made every ten days and in between he had time for other work.

One case presented itself on his second postal flight to McGrath. Friends of a resident who was very ill and for whom treatment could be had only at Fairbanks begged the pilot to take the patient there on his return trip. Ben explained that it was against post-office rules to carry a passenger with the mails, and would endanger his contract. The case was urgent, however. Finally—

"My ship is at the field," he said. "I'm here and can't see you. There's nothing can prevent your man from stowing away on board. This snow flying has dimmed my sight a lot."

No one appeared more surprised than Ben when the mail handlers at Fairbanks found a man, heavily wrapped in furs, squatting among the mail bags in the plane. But a life was saved.

After eight trips with mail the government canceled Ben's contract, principally owing to the jealousy of petty postal officials in Alaska, who had sent in adverse reports on the risks in flying important letters and papers over the wintry wastes. This despite the fact that all flights had been made on schedule and not one letter had gone astray.

And it might as well be said here, on the authority of several prominent business men of Fairbanks, that it was this petty interference that did more than anything else to make Ben's work for aviation in Alaska difficult.

The air mail contract had not been as profitable as at first had appeared likely. Only the crudest of landing fields were available, and any forced landing meant Ben's superb skill matched against the greatest difficulties. But Alaska had taken seriously to the pilot's work. Volunteer workers were already laying out fields near their towns. At one place even the Eskimos, who almost worshiped Ben, had chipped in forty dollars for a field of their own, and this without much hope that it would ever be used.

Ben turned his attention next to private work. Miners who had accumulated thousands of dollars' worth of raw gold wanted it taken to the United States quickly. Pioneers that they were, they understood Ben and gave him their precious metal to transport for them. Furs, too, had to be taken to market. Consignments held up by the ice and snow lost their value in northern storage. New York, Seattle, St. Louis, London, wanted them for the market seasons. Ben again filled a need, and furs that would have remained in Alaska all winter were now on Fifth Avenue at top prices months in advance.

IT was simply a question of twenty miles a day or 100 miles an hour. The airplane was bound to win.

Maternity cases were given the right of way. Expectant mothers, isolated in places far from doctors, were flown through sleet and snow to hospitals in the nearest towns. The baby would be born, and mother and child would be flown home again. How much this service was needed can be estimated by the pilots who came after Ben. One of them today is called the "Wet Nurse of the Sky." He has carried more than a dozen mothers and babes to and from hospitals.

Perhaps a quick picture of Alaska and its transportation problems will give the reader a better understanding of Ben Eielson's work.

The territory is set like a vast dipper on the northwest corner of the North American continent. The handle of the dipper—The Panhandle—stretches down the Pacific coast to within 700 miles of the nearest American soil. Between lies British Columbia. The Panhandle, warmed by the Japan Current, has an agreeable climate. The Bowl, jutting far within the arctic circle, has regular arctic winter, though in the southern parts the temperature rises to ninety degrees above in the short summer. The Panhandle produces the more hazardous flying weather. Fogs and rain in winter make flying almost impossible. No landing fields are available near the coast. Seaplanes are used in summer over the route from Seattle to Juneau.

Back of the mountains, vast tablelands stretch out into the interior, broken here and there by higher

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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You need not wait weeks for some sign of improvement in your skin. The Linit Beauty Bath is an outstanding beauty secret—not only is it amazingly economical, but the soothing, luxurious results are IMMEDIATE.

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin—soft and satiny smooth!

This soft, velvety "finish" comes from a thin coating of Linit left on the skin which is invisible to the naked eye. This coating of Linit adheres well, never comes off on the clothing, eliminates "shine" and harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit—and being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most sensitive skin. In fact, doctors recommend starch from corn to soothe the tender skin of young babies.

THIS is the test that proves it!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth

BEN EIELSON, THE FLYING VIKING
Continued from page twenty-five

mountain ranges. It is difficult flying country and the severity of the winters adds to the hazards of terrain. The cities and towns are hundreds of miles apart and few of them are linked by rail or road. The Alaska Railroad runs from Seward by the sea to Fairbanks, 471 miles inland, with spurs to several of the mining villages between. Nome, reached in summer by steamer and in winter by dog team, is 500 miles west of Fairbanks. By airplane it is only a matter of a few hours, where dog teams have taken months.

Small wonder that Ben was honored. Miners, cut off from the luxuries of civilization, heaped gratitude on him when his ship sailed out of the skies to bring them tobacco, magazines to read, new clothing. Ailing sourdoughs blessed him for the doctor he brought, for the serum he sped to the stricken, or the magic conveyance that carried them to security.

To make flying in Alaska pay enough to grow, the air-mail contract was vital. That was assured income. In 1924 Ben again went to Washington, D. C., to try himself where others had failed. He was laughed at. Small use to point out that he had carried his mail without mishap, had delivered on schedule. Flying in a country where the thermometer went to seventy below zero was impossible. That settled it.

A New, Romantic Novel of Today—

Still Another Juliet

By

Thyra Samter Winslow

begins in Liberty next week

Sick and disheartened, Ben gave it up. At this time he was twenty-seven years old and already on the threshold of fame. He had devoted nearly all his time to flying, having entirely abandoned the idea of teaching after his acquisition of a plane. Socially he was popular and always in demand, but he had refused persistently to take women seriously. To him they were lovely creatures, all of them, but his work was paramount. Not that he did not have intimate women friends. He had them in plenty. But they were for the softer side of his life and could wait. Marriage was an eventual and not particularly desired end of freedom. So Ben played with the gentler sex on even terms and kept his mind free for his future. He had love affairs, transitory and pleasant, but not hurtful. No particular woman ruled his life, and it was destined that none should. Nevertheless he would have found life dreary without them.

WHEN his mission to Washington failed, Ben again listened to his father and decided to go back to law. He entered the University of Washington, and the folk at Hatton sat back content, only to grin in resignation a month later when he wired home for his Sam Browne belt and uniform. He had reëntered the Army Air Service. Law was definitely out of the question.

The army flyers were then experimenting at Langley Field, Virginia, with skis for snow flying. Ben was the one man who could give them valuable help. He joined the bombing squadron and in a year had earned his full lieutenant's commission and developed a new ski. About this time George Hubert Wilkins of Australia was in America with the professed determination to fly into the uncharted regions lying between Alaska and the north pole. Captain Wilkins knew polar work. He had been with Stefansson on that explorer's five-year jaunt into the arctic. He knew aviation, for he had worked as photographer over the lines in France during the war, and had been rewarded by his country for his work. His efforts in exploration were well known to scientists, if not as familiar to the public as the more heralded dashes of less solid heroes. He had been second in command with Sir Ernest Shackleton in the antarctic. And he was a proponent of the idea that arctic exploration could be done best by air.

Wilkins in 1925 was looking for a pilot he could trust, one who knew arctic flying and whose courage and skill were unquestioned. Ben Eielson was his first and last choice.

What happened after these two men got together is now history: The start in 1926; the ill luck that seemed to follow the expedition, dating from the death of Palmer Hutchinson under the whirling prop of Wilkins' Fokker, and ending in the smashing of the two ships; the return home to prepare for a new start; the continuing disasters of 1927; Wilkins and Ben crashing in the arctic, and plowing their way out over eighty miles of drifting ice until the thirteenth day, when they staggered into Beechey Point, ninety-two miles from Point Barrow. That journey over the ice cemented a friendship between the two men that ended only at the death of one of them. Helping each other over the ice ridges, seeing each other face death time and again in the yawning seams into which they stumbled through the treacherous snow, they each took the other's measure and were satisfied. Ben's hand was frostbitten and later a finger had to be amputated. Wilkins lost the use of his feet, cut and swollen from the ice, for days after their deliverance. It was a frozen hell to break the spirit of most men. Wilkins and Ben survived to come back and conquer.

IN 1926 Amundsen had flown with Ellsworth and Nobile over the pole. Dick Byrd had made his spectacular dash, with Floyd Bennett at the controls, but Wilkins and Ben were still fighting bad luck. It was never their intention, however, merely to fly across the pole. Wilkins had set his heart on finding what, if anything, lay in the vast region between Point Barrow and the pole, beyond the rim of northern Canada. It was a far more difficult feat for the navigator. Pole flying brought the explorer by direct compass route to his objective. Wilkins was determined to cut across the lines of longitude and reach Spitzbergen by the longer, more treacherous route that took him within a few miles of the tip of Greenland.

They hopped off in April, hardships and ill luck dogging them to the last, but once in the air Ben knew he could make it if Wilkins guided him right and his engine held. There was little need for anxiety about Wilkins. That veteran explorer read his path from every ice formation beneath him. After twenty and one-half hours of flying, the pair dropped from the skies at Spitzbergen, completing what Amundsen and Stefansson called the most daring arctic flight ever made. They had flown nearly 2,500 miles across the unknown polar seas, several hundred miles farther than Byrd, and Wilkins had found the dot on the map he had set out for.

In his book, Flying the Arctic, Wilkins, now Sir Hubert, refers again and again to Ben Eielson's coolness and courage and skill. Many times that Scandinavian calmness in the face of disaster brought them through. And of Wilkins, Ben could but say that for a companion in danger he would choose no other. They made a great pair.

Much of Ben's succeeding time was taken up with the receptions and gatherings that fall to the hard lot of a world hero. President Hoover gave him the Harmon Trophy for the year's best flight. But Wilkins had not finished. The south polar regions remained to give up secrets. Ben went with him for a while and then came back to carry out his dream of an Alaskan air service. How he succeeded is history also. Through his efforts newly formed flying organizations in the territory were consolidated under the Aviation Corporation of America. Ben was put in complete control. And it was in this job that he came to the end of his road.

The fur ship Nanuk, carrying over a million dollars worth of furs, was caught in the ice in Bering Straits. The crew and passengers on board faced starvation.

Miles from the nearest help, cut off by unsurmountable barriers of ice and storm areas, they faced the long winter with its prospects of dwindling food and the loss of their cargo, due even then in the Christmas markets of the world.

Ben at Fairbanks heard of their plight. There were pilots under him now whom he could send, but it was perilous work and that meant he must go himself. Ben took off in November of last year. What he accomplished has been written—how he brought the needed food across the ice, took out as many passengers as he could and as many furs and, returning for more, crashed to his death.

Alaska, of course, could not believe it—would not. Ben Eielson? Hadn't he dared every known and unknown danger of the arctic, hadn't he laughed and gone on where others had whimpered and turned back? Ben could not die.

They found his body months later, deep in the snow—his ship a wreck, his friend and companion on his flight, Earl Borland, the mechanic who had volunteered to go with him, dead beside him. And the men who came after him, the only kind who can succeed in that vast territory, brought him out to his father waiting at Fairbanks. Joe Crosson, another friend and flyer, had found him, as was fitting, and with other hardy pilots as aerial escort brought the flag-draped burial plane to Alaska.

There was no weeping in the home at Hatton, or in the state of North Dakota. Ben Eielson had gone the way of Amundsen, of others of his line, back to his viking ancestors in a blaze of glory.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

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1—What is eminent domain?
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7—What is a plebiscite?
8—Who wrote The Mill on the Floss?
9—What is a moratorium?
10—What is a misanthrope?
11—The character & is known by what name?
12—What is an anodyne?
13—During what war was the White House burned?
14—How many furlongs in a mile?
15—What is a centenary?
16—What does the musical term *mezzo* mean?
17—What is an interstice?
18—What is the figurative meaning of woolgathering?
19—What is a sleeping partner?
20—What does esoteric mean?

(Answers will be found on page 38)

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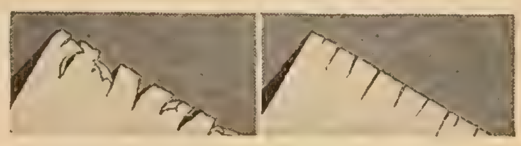

Part of a blade-edge, greatly magnified.
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An EPIC *of* HUNGER

And Some Pictures in Lighter Vein

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

Chief Long Lance, the young Indian who plays the part of Baluk in The Silent Enemy.

★ ★ ★ ★ THE SILENT ENEMY

THE Silent Enemy is an epic of the Ojibway Indians. It was conceived, plotted, and carried through to production on the screen by William Douglas Burden with the help of William C. Chanler and H. P. Carver. Paramount is sponsoring its release.

The picture is silent in so far as dialogue is concerned, but it is made with sound effects, and the weird native music of this aboriginal tribe makes a fitting accompaniment to the terrible struggle waged against the silent enemy—hunger.

After six years of plenty the tribe is faced with a famine. The game flees from the north Canadian forest, which is the native heath of the Ojibways, and even the most skilled and cunning of the hunters fail to bring in food enough to keep the enemy at bay.

On the advice of one young brave, the chief orders the tribe to travel north to intercept the caribou as it crosses the continent in herds. The trek north is a march of agony, as the tribe is assailed by cold, storms, weariness, hunger, and death. There is a magnificent scene of the crossing of the herd and the fight of the Indians against the swiftly moving stream of animals. There are also thrilling battle scenes between other wild animals.

A love story with the chief's daughter and a young brave as the principals is woven through the performance. The young Indian brave has an unforgettable face. He as well as all the other characters are Ojibway Indians.

The photography is beautiful. It is an authentic and absorbing record of a vanishing race.

A trio from The Devil's Holiday: Phillips Holmes, Nancy Carroll, and James Kirkwood.

★ ★ THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY

This Paramount photoplay was written and directed by Edmund Goulding and designed particularly for the talents of Nancy Carroll. Nancy does some very good work here, but her performance is not up to her Bonny in Burlesque.

Director Goulding set a high standard for himself with The Trespasser, Dancing Mothers, and The Broadway Melody, and this is not up to that standard. It is a melodrama about a wise young woman of the town who, out of revenge on one man, marries his young brother, an unsophisticated boy. She leaves the boy, for a price, but later repents when she learns that he is ill and she realizes she loves him. She returns with the money and the determination to help him to recovery.

★ ★ THE SECOND FLOOR MYSTERY

Roy Del Ruth has made an amusing Vitaphone picture for Warner Brothers out of Earl Derr Biggers' story, The Agony Column. The title has been changed to The Second Floor Mystery, but don't let that stop you from

Grant Withers and Crauford Kent in The Second Floor Mystery.

Strictly Modern presents Sidney Blackmer and Dorothy Mackaill.

seeing it. It is not the kind of mystery you expect it to be, and if you are interested in that romantic pair, Grant Withers and his bride, Loretta Young, you will like seeing them together in this. It is a frothy story with very little mystery about it, but a lot of goings on.

This beguiling girl is Sue Carol, shown in possession of two reasons why she's featured in The Golden Calf—a play about a perfect pair of legs.

Loretta Young is beautiful as the young American visitor in London in search of a thrill, and Grant Withers is big and handsome and clever enough to furnish the thrill. H. B. Warner is not my idea of a Scotland Yard sleuth, but then I've never met one and maybe they are as elegant as he is, after all. The rest of the cast is good.

★ ★ The Golden Calf

The Golden Calf is a Fox Movietone featuring Sue Carol and Jack Mulhall. It is a light comedy and, as you might have guessed from the title, concerns a pair of legs—perfect legs, in fact. Millard Webb directed it from a story by Aaron Davis which appeared some time ago in Liberty. You won't believe in the story, but it will entertain you. El Brendel, Marjorie White, and Walter Catlett ably assist the leading players.

★ ★ Strictly Modern

First National is responsible for Strictly Modern—William A. Seiter directing. It was taken from a play by Hubert Henry Davies called Cousin Kate and it makes an amusing comedy picture. It is well played by Dorothy Mackaill and Sidney Blackmer in the leading rôles. It is about a reluctant bride who is on the point of marrying the wrong man until Cousin Kate comes along and straightens everything out.

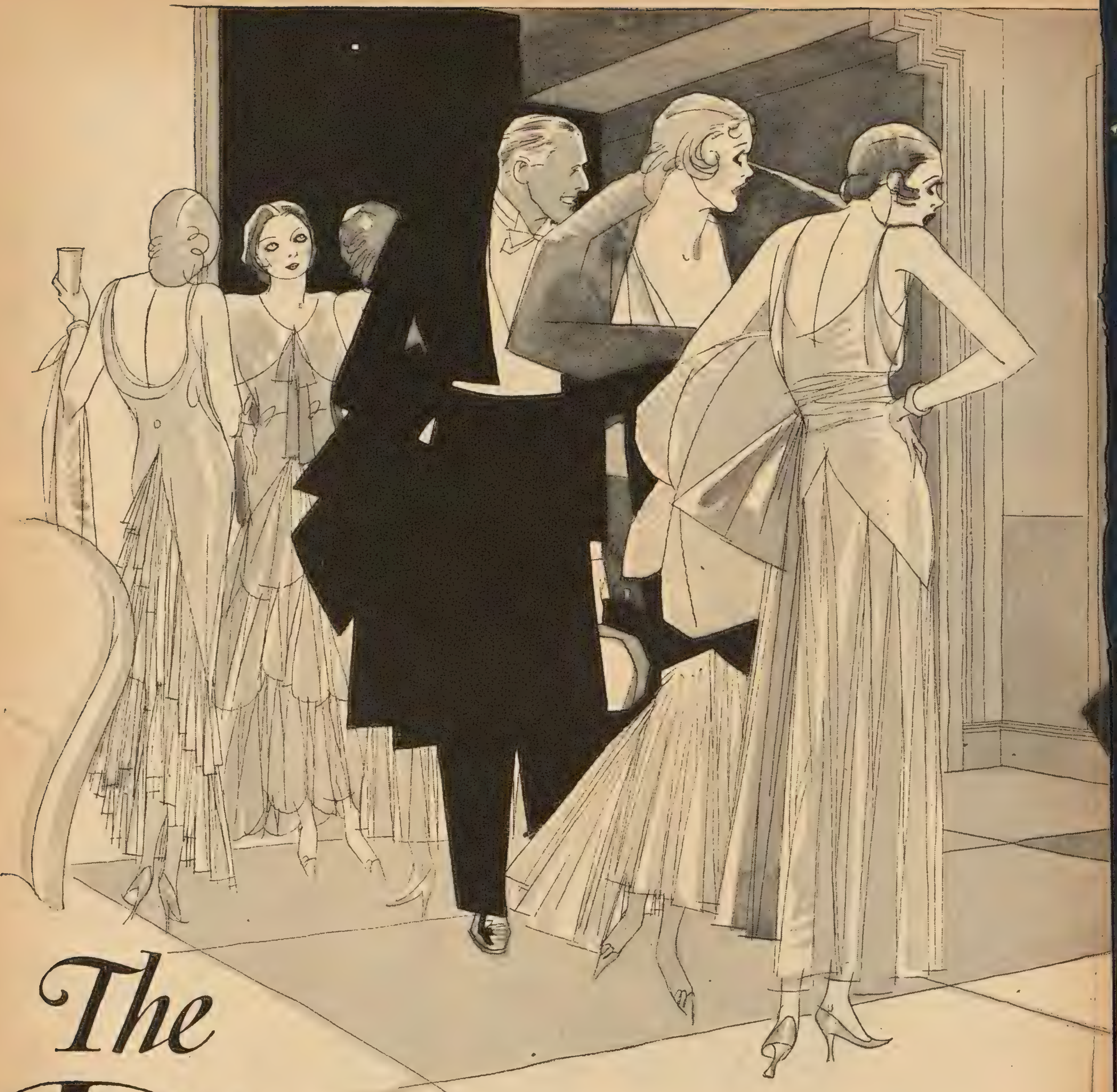
Do you know that—

The play, The Command to Love, is to be done in the movies, and because Will Hays' office wouldn't stand for the title, it has been changed to The Boudoir Diplomat?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—All Quiet on the Western Front, Paramount on Parade.

★★★—King of Jazz, Free and Easy, High Society Blues, Hold Everything, The Divorcee, Ladies of Leisure.



The Dingbat and the

By

MARY M. FINN

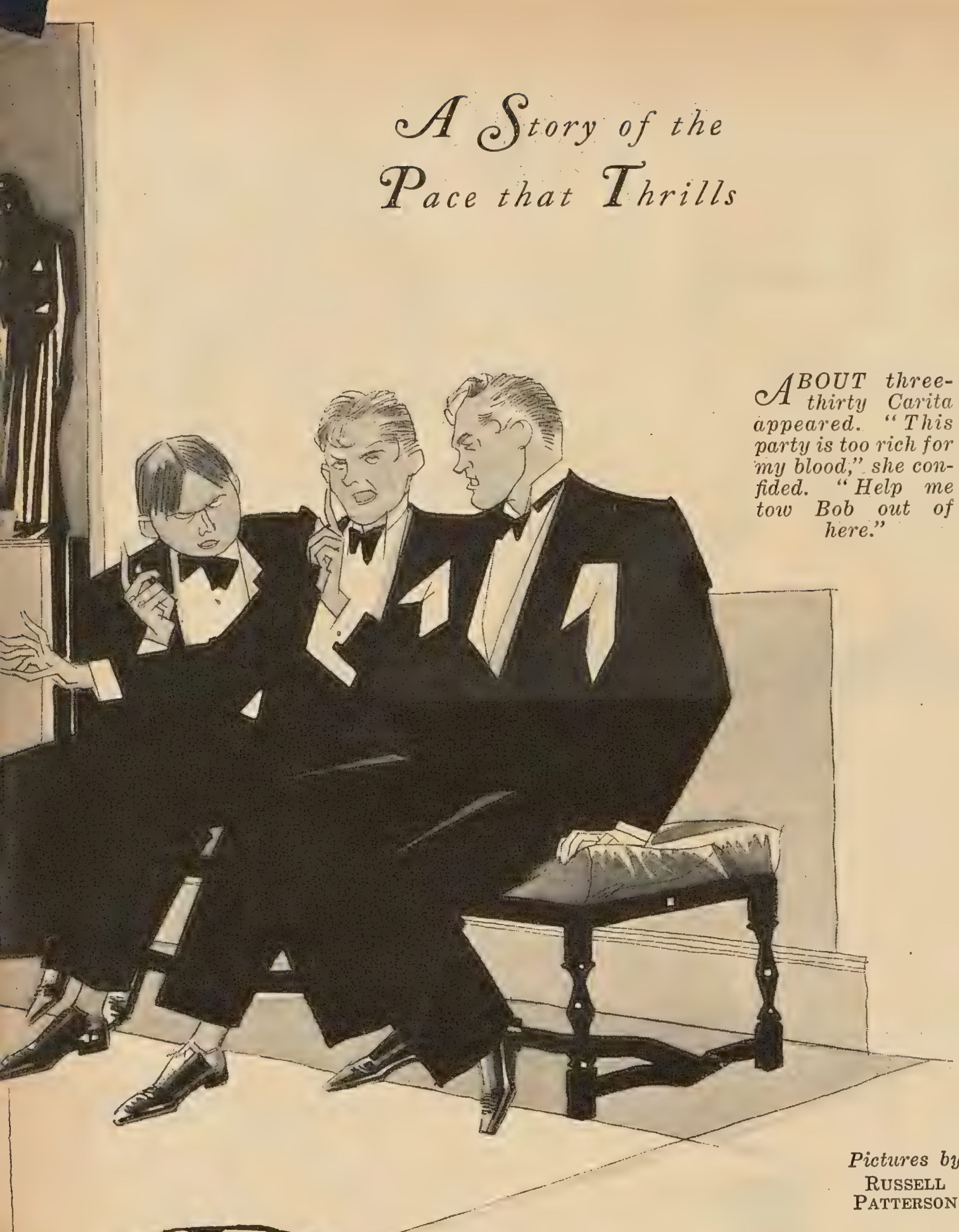
a Bostonian living in New York City. Her stories often reflect her interest in the problems of the modern self-supporting girl. For three years she helped officially to choose candidates for exchange scholarships in French and American universities.

IT was Miss Holmes' first performance in the rôle of dingbat. She knew that her part called for a parked personality, and for the sum of five dollars she was willing to park it until midnight—a dollar an hour thereafter until three o'clock, and two dollars an hour after that.

Just why they call them dingbats is shrouded in doubt. Possibly, since they are creatures of the night, some precocious Princetonian hung the label on them. But a dingbat is as necessary to the New York débutante as the dress on her back, the stag line, or her membership in the Junior League.

Miss Holmes was fearfully hard up; and as she waited on a marble bench in the Calhoun hallway she hoped that Miss Carita Calhoun would make an all-night affair of it and wind

A Story of the Pace that Thrills



ABOUT three-thirty Carita appeared. "This party is too rich for my blood," she confided. "Help me tow Bob out of here."

Pictures by
RUSSELL PATTERSON

Débutante

up at Childs for breakfast at seven a. m. That would run into real money.

A voice, young and pleasing and bantering, floated down:

"'Night, dad; you're looking pretty hot yourself. Hope you get a nice sweetie for yourself. Don't drink any more than I would, dad. Remember your stomach is Volstead if your sentiments aren't."

"I'll be careful!" laughed a parental barytone. "I always am!"

"You always amn't, old dear, and I have neither the time nor the temper to be paging bicarb for you at nine a. m. when you should be checking out to business and I should be starting my beauty sleep."

Carita espied Miss Holmes as she came down the imposing marble stairway. "These parents!" she exclaimed and laughed. "I suppose you heard me laying down the law. It's as well," she confided, "that he didn't see you. He is up there consoling himself with the thought that you are the old-model withered-apple type. 'Love and let love' is his motto, but when it comes to me he is trying to observe all the obsolete conventions."

"Does your mother feel that way about it, too?" hazarded Miss Holmes.

"Mother! Mother's concentrating just now on her third ideally, romantically perfect honeymoon. And who is a mere débutante daughter that she should be a cloud on the horizon? Her ten-year-old son by her second husband is parked with his father at Cannes. Let's toddle along."

SHE thrust a gold flask into Miss Holmes' hand. "I'm going to ask you to keep this for the evening. Then, if Bobbie Schiefflin goes through my coat pockets when his runs dry, it won't be there. He needs to take a course in discrimination when it comes to bootleggers, so I'd rather he'd have this Scotch of dad's than have him use the stuff most of the boys have. If the stags are all lit tonight I'll be in shreds—this gown wasn't insured against any maudlin maulers. And I do want to go on to the Coopers' party with more than a half portion on me."

"The Pennsylvania Hotel, Henry," she directed as the chauffeur handed them into the car.

"I understood the party was at Sherry's," ventured Miss Holmes.

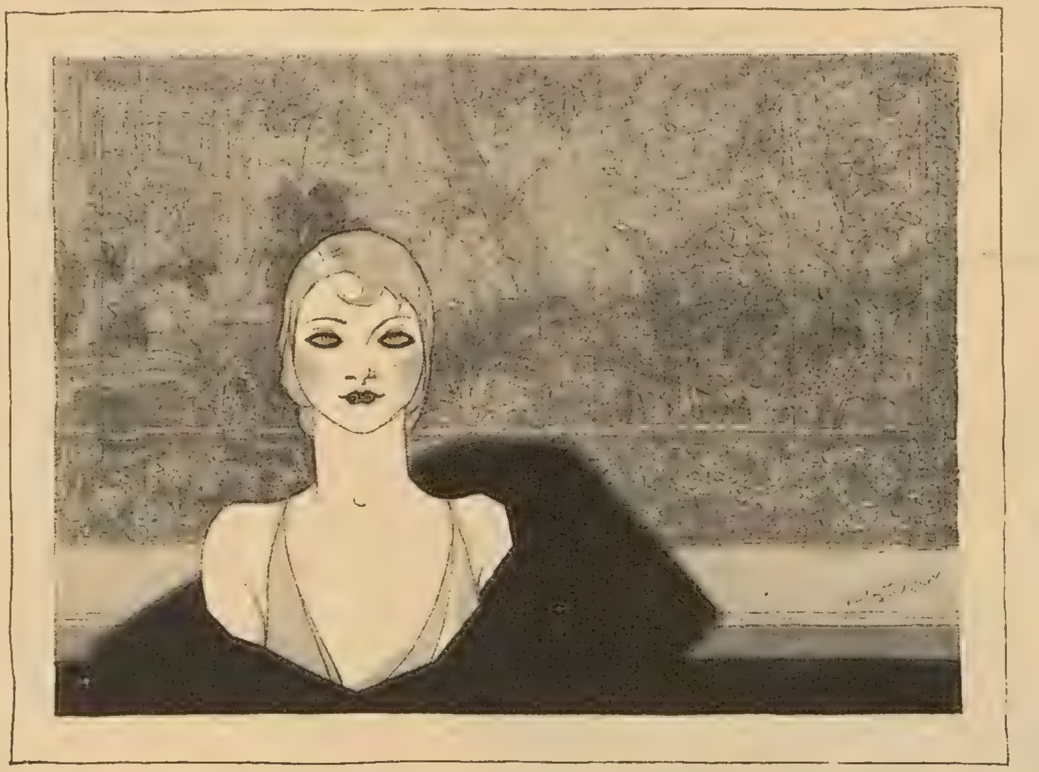
"Oh, yes, it is," explained Carita. "But, you see, I have to run over to the Pennsylvania first to get Bob at the Airway Bus Terminal. He's flying over from Cambridge and I promised to meet him." She laid a hand on Miss Holmes' arm. "Promise me something, Miss Holmes. You will have to see that, drunk or sober, Bob is back on that first Transport plane at seven o'clock. He's got to be back in college at ten-thirty for class. He can't cut it—if he has another cut this term he's out. So if we go to Childs for coffee we must be there by five-thirty or six. You see, Bob's dad is the other half of mother's honeymoon, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DINGBAT AND THE DÉBUTANTE
Continued from page thirty-one

far be it from Bob to drop a tear bomb onto their yacht and make the Mediterranean any bluer than it is. Besides, Mr. Schiefflin promised him that if he leads a decent life and isn't fired from Harvard he'll have a plane built for him when he gets back. So you'll be a dear and pilot the sinking ship to port, won't you?" begged Carita.

"I'd love to," laughed Miss Holmes. Her fingers closed over the flask of dad's Scotch reposing sacrosanctly in her pocket. She felt somewhat iconoclastic to thus desecrate her new caracul pocket, not to mention the hip that languished beneath it. She smiled inwardly. She had been told that afternoon at the Gypsy Tea Room that within forty-eight hours she would have a succession of novel experiences.



Miss Holmes was hard up; and as she waited she hoped Carita would make an all-night affair of it.

By no means a dry, Miss Holmes had been leading a very drab existence, and this sudden transition to a Scotch-plaid, kaleidoscopic setting only went to prove how correctly a gypsy can read the future in cavorting tea leaves. Marble hallways and impeccable butlers, Chanel perfume, ermine wraps, gold flasks, sophistication, and even possible intoxication—all at so much an hour—was sufficient to send soaring a subnormal blood pressure. Miss Holmes was not, as Carita had expressed it, withered-apple type; she was a good guy and, being a young thirty-five, was mentally athletic enough to get into step with any débutante pace-setter, once given a good full breath on which to get going.

Carita Calhoun was delectable to gaze upon. She was chic to the *nth* degree. She was Paris personified.

Bob Schiefflin stepped out of the bus at the Pennsylvania Hotel Terminal and jauntily trailed his raccoon coat into the Calhoun car. He was so young and so charming, so full of potentialities which seemed elusively remote, that Miss Holmes found herself wondering whether "the other half" of the former Mrs. Calhoun's honeymoon was anything like his son. She cast an envious thought across the water to the latest Mrs. Schiefflin, basking in sunlight and love on the Mediterranean.

"SOME women get all the breaks," she decided. "Beauty, love, money, and more husbands than they want. While some of us—" Well, why rail at fate? Wasn't she going to be twenty dollars richer for her little outing? And if Carita went at this pace for the rest of the season the Holmes finances would be looking up.

"Hello, lovely! Hello, everybody!" greeted Bob, when he flung himself into the car. Carita presented him, and Miss Holmes made a move to sit on one of the little seats, thereby establishing her status.

"Hey, there! Not at all," he protested. "Room for *tout le monde*," and he pulled off his coat and threw it onto the seat. A flask fell out of the pocket.

"Bob, will you sit on one of the little seats, like a dear? I can't be crushed. I'm the most perishable person in New York this evening. No fair squashing my raiment until well on toward morning. My flounces insist on preserving their pristine piquancy until it is time for the prince to arrive with the pumpkin coach."

"Such a headache!" teased Bob. "I see his nibs in the crystal ball. The guy will be an interior decorator. He is destined to have a mustache *en surprise*, a cast in one eye, and a bit of Chippendale on the shoulder. His manners will be A plus, his sex appeal F minus. In other words, dear woman, he'll be one of them things."

"Crazy!" roared Carita. "I was merely trying to convey the fact, infant, that the party comes first and the petting comes last."

"That's worth staying sober for!"

"It'll have to be, old dear. I'm fed up on the intoxicated brand of petting."

"Listen to the woman rave! I bet you're full of cocktails this minute."

"By no means," protested Carita virtuously. "Only three innocent ones. Two at a cocktail party this afternoon and one with dad before dinner."

MISS HOLMES laughed. A new strange world—a totally foreign language. They hadn't a serious thought in their heads, and their honeymooning parents probably had even less.

The car stopped at Sherry's. Bob got out. "There's the good old Isotta," he indicated. "I phoned Snyder to have it here, so you won't want yours, Carita. Snyder is to collect mine at the Bus Terminal before I hop off in the morning."

"No need of your waiting, then, Henry," said Carita.

"Orders from Mr. Calhoun, Miss Calhoun. I'm to stay till the finish."

"You take your orders from me, Henry. I won't need you again tonight."

"Much as my job is worth, miss."

"Say, Henry," burst in Bob, unearthing a quart bottle of liquor from the depths of his faithful raccoon. "Take this home and fill your fountain pen with it."

"But, Mr. Schiefflin—thank you, sir! But you know how the boss is—"

"I know, Henry, but what's the use of trying to buck the trust? Miss Calhoun and I will use my car, so chase along and don't worry about your job."

"But the last time, Mr. Schiefflin," persisted Henry, after the retreating figures, "you know what happened! And he don't like having the young lady in the police court and the newspapers."

Presently Miss Holmes found herself in the anteroom set apart for the chaperons. She was one dingbat among many.

"It's always such a relief to me when the party is here," one was saying. "This is the one place in New York where they serve us coffee at midnight. And, my dear, the *private houses!* We sit and sit and sit, and not a drink of water! I always bring malted-milk tablets and a banana."

Her hearer, evidently a tyro like Miss Holmes, appeared shocked. "And breakfast? If we have to wait until breakfast don't we share their ham and eggs at Childs?"

"My dear woman," went on her informer, "you drag your weary bones to an empty table and watch the young animals feed."

Miss Holmes devoutly hoped that her charge would not leave Sherry's until after midnight. A young man approached her.

"Hello, sister," he greeted cordially. "I saw you come in with the Calhoun kid and her boy friend." Miss Holmes waited for further enlightenment. "Now," he went on, "you and I can do a little business, mutual profit-sharing stuff, girlie. Any little *in*time things—any little scoops. This young Schiefflin, for instance, his intentions—her intentions. Calhoun *père*—is he about to step out again? Any little titbits. How often do they pass out? How do they act when lit? Like ladies and gentlemen or like the Judy O'Gradys and yours truly? Do they take a little dope on the side? Who is their bootlegger? Snappy stuff! Get the idea?"

"Oh, yes, I get it," Miss Holmes replied with a shattering smile, "and I would be very happy to tell you all the snappy stories that come my way, but for one thing. And that is that I have no blackmail blood in my veins."

"Oh, I don't mean libelous stuff," protested the fellow virtuously. "Just *in*time, cozy stuff." But Miss Holmes had turned a deaf ear and joined her sister dingbats.

ONE of them leaned forward. "And whose guardian angel are you?" she asked.

"I came with Miss Calhoun," vouchsafed Miss Holmes.

"Goodness gracious! But you've got your hands full!" Her pale blue, goiterish eyes revolved feelingly. "That girl has been out for two months without a chaperon to her name. But after the Schiefflin boy was arrested for speeding down Fifth Avenue at two in the morning with her, and driving his car right plumb into the memorial in front of the Plaza, I guess her father must have come to his senses. Not but what a chaperon's job hasn't degenerated into a farce. We call for them and *we* generally spend the night in one place, maybe two, while *they* go to seven or eight or more sometimes. They dash in and out of parties, convene on Park Avenue corners and decide which of all the places is putting on the best show, and then make for it. Most often it's the boys who have the deciding voice and they're apt to pick the one where there's the best supply of liquor. Carita Calhoun is the most modern of the crowd. She flew down to Long Island with one of her partners one night recently—hopped off at one-thirty and got back at four. She told my young charge's mother that she thought it was saner to go out in an airplane with a sober escort and have a real joy ride, than just to pass the time necking with one who wasn't, while he ran over curbs and other whatnots inside the city limits. I do hope you'll be able to handle her."

"I don't believe I'll have any difficulty," smiled Miss Holmes. "She's really awfully sweet and most intelligent and—" as she thought of the flask intrusted to her keeping—"most confiding."

It was just after Miss Holmes had had her midnight coffee that Carita appeared. "We're just choo-chooing over to the Ritz. The Coopers' party. Some of the boys have been, and ambled back to say it's a *fiesta* with all the elements of a mystery story on the side, so we're on our way." Miss Holmes hurried into her coat.

Bob was seated in his car. A tall, dark foreigner was standing at the door of the tonneau. He looked inquiringly at Miss Holmes. "You sit in front with Bob, Don Juan," ordered Carita. "Miss Holmes and I are sitting in back."

Don Juan pulled a long face, cast despairing reproachful glances that got him nowhere, and stepped sulkily into the front seat.

"Isn't he divine!" enthused Carita. "I was engaged to him for two weeks at Newport last summer." She blew a kiss rapturously into the air. "Talk about your Latin temperament! Heavenly rest! Some girl is going to get a marvelous heavy lover one of these days. He ought to have a set of traffic signals. I never knew when I was going to be treated like a madonna or when he was going to run over me. He's a *De' Medici*. It was a swell experience, but, for me, *ravioli* is out, so I can never qualify as a lady-in-waiting to Princess Marie José. And how he loathes me to call him Don Juan! Our boys are dumb and rough and overgrown puppies, but they're all

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

What the well-dressed man does for his hair

If it's dry he uses a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic as a dressing several times a week: Every day if necessary.

If it's falling out, or inclined to have dandruff, he gives himself a weekly massage with this beneficial Tonic. He applies it liberally to the scalp. Then massages it in with a rotary motion. It cleanses the pores, stimulates the growth-promoting blood supply of the scalp, keeps the hair pliant and lustrous. He follows this treatment with a shampoo.

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THE DINGBAT AND THE DÉBUTANTE
Continued from page thirty-three

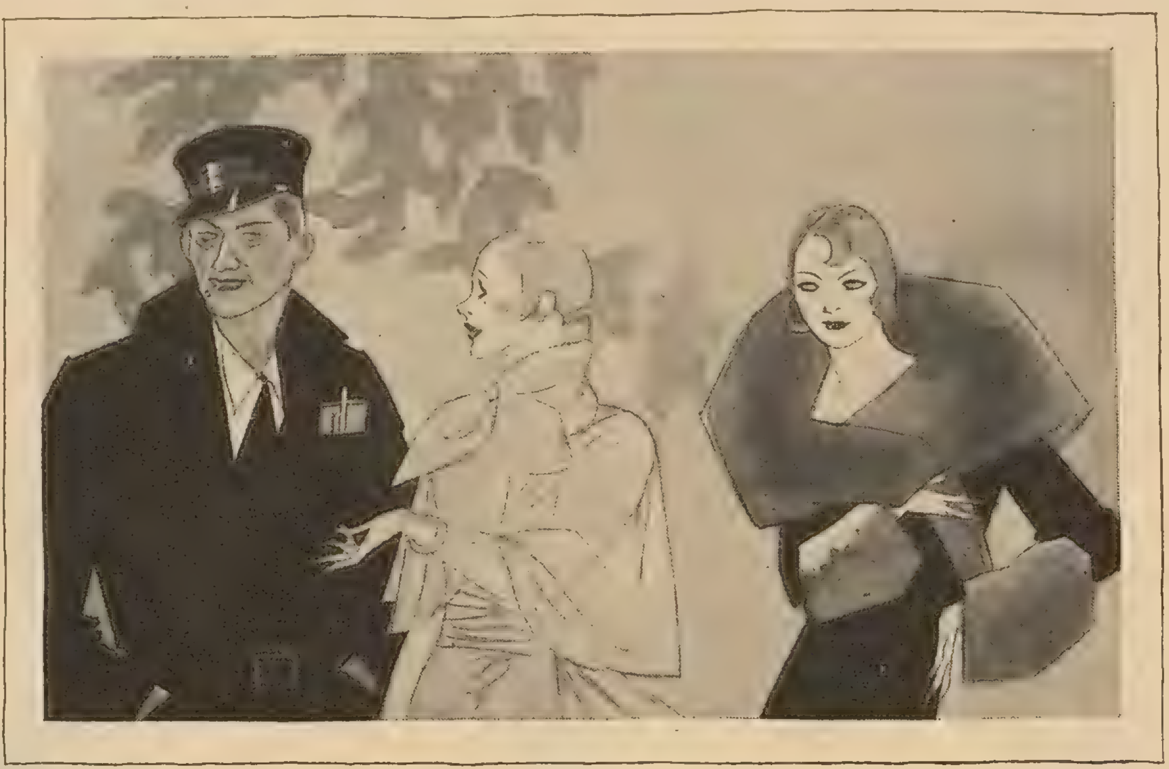
bark. And these southern suitors are all bite. Little Carita isn't going in for crashing any foreign gates. Give me the good old home-brew picket fence."

"I think," commended her dingbat admiringly, "you are wonderfully sane and level-headed."

Carita snorted. "Hey, Bob! Here's a good one! Miss Holmes thinks I have a level head!"

"A devil head was what she said!" retorted Bob, laughing. Don Juan turned around and cast sad, longing eyes at his erstwhile fiancée. "Eet is not so, my adored one, eet is too level. If it would only lean a leetle, just a leetle to my side, I would so happy be."

Carita laughed. "Go back to Pisa, old thing, where the leaning towers grow," she chanted to the tune of Mandalay.



He crossed the broad drive. "What's your main trouble, girls?" he inquired. Carita pointed to the car. "Puncture."

There was great excitement among the dingbats at the Ritz. Hildegarde Cooper had not appeared at her own party! Mrs. Cooper was reported as being in a condition bordering on dementia in a suite upstairs in the hotel, giving vent to hysterics which defied the soundproof walls. Cooper Sire was drinking himself purple to drown his discomfiture. The consensus of opinion among the dingbats was that Hildegarde had taken advantage of the opportunity to slip quietly up to Greenwich to be married. But the party *per se*, minus the *pièce de résistance* and *mère* and *père*, was going over big. It was one swell riotous night. And the stags were telling the cockeyed world that, regardless of Hildegarde's whereabouts, they would drink her health till hell froze over in Cooper's vintage stuff.

Early in the evening Mrs. Cooper, with great presence of mind, had substituted a friend of Hildegarde's and stood her up before the reporters, whose description of the débutante's gown was even now set up in type. Not until the last reporter was out of the Ritz did Mrs. Cooper resort to hysterics. One of the dingbats, who gave that lady's maid as the source of her information, broadcast the fact that Hildegarde had been carrying on a heavy flirtation with a young vaudeville actor who had crashed the gates at some party a few weeks before. "And what a wonderful joke on the reporters!" she concluded. Miss Holmes smiled as she recalled the emissary of Social Smut who was in quest of just such *in*time morsels.

ABOUT three-thirty, when several of the dingbats were snoring frankly and Miss Holmes was feeling rather sunk herself, Carita appeared. She looked a bit disheveled.

"This party is getting too rich for *my* blood," she confided. "Come on and help me tow Bob out of here."

Miss Holmes followed her. Two of the youthful revelers were seated on a bench in the lobby singing lustily. Between them, with his arms about their necks, Bob chanted maudlinly. Don Juan stood expectantly near the group. Carita ignored him. "Come on, Bob! Take the little girl home," she cajoled.

Bob struggled to his feet. "Glad to 'blige; gladdes' proudes' moment o' my life. Here's m' arm, lean on it." Don Juan stepped forward. Carita waved him away. She put her arm through Bob's and motioned Miss Holmes to do likewise. He shuffled along with them. "Good ol' Hildegarde. Gave a great party. Feel like the Queen of the May, mysel'."

Carita opened the door of the tonneau. "Step up and in, old thing, your sweet mamma is going to drive."

Bob sprawled along the seat. Carita covered him with a robe. "'S all right with me. Home, James."

Carita gathered in her gauzy flounces and sank in behind the wheel. She wrapped a scarf around her head and tied it down securely. "I could have done with a hat in this weather," she remarked, "but I didn't bank on driving far in an open car." Miss Holmes sat down beside her and tucked a robe around their knees. "That ermine wrap can't be any too warm on a night like this," she observed.

"I'll tell the world it isn't," retorted Carita.

Miss Holmes could see that Carita was quite familiar with the intricacies of Bob's car and concluded that she had driven it many times before. They shot up Fifth Avenue like mad and at Sixtieth Street turned into the park and went racing north. "Why not up the avenue?" queried Miss Holmes. "It's rather lonely in the park at this time of night."

"That's why I'm picking this route," explained Carita. "Father or anybody buzzing home from the parties might bump into us. I'd just as soon not be seen bringing back the body," with a nod toward the back seat.

"What a shame!" commiserated Miss Holmes. "And he seemed like such a sweet, charming boy."

"WHY the past tense?" demanded Carita. "He *is* sweet and charming. If he were a wet smack I'd have left him there to dry out."

They hummed along at eighty miles an hour or more the length of the park and west on 110th Street. When they passed Seventy-ninth Street Miss Holmes had timidly asked if they weren't going home.

"Home!" exclaimed Carita. "It's the wide, open spaces for us, until we get Bob sobered up. Cold, rushing wind will do the trick faster than anything, since we aren't a couple of huskies and can't run him up and down. Shiverside Drive will be just what the doctor ordered."

Miss Holmes thanked God for her caracul coat. Up Riverside Drive the wind was biting, and just as they neared Grant's Tomb, fate stepped in and the mad night ride was punctuated with a puncture. Carita threw back her head and laughed.

"Hell's bells!" she said. "With Lexington two hundred and twenty miles away and the Revere family stranded in the shadow of the tomb! I ask you, could anything be sadder?" She looked across at the great Rockefeller church in process of construction and then at the tomb. "Which shall we pick out as a refuge?" she asked.

Miss Holmes looked at her watch. It was four o'clock. She cast a glance at the figure huddled in the raccoon coat in the back seat. They couldn't move him and they couldn't change the tire.

"We can't get into the church, but we can be fairly protected from the wind if we walk in toward the entrance of the tomb."

Carita made no attempt to rouse Bob. She salvaged a robe and, slipping her arm confidingly in Miss Holmes', she headed up the long flights of steps. There wasn't a soul in sight. A few lights glimmered dimly across the Hudson. Carita shivered. " And there are some people who refuse to believe that a débutante leads a busy life! " she exclaimed.

" It's not very strenuous really, is it? " hazarded Miss Holmes.

" We lead strenuous lives enough—it's just that they are aimless. Going to the Assemblies sunk up to the shoulders in kid gloves gets us nowhere, but that fact doesn't make us take things any easier. It's harder to work at doing nothing. I'd rather join the union myself—those guys are wise enough to know when to call it a day. This time next year I suppose I'll be a saleswoman in Macy's."

" You a saleswoman! " Miss Holmes was shocked.

" Why not? When it comes down to brass tacks, aren't we all natural-born saleswomen, regardless of our station in life? Don't we spend ages trying to sell ourselves to every man who makes a hit with us? And then isn't it natural, if they fall too easily, for us to turn to something else? Lots of last season's débutantes are salesgirls now. My best friend is on the ribbon counter."

" YES, but when you don't have to! Think of the confinement of it, think of the different tastes and ideals. I can just see you cowed by a floorwalker! "

" Can you? " laughed Carita. " Well, stick around and you probably will. There were two at Coopers' party tonight. Both brought by girls who came out last year. They're wonderful! Why, the one Lois Briggs brought is six feet four and she's a teeny weeny. You should see them dancing! She looks like a hot-water bottle propped against his tummy! "

Miss Holmes refused to be sidetracked. " But your father, your mother! Wouldn't it kill them? "

" Kill them! " scoffed Carita. " Nothing will ever kill either of them—but boredom. When father's sweeties pall he'll make another stab at matrimony. And mother and I live in such totally different worlds that I'd have to get a special visa to cross the border."

" And then," persisted Miss Holmes, " you would always have the feeling when you got your pay envelope that it should be going to some girl who really needs the money, someone who might have had the job if it weren't that you got ahead of her."

" That," confessed Carita, " is something to which I hadn't given a thought. I would be thrilled to give my earnings to a girl who needed the money. Only it hardly seems fair, if I could get a kick out of it, that I'd be out of luck just on account of my money." She gave Miss Holmes' arm a little squeeze. " I want so to do something different, Miss Holmes. I'd love to be a nurse, for instance. Just think of the thrill of being with people in the darkest moments of their lives

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Second Prize	250.00
Third Prize	100.00
25 $10.00 Prizes	250.00
80 $5.00 Prizes	400.00
100 Mennen Baby Gift Sets at $1.50 each	150.00

Letter Contest Prizes

First Prize	$500.00
Second Prize	250.00
Third Prize	100.00
25 $10.00 Prizes	250.00
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"NAME CONTEST"

To win a share of the first set of prizes enter the "name contest". Use the Entry Blank that is wrapped around the FREE sample of Mennen Baby Oil which your druggist will give you and send us not more than three suggested names for this new product. Suggest to us a short name that will be easy to pronounce, easy to remember and possibly descriptive, a name that does not limit the use of the product to child or adult—a name that we can use to individualize the product.

"LETTER CONTEST"

Enter this contest to win a share in the second set of prizes. Write us a letter of not more than 300 words, using the following topics as your subject matter:

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What would be your procedure in applying Baby Oil and talcum powder to baby's body to prevent chafing and skin irritation?

Also tell us how you like the smoothness, feel and delicate scent of the Mennen Baby Oil which the druggist will give you as a sample, and how would you use Mennen Baby Oil on your own body?

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will be found wrapped around the FREE Sample of Mennen Baby Oil which your druggist will give you upon request. Go to him today for the complete rules of the contest, Entry Blank, and FREE Sample. Here are a few of the rules:

1. Entrants may compete in one or both contests as they prefer, but each entry must be mailed in separate envelopes.
2. All entries must be mailed in sealed envelopes postage prepaid, addressed—The Mennen Company P. O. Box No. 1605, Newark, New Jersey. (No other correspondence concerning the contest can or will be given consideration.)
3. Entry Blanks must be obtained from your druggist, with a FREE Sample.
4. Contest opens May 1st, 1930, and closes midnight June 30, 1930. (Entries post marked later will not be considered).

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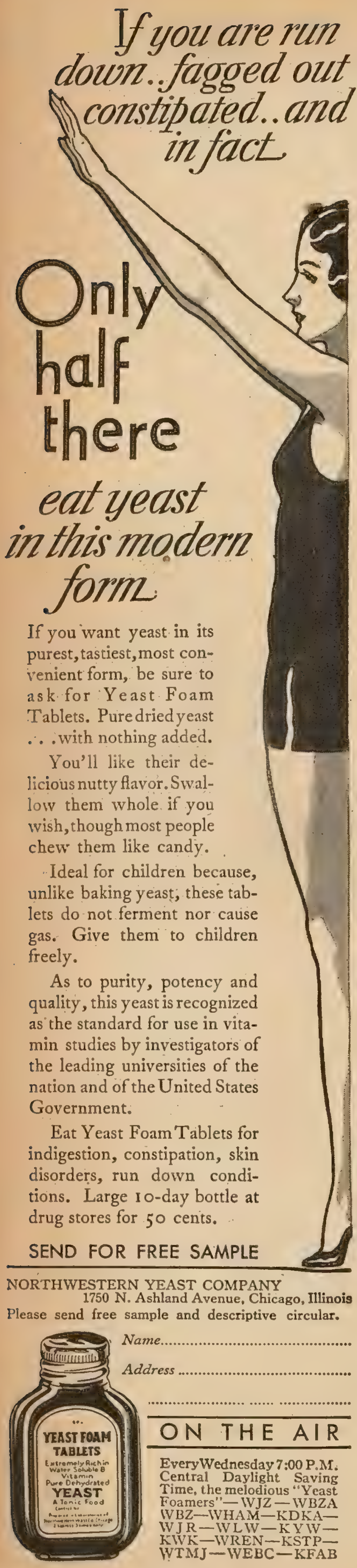

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Only half there

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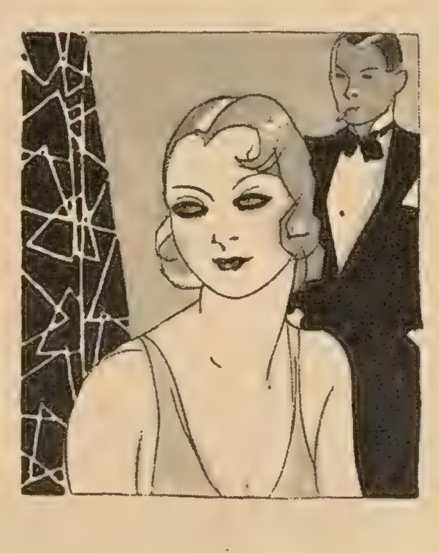
THE DINGBAT AND THE DÉBUTANTE
Continued from page thirty-five

and of being able to give them a hand across. That would be far more wonderful than selling a yard and a half of ribbon. If only it didn't take so much study," she sighed. "Or I'd love to have a simple little white house up in Connecticut. I was arrested once in Branford for speeding, and the motorcycle cop took me to the sheriff's house. And ever since I've thought I'd love to live in Branford. It was on the square, and the sheriff's wife put her head out the window of a room she was sweeping. She was so nice and jolly-looking, and the place smelled of cookies baking or something, and she was so friendly. I paid her the twenty-five for speeding, and when she thanked me I said, 'Be sure you blow that in on yourself!' And she laughed and said, 'I'd never dass!' So I choo-chooed round to the village drug store and bought their only five-pound box of chocolates and went back and laid it on her porch. I've often hoped it wasn't very stale."



For some time Carita gazed thoughtfully across the Hudson, and what she saw was not the sign that beckoned pleasure seekers to Palisades Park—it was life beyond the horizon, all her life to come veiled by the misty pall. Miss Holmes gave her a sudden hug.

"You are a darling child," she said impulsively, "and what you want is a fine, good young husband and some sweet children. You just need a good safe anchor."

"Miss Holmes-Sherlocka, I hand it to you. An anchor is the answer to the maiden's prayer. Otherwise I'll float out with the tide and be submarined." She laughed. "After that you and I need some strong liquor. Dig down, my dear, and bring up the old reliable. I can see double pneumonia claiming the pair of us. As for the boy friend, we'd better go down and give him a gentle prodding. His profile is too perfect to be permitted to freeze."

MISS HOLMES produced the flask. "Coffee would be more to the point," she said.

"Take what offers, Miss Holmes, and take plenty," advised Carita, holding up the flask. "How I do hate Scotch, though," she murmured, as she poured a quantity down her own throat.

She grabbed Miss Holmes. "Am I seeing double or is that a milkman rounding the corner of 121st Street? Yoohoo!" she trilled. "Yoohoo! Mr. Borden!" They ran down the steps and out on to the drive. The driver looked over at the two figures, but didn't stop his horse.

"Yoohoo! Help!" wailed Miss Holmes, signaling frantically from beneath an arc light.

He got stiffly down and reluctantly crossed the broad drive. "What's your main trouble, girls?" he inquired.

Carita pointed to the car. "Puncture. Could you—do you know anything about how to put a tire on in this light and in the cold?"

"I do, indeed, miss," he replied. "They hand me that outfit for business"—with a nod over at his horse—"I gotta car for pleasure."

"I'm simply frozen," declared Carita. "I'll give you twenty dollars if you can get that spare on for me in double-quick time."

THEY walked over to the car. The prostrate raccoon coat was an inert mass. Carita opened up the tool box and unlocked the spare. And in a very few minutes the jack was under the car. The mountain of fur moved, poked up a head. "What the hell!" it said. The milkman jumped as if shot.

"Come to, Bob," demanded Carita.

"What's the matter?" inquired the milkman. "Gentleman ginned?"

Carita laughed. "He'll be all right when he gets some coffee," she said.

"Lady," he proffered, "I think I can afford to throw in some coffee for that twenty dollars. I gotta thermos full of it over in the wagon." And he went in quest of it.

Bob sat up. "Who's the guy?" he demanded. "Where are we, and what's the big idea?"

"The idea is," retorted Carita, "that you were only one of the many blotters that soaked up the Coopers' champagne, and that Miss Holmes and I, like good Samaritans, removed the body for embalming purposes and managed to get it as far as the Tomb."

"Hell's bells!" exclaimed Bob, stepping out of the car.

"Those were my very words," responded Carita. "And just as Miss Holmes and I were turning into artificial ice, the cream of the Borden family stepped in and saved our lives."

"Gee, Carita, but I'm sorry. What can a mutt do to square himself?"

"You can sit between Miss Holmes and me and keep life in us by putting a raccoon arm around us. I will drive back. I need the exercise. We ought to make Childs by quarter of six. Don't forget that over in Cambridge John Harvard awaits you with open arms."

Bob groaned.

The milkman stood up. "O. K., lady. All set!" he beamed.

Bob handed him back the empty thermos and a twenty-dollar bill. "Many thanks," he said.

Carita put out her hand. "I'd like you to know how much I appreciate your doing this for us. When it comes to gallantry you're Grade A."

As the car sped down Riverside Drive, Miss Holmes, with an unprecedented raccoon arm about her, meditated on the duties of a chaperon.

IT was not until they were finally seated at the table in Childs that Bob spoke. "I feel like a licked pup," he announced sheepishly, "but it's a gray life if you don't weaken."

"If that is so," declared Carita, "then you must have an awful sunburn! Go over and buy us a paper, Bob. I see there's a man devouring one at that table."

Miss Holmes looked. It was her *bête noir* of the previous evening. Carita glanced at the tabloid. "Oo, la la!" she exclaimed. "If Hildegarde isn't a headliner! Married in City Hall just before closing time and sailed at midnight!"

"Great heavens!" said Bob. "To the ham actor, at that!"

"Fetherington," read Carita—"Fetherington Fortescue—né, I suppose, James Henry Brown from Attaboy, Ohio."

"What a pity!" commiserated Miss Holmes.

"Why?" challenged Carita. "Hildegarde's happy. What if her little romance does end in cremation? The dust will always be dear to her. It serves Mrs. Cooper right. Why didn't she give the party in the beginning of the season?"

"Waiting for Henry to import Ali Baba and the forty royal quinces," suggested Bob.

"Henry Cooper," enlightened Carita, "being the supposed male heir. Over at Oxford taking a course in Who's Who or What Have You."

"This will tie a knot in his tie, all right. Hank is certainly a rare bit of china," added Bob.

"You see, Miss Holmes," continued Carita, "the sexes got a bit mixed in the Cooper family. Hank sucked his thumb till he was fifteen and turned out to be a callow lily. Hilda's the opposite—a go-getter and regular hey-hey girl."

"The actor had courage, I think," declared Miss Holmes. "I suppose she will be disinherited."

"Not *she*," said Carita, "thanks to her departed grandparents. Europe hasn't cornered the market in entailed estates. In the U. S. A. the granddads are setting up the unborn grandchild too—one hundred cents on the dollar. So Hilda is in a position to get herself a shooting box in Scotland and pop off any parent who tries to lift the lid."

As the trio were leaving Childs, Miss Holmes, who brought up the rear, was accosted by the persevering reporter. "Any developments that might make interesting reading?" he demanded *sotto voce*. "Any new slant on the peppy progeny of the New York plutocrats?"

Miss Holmes smiled naïvely. "Not a single, solitary thing," she confided, and followed her charges out to the car. Her arrival put a stop to a whispered colloquy.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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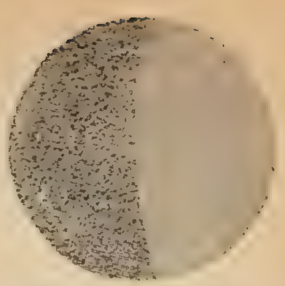

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THE DINGBAT AND THE DÉBUTANTE
Continued from page thirty-seven

"What's on the calendar for tonight?" queried Bob, as they drove downtown to the Bus Terminal.

"Nothing for Harvard students," retorted Carita. "I've signed up with father for a stodgy dinner at the Vandervoorts'. From there we go on to what's left of the opera and after that Harold Carew is coming up to say good-by to me. He sails tomorrow. I shan't let him stay after three o'clock, however, as I have a very pressing engagement with my pillow."

"WELL, then, we'll make it Monday," said Bob. "I wouldn't want to miss that. When the Delamores throw a party, it's a real one."

"You're taking a lot for granted," smiled Carita. "Call me up on Monday, but not before noon."

"I'll call up daily to learn if there's a spray of white violets on your doorbell. Just the same, I'm sorry you haven't a big brother to take me out and paste me one. I shouldn't have steered Henry off our trail with that bottle of gin. I suppose I look pretty seedy." He got out and stood at inspection.

"Well," drawled Carita critically, "aside from eyes that look like a couple of oysters on the half shell you can probably still crawl by as the débutante's delight."

He laughed. Snyder stepped forward.

"Oh, there you are, Snyder. Get Miss Calhoun home as quickly as you can. And then drive Miss Holmes wherever she wishes to go. And next trip, Miss Holmes," he promised, "I'll be wearing the most becoming halo I can find and I hope I'll make a hit with *tout le monde.*"

"I'm sure you will," smiled Miss Holmes.

He waved and stepped into the waiting bus.

"Well," sighed Carita, as she snuggled back luxuriously under the robe, "I could do with a little sleep."

"When I think what I could do with it!" laughed Miss Holmes.

"You poor thing!" Carita threw her arms around her impulsively. "You've been a perfect lamb—a regular Holmes Protective!"

"My next problem is the male parent!" observed Carita as they drew up before the house. "I hope he's been behaving! Bob wanted to send you some orchids or cigarettes or something, but as I didn't have your address with me, he sent you this instead." She slipped something into the caracul pocket. "After all, you know," she went on, "it isn't every dingbat who would go to the Tomb for a débutante. You're a de luxe edition."

Carita ran up the steps. A sleepy butler opened the door. "'By until Monday!" called down Carita.

Miss Holmes nodded smilingly. Snyder slid into his place behind the wheel.

The dingbat de luxe leaned back. She glanced up at the bits of rose that flecked the morning sky. From her pocket she brought forth a folded bit of paper.

It was a one-hundred-dollar bill.

THE END

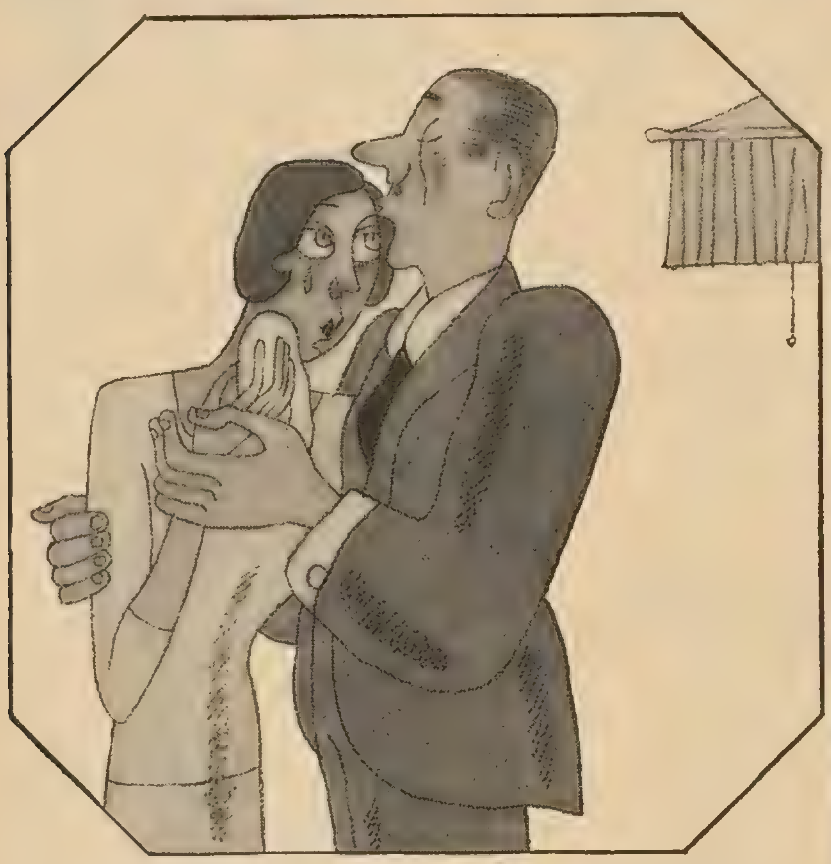
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 27

1—A government's right to take private property for necessary public uses, making compensation therefor.
2—Joseph.
3—Positive and negative poles of electric batteries.
4—A large venomous lizard.
5—Light and truth.
6—An Egyptian obelisk.
7—The vote of a people on a question submitted by an initiative body.
8—George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans).
9—A period during which a debtor has a legal right to defer payment of an obligation.
10—A hater of mankind.
11—Ampersand.
12—A medicine that allays pain; anything that soothes disturbed feelings.
13—The War of 1812.
14—Eight.
15—A hundredth anniversary.
16—Mean; middling; not extreme.
17—A chink; crack; crevice.
18—Foolish or purposeless thinking or imagining.
19—One whose partnership is not disclosed to the public.
20—Designed for, and understood by, the specially initiated alone.

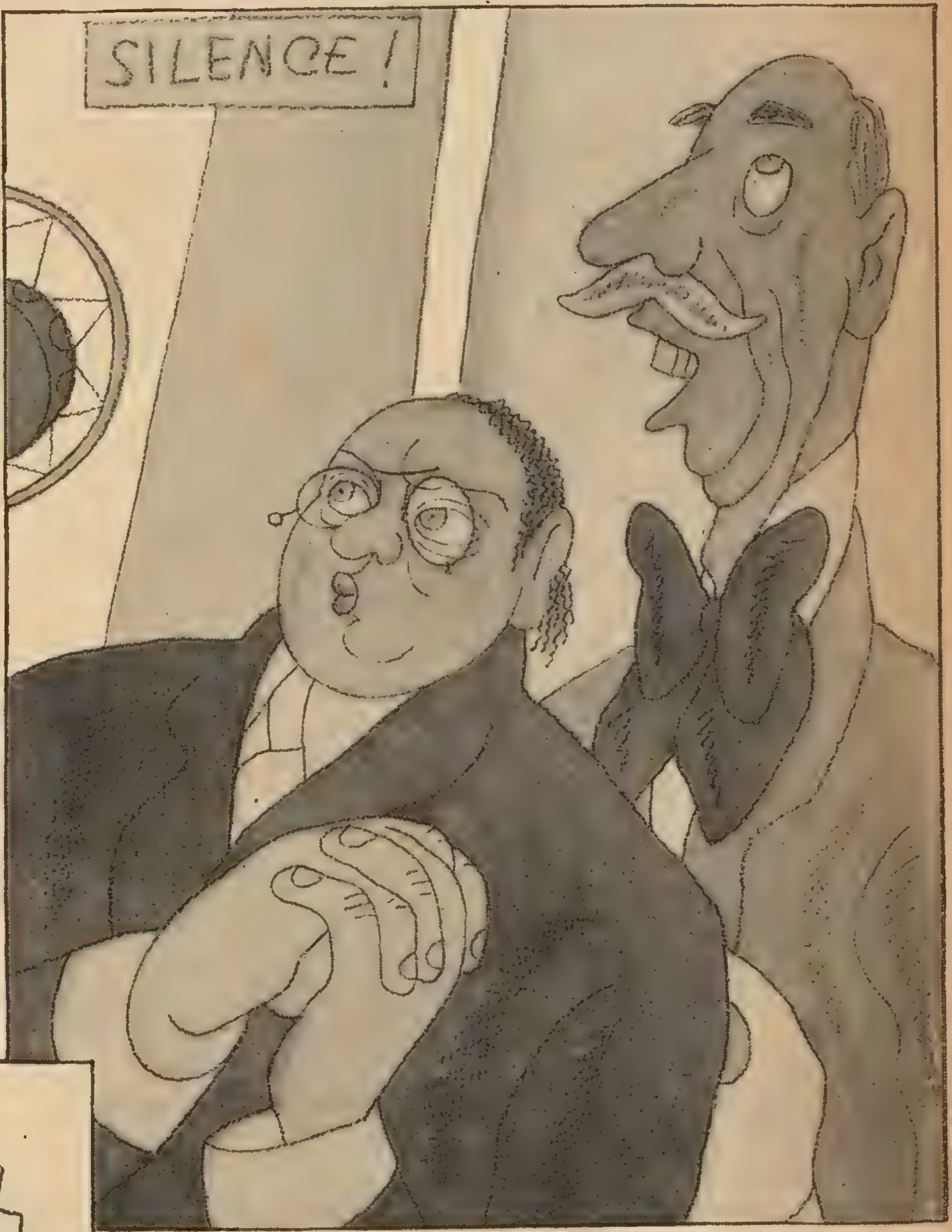
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

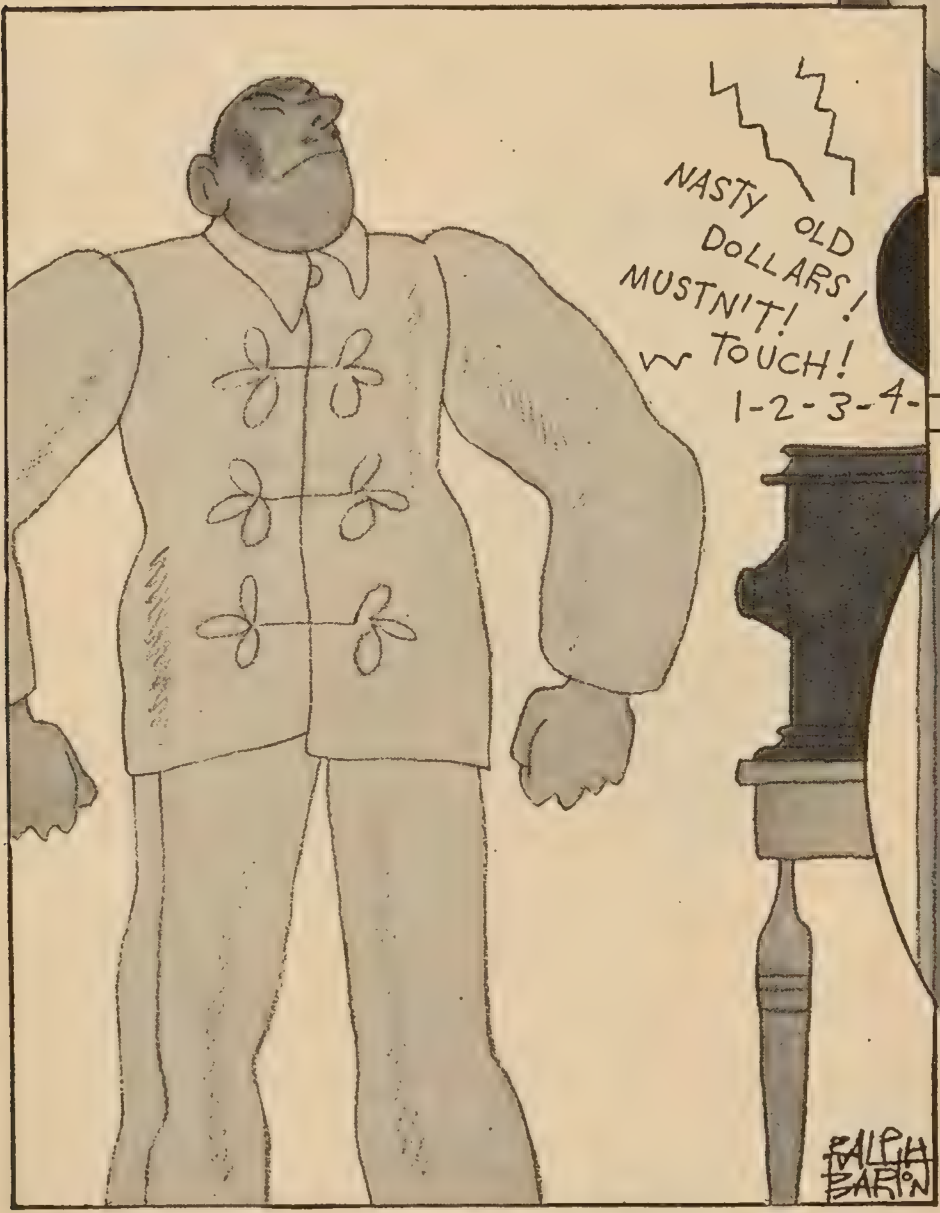
By RALPH BARTON



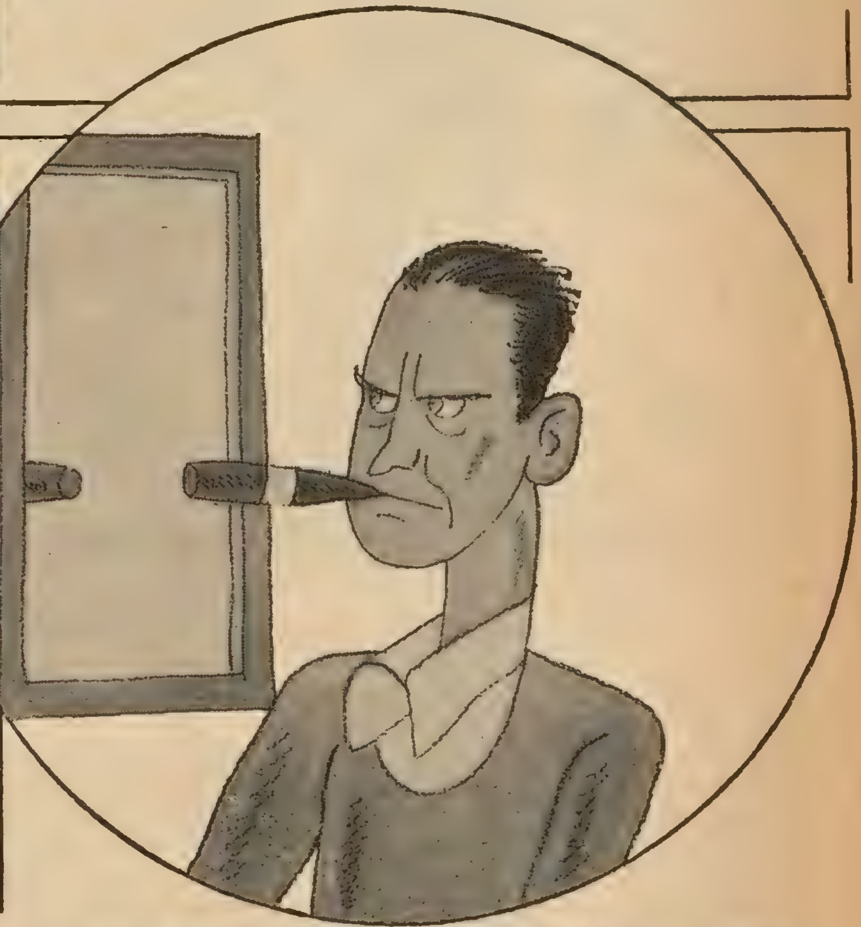
OF COURSE, ALL THE MARRIED COUPLES AMONG LIBERTY'S READERS realize just how permanent and binding are these Peace Pacts that nations sign between themselves after a war.



UNSEEN CELEBRITIES IN HOLLYWOOD. Prof. Umberto Turino, expert in kissing sounds, and Dr. Albert Mapsero, sigh specialist, at work during a love scene.


NASTY OLD DOLLARS!
MUSTN'T! TOUCH!
1-2-3-4-
RALPH BARTON

MORNING SETTING-UP EXERCISES OVER THERE. Patriotic European trying not to become Americanized.



THE MOST IMPORTANT PART. Correspondence school student practicing frowning like a high-powered executive.

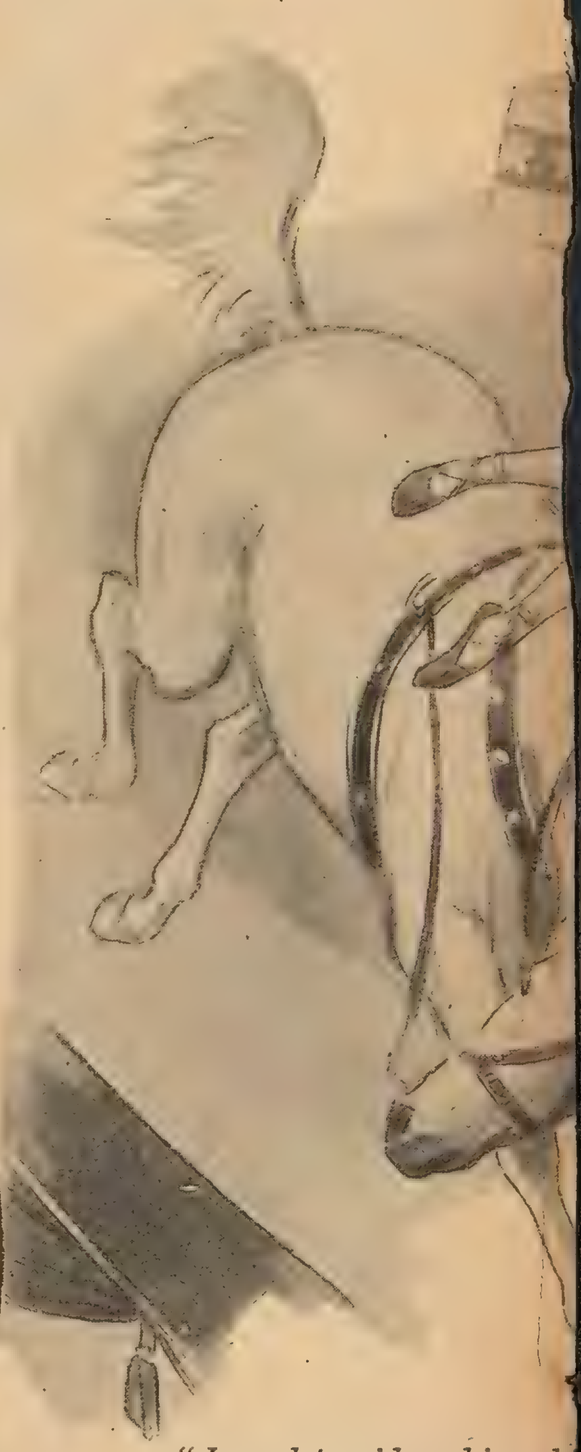
Jeanne Eagels

With Carle as a Chorine—Teasing the Stage-Door Johns—Two Little Girls in Gold Land—Jeanne Works for Ziegfeld, Breaks an Old Heart, and Goes Abroad

MR. DOHERTY is telling the life story of the girl from Kansas City who for years was a rattlebrain and a joke from "the sticks" in Broadway's estimation—and then, in 1922, fairly dazzled that hard-boiled if glamorous thoroughfare by the brilliancy and the success of her performance as Sadie Thompson in Rain, a performance that went far to justify her belief that she was the greatest actress in the world.

Previous installments of the story have set forth Jeanne's childhood and her earlier experiences. She was born in 1890, and from infancy was what parents call a handful, but was also unmistakably an actress by natural bent; she was eleven when she first appeared on a stage, as Puck in A Midsummer Night's Dream. After an interval as a cash girl in a department store, and a little stock company experience, she toured five middle western states with the Dubinsky brothers' tent show—originally as a chorus girl; later, after a victorious tooth-and-nail battle, as leading lady.

Last week Mr. Doherty told of the six years that she spent in this tank-town gypsying. They were happy ones in the main, though after marrying Maurice Dubinsky she suffered when the demands of a trouper's life forced her to give up her baby. Finally, tiring of it all, she packed her battered trunk to seek a chance in New York—first, however, going home to see her folks in Kansas City.

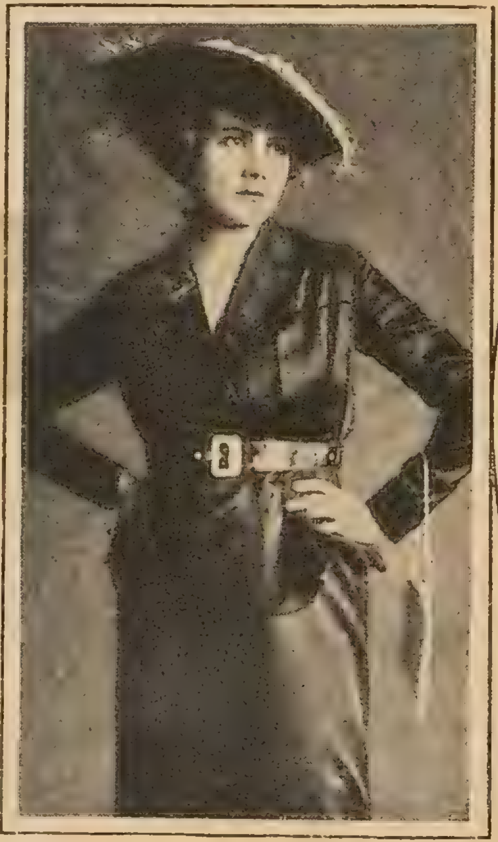


"I used to ride a big whi stumbled one day and th

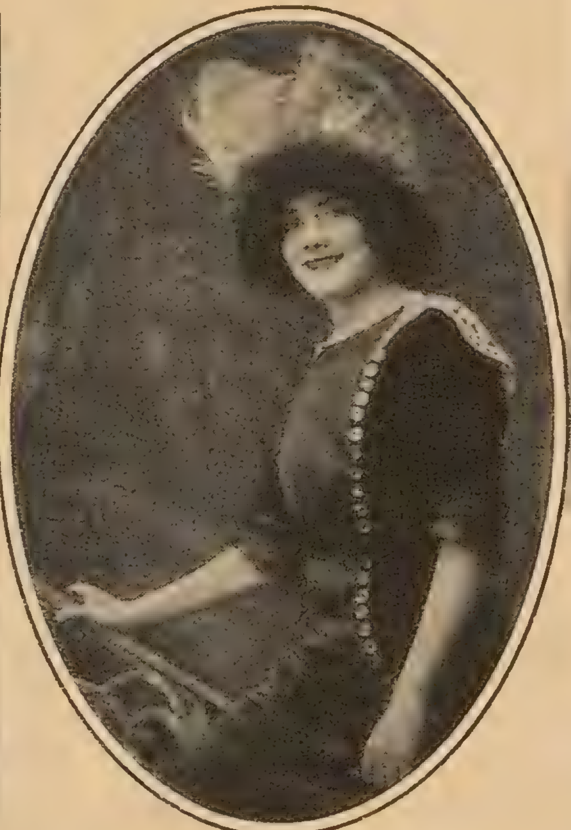
PART FOUR

RICHARD CARLE was playing in Kansas City, she learned, and he needed a girl, a chorus girl who could speak a line without giving way to stage fright. Jeanne went to see him, and he hired her—for twenty-five dollars a week.

The girls in the dressing room, a real dressing room in a real theater, stared at her in amazement when she came in. Her eyes blazed from a face the sun and wind had failed to tan. Her blue serge suit had lost its glory on many a dusty road. Her hair came tumbling down when she removed her awkward and outmoded hat.



Jeanne Eagels shortly after she left the Dubinskys' tent show.



As she looked when with Carle in the Jumping Jupiter chorus.

Who was this scarecrow, this half-starved, tired girl in the cheap, mean clothes? She spoke with an eastern accent, but there was Kansas in her face, or was it Iowa? She was sullen. They resented her. She made them feel uncomfortable. Perhaps she would take Edna Wallace Hopper's job, and give Richard Carle lessons in the art of getting laughs. Huh! Probably she had played Ophelia at her Sunday school, and thought she was a star.

Jeanne didn't talk much to th girls—not for the first few weeks She felt shy, out of place, embar rassed in their company. Thei talk was strange to her. It was patter she didn't know. And he first attempts to be one of them were unfortunate.

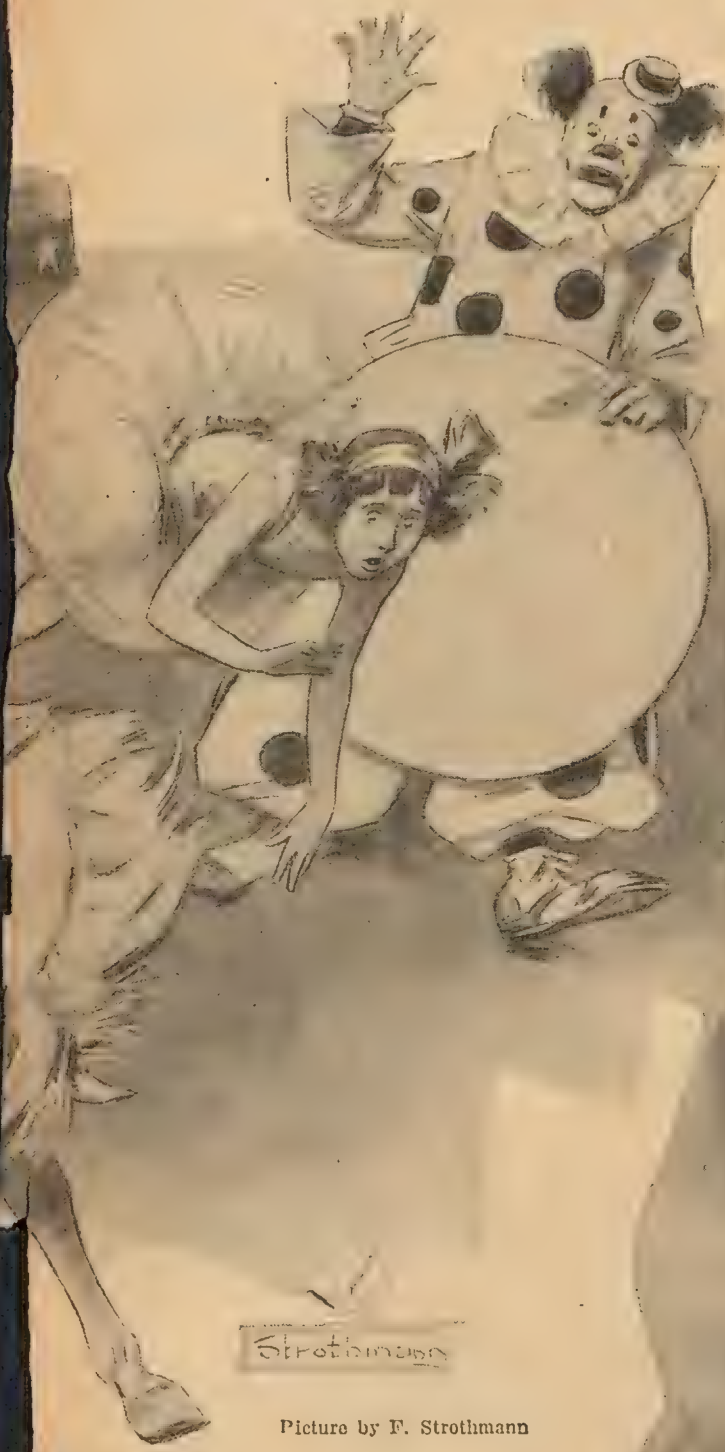
"I was a leading lady at twelve," she would say. " played Juliet at fourteen. I've played everything that Sara Bernhardt's played. I'm not a chorus girl—I'm a dramatic actress."

She would look away from them as she talked, or through them, seeing perhaps an audience of farmers, a rude stage, and Handsome Ed leaning over her, whispering in his voice tha filled the tent:

"Courage, Camille. You will live until spring!"

She was shy, but she was hard and bitter too for many

By
EDWARD DOHERTY



Picture by F. Strothmann

orse in the circus, but he
e, and I broke my arm."

eeks, and it was patent that something troubled her, something she idn't dare talk about. Thoughts ould come to her suddenly, to hange a laugh into a look of pain.

After the strangeness of the new ife had worn off she became ore friendly, and revealed little limpses of her past life, told little ecrets of her family that built her into a romantic personage.

" My father was a Spaniard. His real name was Aguilar, hich means Eagle. He changed it to Eagels. He's an artst, one of those indolent romantic geniuses there's no accounting for. I remember him leading me by the hand in Juarez, Mexico—my earliest recollection of him—taking me to see my first bullfight. I remember him playing and singing in Mexican cantina, and men clapping him on the back and uying him drinks.

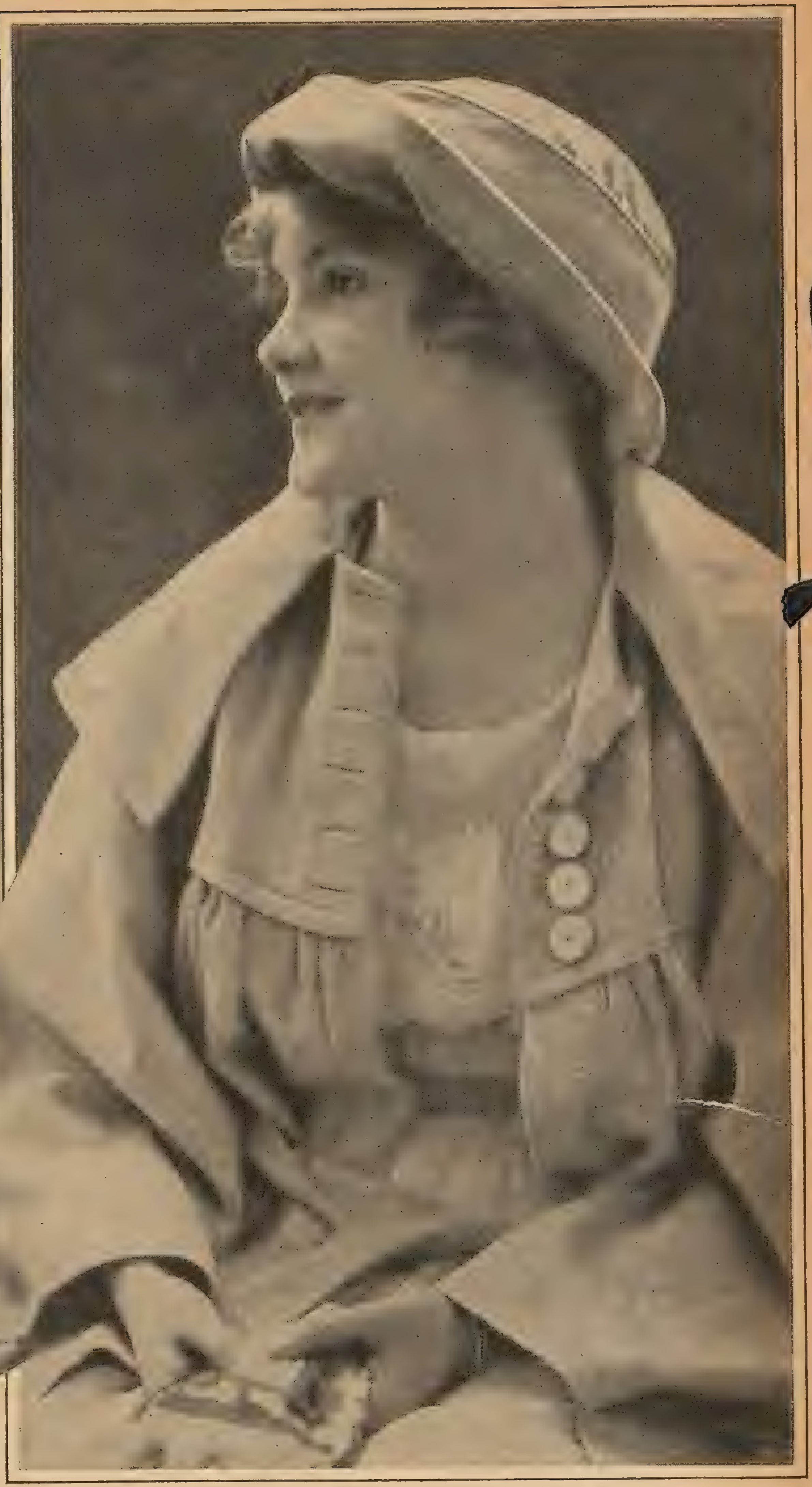


Photo by Moffett, Chicago

In 1916, at the height of her loveliness. She was appearing in a play entitled What's Your Husband Doing?

" He could play a guitar. He could draw a picture with a few turns of his wrist, and a quick little touch here and a line or two there, that would be surprisingly true. But he loved to gamble and to drink.

" Me? I've been an actress all my life. My mother was Irish. That much I know about her. I don't remember her very well. I went away with my father when I was a kid. I played in circuses, in tent shows, in carnivals, in big theaters

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page forty-one

and little theaters. I used to ride a big white horse in the circus, but he stumbled one day and threw me, and I broke my arm."

The scarecrow became part and parcel of the Jumping Jupiter company, a good scout, a regular fellow, and at times the life of the party.

She studied Edna Hopper as she had studied Eva Lang, and it wasn't long before she spoke to the chorus girls—and made them jump—with Edna's voice and in Edna's manner. She used to keep them laughing all the time with cruel but true imitations of Carle and Edna Hopper and Ina Claire and everybody else in the troupe.

Ina Claire was doing imitations at the time, and doing them well.

But Jeanne's imitations, given in the dressing room, were more appreciated by the girls. There was always a laugh, now, wherever Jeanne was. When all else failed to raise the laugh, she would lift her skirts high enough to show her funny thin legs. That always got 'em.

Jeanne and Helen Broderick, now one of the finest comediennes on the American stage, became fast friends. They rode the baggage trucks from the depot to the hotel. They unmade the Pullman berths the porter had just made, and fixed the sheets so the other girls would have difficulty getting between them. They tied knots in somebody's silk pyjamas. There was no dignity, no reverence in them.

She met the solicitous neighbors at the door, thanked them for their broths and custards, and kept them from annoying the sick man.

And usually where you found Jeanne and Helen you found Lester Crawford, known among his close friends as "Steve," who was in love with Helen. Jeanne did everything she could to promote their romance. She wanted Helen to be married. But she had no idea of repairing her own matrimonial break. She was having too good a time flirting with stage-door Johnnies.

Chorus girls and stage-door Johns, it seems, take to each other naturally, and Jeanne did plenty of "Johnning" in her days with Richard Carle. She loved nothing more than baiting some traveling salesman with her beauty and her charm, and the possibility that she might succumb to his impetuous or hesitant overtures. She never did succumb.

Johnning was a battle of wits, she figured. The John was willing to pay for the show girl's dinner, and to buy her flowers or a hat or a pair of fancy gloves or a five-pound box of bonbons. But he thought that whatever he spent was too much to pay simply for the privilege of being seen in her company, for the sake of bragging of having been out with her.

HE wanted a kiss or two besides all these intangible things—and each man had his own way of leading up to his request for payment. One showed pictures of his wife and children, spoke of his love for them, talked of his lonesomeness without them. Another had the direct approach: "Kid, you're the sweetest baby I've seen since I left God's town. Come here and give me a kiss." A third would be romantic: "I shall never forget you. Never! I never saw you until tonight. I shall probably never see you again. I'm leaving on the eight-three tomorrow morning. Won't you give me one kiss—"

"To hell with them," was Jeanne's thought. "They're all alike. They all think chorus girls are loose as a bachelor's buttons. They all think they can feed you and kiss you at will. Make 'em suffer!"

One man promised to buy her a hat, a red hat priced at twenty-five dollars. And Jeanne wanted that hat more than anything else in the world—at that time. It was delivered to her at the stage door, and she put it on. It brought out all her loveliness.

"I'm going to keep it," Jeanne said.

"Don't be a fool," said Helen.

"A fool? I'm not."

"You'll have to pay for it."

"Not I. I'm leaving now. And if you see that Johnny hanging around the stage door, tell him I went home early. Say I must have forgotten all about my date with him."

Jeanne walked out, wearing the beautiful red hat.

The next afternoon, at her hotel, she received a letter to which the man had signed his name. It upbraided her. It called her a cheap sport, a girl who made a promise and didn't have the nerve to keep it.

"No man can say I'm a cheap skate," Jeanne said. "No man can write me a letter like that and get away with it."

"What can you do?" asked Helen.

"I'll give him his hat back. I guess he was right about me."

Jeanne went downstairs, carrying the hat in her hand, and spoke to the clerk. She laughed gayly when she learned that her John was in the dining room with his wife.

"His wife? I might have known it."

She tipped the bell boy and had him deliver the hat to the man who had bought it for her.

"Take it right into the dining room," she said, "and put it on the table. There are no explanations, unless he cares to make them to his wife."

II

THE Jumping Jupiter company was playing Washington, D. C., when Ed Eagles died. Jeanne did not go to his funeral. She could not leave the show. Stage people are slaves in many ways.

The blow was a hard one, but she had known that her father must die. She had been home a month before, and had spent several days with him, telling him stories of her life with the musical-comedy troupe, amusing him with her mimicries, elating him with manufactured stories of what Carle had said to her. She led him to believe that she could support the family indefinitely.

"You're a fine girl, Gee-Gee," he said. "I'm proud of you. We're all proud of you."

He hardly took his eyes off her while she was in the room, and when she left he watched the doorway until she reappeared.

She helped "Julie" make tasty little dishes for him. She put on an apron and washed and dried the dishes, humming a tune from the show. She scrubbed the floor, while he looked on, sitting in an easy-chair, weak, helpless, but happy. She met the solicitous neighbors at the door, thanked them for their broths and custards, and kept them from annoying the sick man.

In some moods nothing pleased Jeanne Eagels so much as "putting on a scrubbing scene." Even when she was the celebrated Jeanne Eagels, and the hostess to high and mighty actors and producers, she might be seen with an old towel wrapped around her head, an old calico apron over her frilly negligée, and a soapy gray rag or a scrub brush in her hand. She might—and she might not.

Ed Eagles was a tall man, lean, blue-eyed, serious, silent, and mild. The children who played with Edna and

Jeanne and Helen were always frightened when they looked up and saw him, though they never knew why. He was kind to them. He seldom reproved them. He was a carpenter, and worked when he could. But no carpenter works the year around—unless it be in Florida or California.

Jeanne never quite understood him, but she loved him, and she was proud of him. She might describe him as a gay and reckless ne'er-do-well artist from Spain, a rover, a gambler, and a happy-go-lucky, guitar-playing ladies' man. But what chorus girl is remembered as the daughter of a poor, honest, hard-working carpenter?

Jeanne's father died after a lingering illness that had kept him out of work for months; and had it not been for the money Edna brought home, and the money Jeanne sent from all the towns the show visited, the family might have been turned out of their home.

If you think that Jeanne was ashamed of him, you wrong her memory.

When she was playing Rain in Kansas City, a girl who had gone to school with her came to the theater. Jeanne had no time for her; and the girl wrote to ask why.

" Is it because I knew you when you were poor," she asked, " and your father was only a carpenter? "

Jeanne answered:

" I don't want to see you because I never liked you. You always bored me. My father was not the only carpenter who was poor. There was a carpenter who was born in Bethlehem, and perhaps you say your prayers to Him now."

Jeanne told the Jumping Jupiter girls that her father was dead. A cable had informed her mother. A cable from Barcelona—or was it Valladolid? She wasn't sure. How did he die? The cable was brief, and didn't say.

Jeanne mended her old stockings, wore her old shoes, took care of her old blue serge suit—for it would have to last her a long time now—and sent home a few dollars more every week, until the show hit Providence, Rhode Island, and piled up.

SHE was out of work; but New York was only a sleeper jump away.

New York! Her goal! New York, the magic city that actors and actresses have but to enter to find fat contracts waiting to welcome them!

Jeanne and a girl named Lois wedged themselves into a hall bedroom somewhere in the Forties and lived for a week or two on money they had borrowed from Richard Carle.

" We've got to meet the best people in order to get by in this town," said the practical Lois. " So for heaven's sake get rid of that tacky suit and that fireman's helmet you call a hat. If we're going to cut in on the big dough we've got to look like money. You can wear one of my dresses for a while. It won't be long."

Both girls knew—they read the papers—that ladies of the chorus always married Wall Street brokers. Of course a girl playing in a big Broadway show had an easy time.

But how were two girls who were not playing in any show to meet this type of man? The answer was simple. Millionaires were to be found eating lobster and drinking champagne in the swell hotels like the Waldorf and the Claridge and the Astor and the Knickerbocker and the McAlpin. All a girl had to do was to meet them socially.

So Jeanne and Lois went hunting millionaires.

They feasted on crackers and milk, and at luncheon and at dinner they went to the dining rooms of the swell hotels to find their prey. They would come in chatting volubly of the wonderful luncheon or tea they had eaten at some Great Neck or Larchmont home; and when they were seated in some conspicuous place they would have no appetite. All they wanted was coffee.

They would sit for an hour or more over their coffee, laughing and talking and stealing glances at various men who might be millionaires. But nothing ever happened.

Some days they would drink as many as ten cups of coffee. It was a long time before they learned that only out-of-town buyers, people in New York on a holiday, and people putting up a front frequented such restaurants.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page forty-three]

Between coffee jags, Jeanne and Lois went from agency to agency and asked for jobs. They waited for hours in the outer offices of theatrical producers. They tried to get into theaters where shows were in rehearsal, or stood outside stage doors where they might just happen to meet the very man who was looking for their types. They read every advertisement in the theatrical papers.

There was nothing for them in New York, and their money had vanished when Jeanne learned that a musical-comedy company was leaving on a special train for Chicago. There were no jobs open, but the manager assured Jeanne he would be only too glad to give her and her friend "a free ride to Chicago and free eats on the way."

"You're very kind," said Jeanne.

"We're paying for a whole train," she was told, "and it won't cost us anything to take you along."

"Like the Dubinskys!" Jeanne exclaimed. "Buying twenty-five tickets for twenty-two people. Sometimes we carried an extra passenger just to get even with the railroad."

The route manager laughed.

"That's the idea," he said. "But what the hell's a dubinsky?"

Chicago was tough for a time; there wasn't any work, and there were few—so very few—willing to loan any money. The girls might have starved if Lois hadn't met a susceptible old man, a New Yorker who was in Chicago on business.

Jeanne and Lois rode back to New York in a stateroom. And Jeanne got a small job in the cast of The Mind-the-Paint Girl, a Frohman production. Later she sought for stellar honors from Florenz Ziegfeld—and landed in the chorus.

THE selection of a Ziegfeld chorus was then, as now, a merciless ordeal. Many are called but few are chosen.

Jeanne passed all the tests, and they meant nothing to her. She didn't particularly care to be a chorus girl, but she felt that she must eat.

There is a legend to the effect that Ziegfeld offered Jeanne $150 a week if she would stay with the show—this after she told him she was leaving—and that she refused, saying, "Mr. Ziegfeld, I am a dramatic actress."

Probably some press agent founded the legend, but it sounds very much like Jeanne.

She had met Helen Broderick shortly after she began rehearsals with The Mind-the-Paint Girl, and Helen—by that time the wife of Lester Crawford and living with him in a little flat in Sixty-seventh Street—remonstrated with her.

"Why must you be a chorus girl?" she asked.

Jeanne laughed. "It's only an 'in' for me," she said. "I've been promised a part in The Rosary, but I have to live until I get it."

"I can give you a room," Helen said. "Come on up to the flat. And for the love of— You've bleached your hair!"

"I'm a blonde," Jeanne said. "Isn't it lovely?"

"Yes. But it was more than lovely before you fooled with it."

It was Lois who had induced Jeanne to become a blonde. Lois knew the possibilities of blondes, and shortly after Jeanne had bleached her hair, Lois' friend invited Jeanne to dinner to meet his friend, a man closely allied with a great financial house.

"He's a multimillionaire," Lois told her. "Be nice to him."

JEANNE'S first millionaire was an elderly gentleman who thought diamonds spoke louder than words.

Jeanne didn't care for him; but she accepted his gifts—thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of gowns and jewels, consented to live in the apartment he furnished for her, let him pay for her maid and her automobile and her chauffeur. But she held him off.

Again it was a battle of wits. The millionaire was but a glorified John, and she had learned to handle Johns of all sorts. This man could help her, not only financially but in many other ways—and now that she was out of a job she needed help. She had left Ziegfeld. She had played in The Rosary. The show had "folded up," and there was nothing to do. She wasn't going to live on Helen and "Steve." And she must send money home.

"Dear, please don't hurry me," she would say. "I'm trying to love you. Give me a little time. You've been so kind and sweet and patient! You've been so big! I respect you so much, but—" There was always a "but."

She mimicked the old man to her friends, and compared him to another old man with a beard, whom she had "stood up" in Chicago. She had made a date with this man, and had watched him for three hours as he stood on the corner waiting for her.

Jeanne's millionaire gave parties for her to which he invited influential people. He introduced her to his banker and broker friends; and, listening to their talk and asking them questions, Jeanne learned more than most people ever learn about finance, though somebody else always had to take charge of her finances.

At a party in Southampton, Jeanne met an old friend, an actress who had divorced one millionaire and felt she could stand another. She was a little over middle age, however, though she looked young, and she found eligible millionaires a bit shy.

It occurred to her that by using Jeanne's youth and

Photo by Sarony, from Harold Seton

Jeanne Eagels in 1912, as Olga Cook in The Mind-the-Paint Girl, with Billie Burke.

loveliness as a bait she could entice many men into her presence. And with her knowledge of men it would be simple to trap one of them.

She volunteered to buy gowns and jewels for Jeanne and to take her to Europe, paying all expenses.

Jeanne was fascinated with the idea, not only because it would take her abroad, but because it would also take her away from the old man and his money. The old boy was beginning to be a pest. She'd have to get rid of him sooner or later anyway. What better way than this?

The elderly financier didn't care much for the idea; but Jeanne's serene blue eyes, her whispered hint, "Perhaps, when I come back," her wistful desire to "visit the grave of my father in Castile," and her promise to be "very, very good," made him eager to pay her way.

She sailed within the week, leaving him at the pier, a desolate old man with tears in his eyes. And as the boat slipped into the North River, Jeanne danced a jig and pulled imaginary whiskers.

She stayed in Europe for over a year, until the older woman got her millionaire.

In London Jeanne went to all the shows, studied all the players. Her eastern accent became British. In Paris she met Beverley Sitgreaves, an American woman who had played with Bernhardt on the French stage. She taught Jeanne everything the divine Sarah had taught her.

It was like Jeanne to make the most of every opportunity, to turn playtime into a study period, to educate herself by whatever means availed. The technique she learned from Beverley Sitgreaves, and the accent she acquired in London, carried her far in her career.

She used the accent sometimes in private life, to impress strangers or to annoy friends.

Photo from Harold Seton

Helen Broderick as she looked in the theatrical season of 1906-7.

Beatrice Lillie, a Canadian girl who married into the peerage—she is Lady Peel—once took Jeanne to task.

"Oh, lah-de-dah," she said. "Aren't you being a little bit British tonight, Jeanne?"

Jeanne laughed good-naturedly. "Yes, darling," she answered. "Aren't we both?"

In Paris Jeanne met Edna Wallace Hopper, and they were having lunch in Ciro's when Julian Eltinge appeared. Miss Hopper called him over and introduced him.

Eltinge liked Jeanne.

"I hope you are an actress," he said.

"Nobody who knew me ever denied that," said Jeanne.

"Great. I think I have a part for you. I'm going into a show called The Crinoline Girl, and I think you're just the foil I need. I make up as a brunette. You're a lovely slim blonde. Your voice is exactly right, too. If you can live on seventy-five dollars a week, the part is yours."

"The part is mine," said Jeanne. "When do we sail?"

As soon as she had returned to New York Jeanne went to her flat, took all the jewels the financier had given her, wrapped them in a neat package, and sent them back to him. Then she moved her clothes and her shoes and her hats and her toilet articles out of the flat, rented a room of her own, and called up Eltinge.

"When do we start rehearsing?" she demanded.

Next week Mr. Doherty will tell how Jeanne toured with The Crinoline Girl, and later worked her way into Elsie Ferguson's former rôle in The Outcast, and starred on the road in it; how she made her first movies; how she met and impressed Belasco; and how, in The Great Pursuit, with Marie Tempest, she got a real chance on Broadway at last.

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A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

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WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

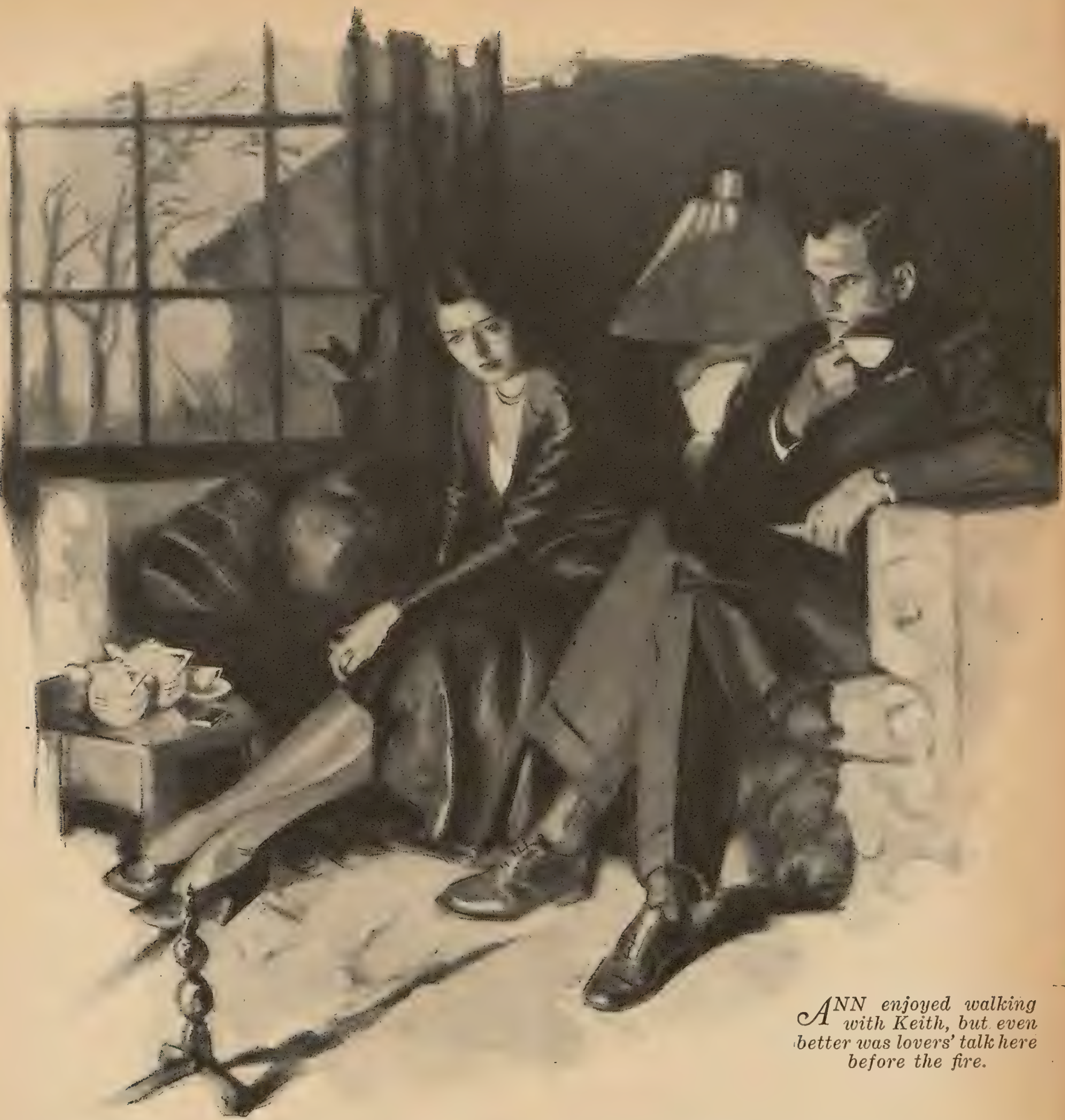
The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size. 250

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*



ANN enjoyed walking with Keith, but even better was lovers' talk here before the fire.

she had had enough to make her cry: the strain of repressing illicit love—and how well she had done it, the little Puritan sportsman!—the shock of her husband's sudden death; and the suspense, the frightful suspense, until he had heard, quite by accident (for he really had intended to break off completely), and had written to her and gone to her. She was still fighting her way out of the shadows. "Don't cry, Ann sweet," he said. "Don't let down now. It's all past. You know what you are, Ann."

"What am I?"

"You're my lady—my gallant lady." So he had told her in his letter. She smiled.

"Isn't Mrs. Gray our angel?" she asked. "We'd never have found each other again. Or in the first place."

"What with meeting at her tea, and being habitués of her house, and going on her picnics."

"And even that walk was to go to her house when she wasn't there!"

"Romantic—to poison rats." He must keep the talk on the surface; mustn't let Ann get swamped again. "By the way, did the rats get poisoned?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you remember? We couldn't get in, so I couldn't put the stuff around, and I left it at your house to be taken up later."

"No," she said slowly. "I don't remember. Didn't I have the key?"

"Oh, woman, woman! How many times have you avowed that every incident connected with me, and particularly with that walk, was as clearly visible to your mental eye as my actual face. Speaking of which, do we want light?"

"No," she said. "I like to see the rain so gray and drippy, and know that I'm here."

"Goose," said he.

"Comfy goose," she amended. "Keith, do you know what I am?"

"What are you?"

"I'm your child. I lean against you, and tell you things, and love you. Only you're so unkind, my darling. You are always making me be grown up and brave and not depend on you."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your Morning Bracer!

Mint Julep Shave!

Start the day with a shave that picks you up, not one that lets you down!

BRISK makes a "mint julep" shave because it is so cooling, refreshing and bracing.

BRISK lathers instantly in hot or cold water, absorbing so much water that the lather stays fresh, creamy and moist on one side of your face until you finish the other. Not necessary to rub in BRISK. That saves time.

BRISK also lubricates the shave. The razor glides so smoothly over the skin you wonder if you've put a blade in the holder.

Finally, BRISK acts as a balm to the skin. Leaves your face smooth and cool, fit and fine.

Begin now to enjoy the cool comfort and smooth shaves that only BRISK can give you. Buy it for 50c at your druggist's cigar case.

Increase Your Face Value!

Use the first toilet aids made for men only. They will increase your face value—and *may* increase your earning power.

Besides BRISK, there are:

ZEST, the bracing after-shaving lotion, 75c
SMOOTH, the powder for "men only," 50c
TRIM, the neat hair tamer in handy stick form, 50c
STIP, closes cuts, stops bleeding—quick—25c

FLORIAN, Inc., 1316 Book Bldg.
Detroit, Mich.

Once you open the BRISK box and treat your face to a mint julep shave you will never again bother with tube, stick or powder.

Brisk
"THE MINT JULEP SHAVE"
and his 4 brothers
ZesT ~ Smooth ~ Trim ~ Stip

LOVERS TALK AT TWILIGHT
Continued from page forty-seven

"The perfect parent," he said lightly, and sheered away from the subject. "But don't you remember about that walk?"

"Of course I remember," she said. "Mrs. Gray wrote she'd heard her house had rats, and you made some kind of old poison—"

"My famous poison, known in six communities. My splendid, dependable, deadly—"

"—and you came to my house to get the key of Mrs. Gray's house, and I walked up with you and I sat on Mrs. Gray's porch steps and thought how I loved you even while you were murdering little innocent rats. Keith, would you love me if I were a murderer?"

"But I wasn't murdering any rats. You sat on Mrs. Gray's porch while I went and tried to get in the cellar window, because you, you little ninny, had forgotten to bring the key along. But she had the house all fastened up for the winter, so I took the stuff back to your house—"

"—and kissed me with your pocket full of poison! Keith, you gave me *that kiss* with your pocket full of poison."

"—and left it there, and you said you'd take it up some time. So who's the murderer now?"

"But I didn't," she protested. "I didn't take it up, and it wasn't anywhere around. You didn't leave it, Keith."

"I certainly did leave it. I gave it to you and told you to stick it away where Toby or the cat couldn't get it; and you put it in some cupboard or other. Don't you remember?"

"That's right. A paper parcel without any string. I put it somewhere safe where the animals couldn't reach. But how could you expect me to remember it, darling, when you went away two days later, and just said good-by to me almost in front of David. And I thought I'd live in that house on that road all my life and never see you coming up the hill again! And, just think," she wailed, "I didn't remember the one little thing you'd asked me to do! Oh, poor Keith!"

"Poor Mrs. Gray, I should say," he commented. "Anyway, I'll bet they were only field mice."

"Maybe we'll find it next spring when we open David's house."

"Maybe it's been keeping the varmints out of your place all this time," he agreed. "Faithful to the last. Lo these many moons. Eighteen months it will have been closed, won't it?" The house was one of Ann's ticklish subjects, not to be avoided but to be treated lightly.

"Last November to next June," she said. "Two whole winters, and the summer between. Keith, it's awful, but I was almost glad when David died, so I could get away. I wouldn't have wanted him to die, you know; but, oh, thinking that I would always be there, and thinking that life might be—what it has turned out to be! Paradise, after all that misery. Finding him that way, when he'd just been in bustling around and eating my gingersnaps. It was horrible, but you've more than made up for it. Only then, of course, I didn't know you would. But I think I was hoping even then—"

A SMALL flame hissed in the fireplace, licking out and disappearing. The room was full of dusky shadows. They could hear the rain driving steadily down outside.

"Little Ann," he said, "you've never said anything about it. Mrs. Gray told me it was his heart."

"That's what they said," she murmured. Her voice sounded very tired, much farther away than his shoulder. "I never knew he had any trouble."

"But the examination—"

"There wasn't any examination," she said. "They all got mired in the valley. It had rained for days—just like today—ever since you had gone away. So the doctor telephoned, and I told him, and Mrs. Gallegher told him—she came over to stay with me—so he said he'd enter it as heart failure. And Mr. Gallegher buried him in the cemetery up our road. The minister from South Exeter drove over with a horse. I didn't know really what to do, because there was no one to tell me but the Galleghers, and they're so stupid! But I guess it was all right."

"Rather informal," he commented. "That is a backwoods, after all. How did you know it was heart failure?"

"I didn't. I didn't know what it was."

"But you said you told the doctor."

"I didn't tell him heart failure. I just said that David went running out of the kitchen up the hill toward the barn, and when I found him, he was lying there, stretched out in the rain. Of course, he'd been there for three hours. He was—well, stiff. We thought maybe running up the hill that way— But he hadn't gone far. You wouldn't think a gingersnap would have much to do with it, would you? He couldn't have eaten more than two. There didn't seem to be any gone. They were all burned."

"Did the doctor seem to think the cookies had anything to do with it?"

"I don't know whether I told him it was cookies. Maybe he thought it was supper. It was just around supper time." She laughed hysterically. "I *told* him he wouldn't eat any supper. But he said he was too hungry to wait, so I said there were some cookies somewhere in the dish closet. I put them there to cool before I put them away. I was in the other room sewing, and we called back and forth. He said they looked dried up and funny, and I got cross, because I knew they were burned. So I said they were as good as I could do, and he said—"

How Ann, who had never been able to talk to her husband, seemed to treasure every detail of this last conversation! Poor child, she had kept it pent up so long.

"—he said they smelled queer, and I said that's spice, of course. And he said, 'Funny kind of spice,' and I said, 'Well, it's the best you'll get from me!'

"Then I heard him run across the back porch. I thought something was wrong in the barn. He left the back door open and I smelled the wet and went and closed it. That was all."

THE last log broke in a flare of sparks, and heavy heat crept out from the red embers. It was almost time for dinner.

"That was all, until she went out and found him, my poor little Ann, all alone."

"Yes. First I heard him rattle the paper, and then he went rushing out."

"What paper?" he asked idly. He had not known how tensely he had been waiting for Ann to tell him these things until she had safely passed the ordeal. Now his relief was an actual physical sensation. "What paper did he rattle?"

"I don't know. But there was a paper that crackled. I heard it. Like wrapping paper— Oh! Oh, Keith, Keith! Hold me, hold me tight!" She clung to him, her face gainst his shoulder, her mouth pouring words into his ear. "Oh, Keith, I'm just remembering—just now. The paper started to unwrap when you gave it to me, do you recollect? And I slid it over the edge of the highest shelf I could reach, higher than I could see. But David saw it when I told him to look in the dish closet. Spread on the bread, all cut up like little frosted cakes or something. He wouldn't have seen the cookies without stooping. They were below. Oh, if he took a handful quickly—and ran out —Keith, don't move away! Don't stop loving me now!"

"You hated him as much as that," he said in an even voice.

"No, no! I didn't know it was there. I didn't hate him. I wouldn't hurt him, not even to let him find out— Oh, Keith, you can't stop loving me!"

"No," he said. "I can't stop loving you, Ann. You were loyal to him, as deeply as you could be. You couldn't help wishing to be free. You couldn't help it if part of you chose to forget, and be absent-minded, and leave death in his path. And I can't help loving you; and I can't say honestly whether I let you forget that key and take that stuff to keep by accident, or whether part of me planned it. May God have mercy on us, sinners who were too virtuous to be true."

"But we don't know," she said.

"No, we don't know. We never will know. Let's leave it at that. It doesn't pay to question too closely."

But they still sat motionless, not touching each other, staring at the graying embers while black night drove against the panes. They did not dare to make a light and see each other's eyes.

THE END

DOES PLAYING HOOKEY HUSTLE YOUR CIGARETTES?

...REACH FOR "HAPPY-MOUTH" IN COOLER SMOKE!

When you sneak away to be a boy for the day... does the excitement of it keep you lighting cigarettes? What a time to know Spud and Spud's 16% cooler smoke! What a time to be able to smoke straight through a whole pack of Spuds and then discover you're still mouth-happy! That is Spud's great secret... it keeps your mouth in its natural moist-cool comfort. And that, in turn, is what heightens and sustains your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor, your puff-by-puff appreciation of Spud's rich tobacco blend. Ask any of the daily new thousands of Spud smokers all over the country. They'll tell just why Spud is the great, modern freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment! At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

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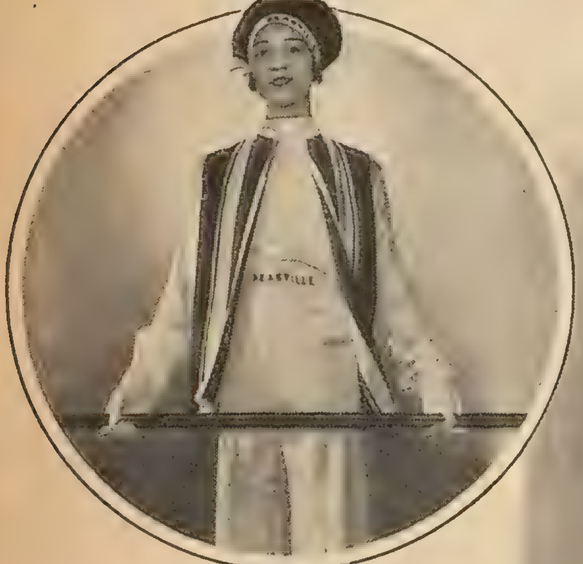
"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you...sent gladly on request.

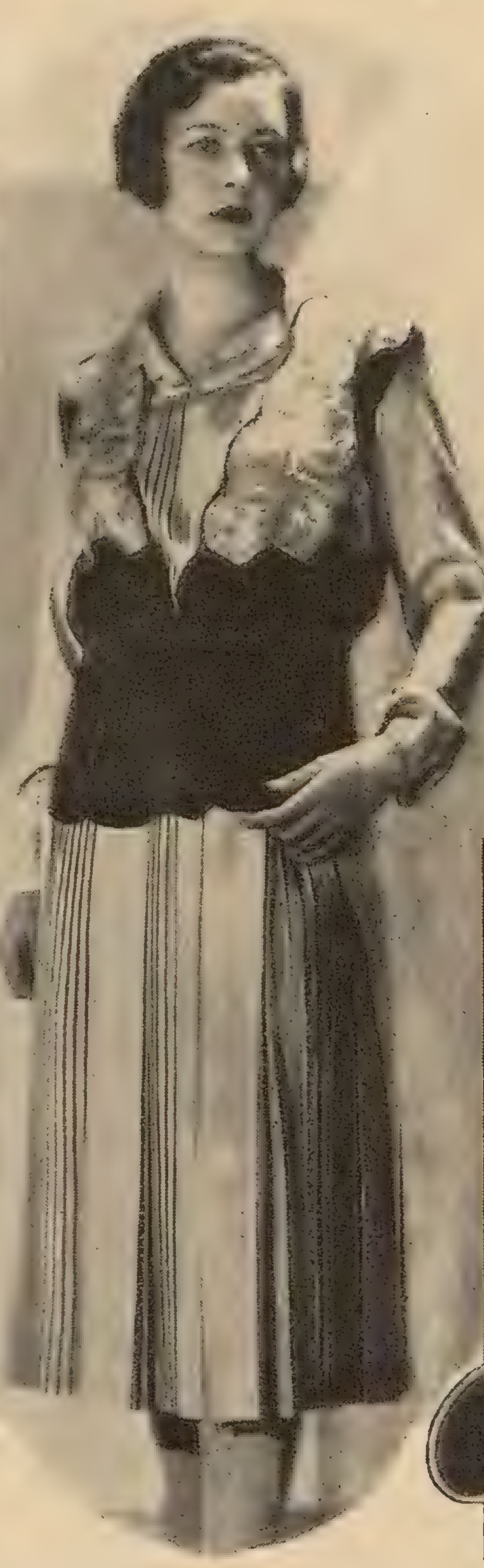
JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten... continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

Fashionable Freedom

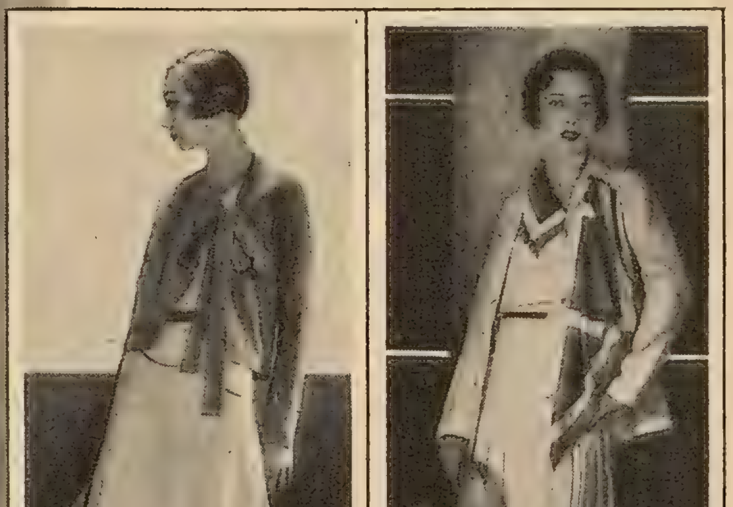
By BETTINA BEDWELL



Talbot's Deauville ensemble: a white wool frock with a red and white jacket.



A Maggy Rouff sports costume has a pink alpaca frock and a crocheted jacket.



For tennis, Chantal made the ensemble in the left-hand picture; the other is a side-lines costume by Maggy Rouff.

Paris.

THERE'S very little liberty for ladies in fashions these days. Paris is feeding us feminine charm in large doses, and making us like it, judging by the woman about town. Anything like the sexless straight-line freedom of this time last year carries a date line that announces it as old-fashioned.

Sports clothes are the one exception, for in the sports mode there is no end of fashionable freedom. But sports clothes are supposed to be worn only for sports. Aye, there's the rub. The last and most potent style edict is, " Clothes for occasions," and the occasion of sports calls for a special brand, dedicated to the proposition that women who play should be as free as men so far as style is concerned.

In France, " shorts " are not worn even for sports, unless they are under a skirt. The one exception, of course, is the pyjama ensemble, which is ubiquitous, and this has been made so feminine that it carries no stigma of masculinity. What *is* worn for sports here is the short-skirted one-piece dress without sleeves, usually, and with a comfortable streamline silhouette that permits freedom of movement.

CAPES are not practical and cardigan jackets are outmoded. Smart women prefer boleros, sleeveless jackets, or belted sweaters. Plaited skirts are smart, but the newest sports fashions have skirts flared by less wrinkleable methods. Raw silks, cottons, and thin soft woolens, such as etamine, jersey, and wool crêpe, are the most fashionable sports materials.

Sports hats are usually some version of the beret, or supple-brimmed straws that keep the sun out of the eyes.

Sports clothes differ according to the kind of sports we affect. For the very fashionable sport of yachting Suzanne Talbot designs the ensemble shown in our first photograph. This has a one-piece frock of fine white wool, buttoned at the neck like a Russian blouse. The skirt is flared by two box plaits released from bands at the hips. There is a sleeveless jacket of red and white striped woolen, and the Talbot beret is red with a white band. The flaring sides of this beret give it a new line.

A dress for country and sports wear is shown in our large center photograph. It is plaited from a shoulder yoke and made of fine alpaca in pale pink. Such a frock is very comfortable for golf, and its lace-crocheted sweater also may be worn during the game. This sweater is pink and brown in color, and crocheted in wheels. It has a belt at the normal waistline.

OF the two remaining sports ensembles, the left-hand one is Chantal's tennis model. It has a sleeveless frock of white cotton jersey, with a pastel blue belt and a petaled skirt yoke outlined with blue. The skirt is flared by pie-piece godets. Over this is a bolero jacket of pastel blue linen tied in a bow at the left side front. Princess Besselolsky is wearing this costume.

For those who take their sports on the side lines Maggy Rouff designed the blue shantung ensemble shown to the right of the foregoing. The one-piece dress buttons down the side front, and is belted with green. The scarf collar in green, blue, and white passes through a slit under the left lapel of the jacket, thus tying up the ensemble.

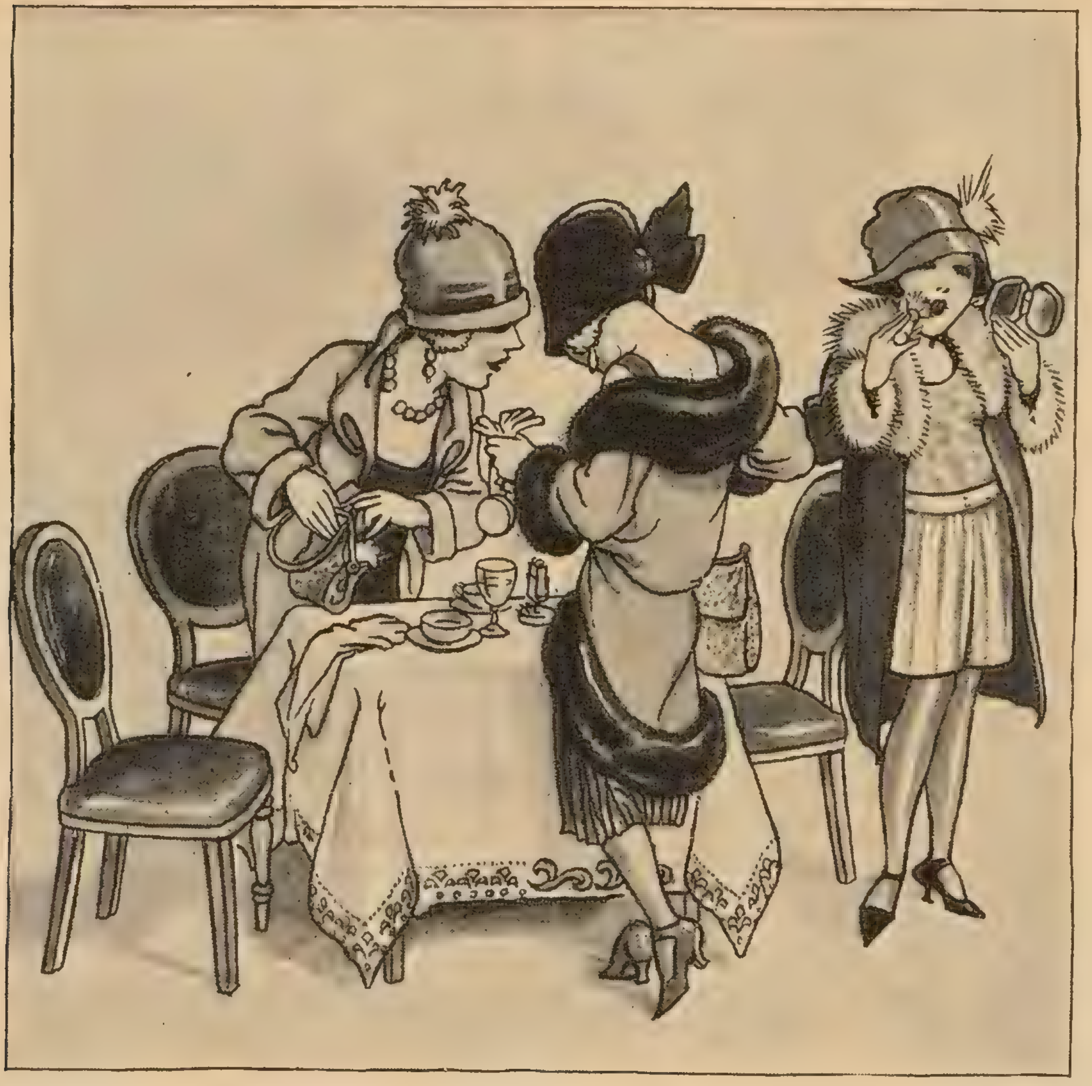
* * *

Certain ultrasmart Parisiennes are putting liquid gold or silver powder on their hair for evening, to add brilliance to the high lights. It may be readily washed out the next day.

Fans and flowered parasols—dual badges of femininity—are charming summer accessories.

Schiaparelli's crocheted topcoats in filet pattern, darned with white wool tape, are something new to slip on over your sports frock.

How Many Mistakes Here?



The artist erred ten times in drawing this picture. Can you find all of the mistakes without the aid of the list on page sixty?

WINNERS! Eight New Awards in Liberty's Offer of $10,000 for Mystery Solutions

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND has awarded prizes as follows for the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of the Wall Street Explosion, the sixth problem in his recent series of ten for solutions of which Liberty is giving its readers a total of $10,000:

First Prize—$500

To Bert Madden,
812 Cass Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Second Prize—$250

To Tom F. Barry,
Room 739, 15 Park Row, New York City.

Third Prize—$100

To Edward Helensky,
283 Thirty-eighth Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Fourth Prize—$50

To R. B. Crossland,
401 S. W. Seventeenth Avenue, Miami, Florida.

Fifth to Eighth Prizes—$25 Each

To W. T. Withrow, 159 Plymouth Avenue North, Rochester, New York; Schuyler C. Hodge, City National Building, Miami, Florida; C. D. Hesler, 2454 Greenleaf Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; P. A. Wagnitz, 304½ South Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, California.

Prize awards for the seventh problem—The Mystery of the Giant Redwoods—will be announced next week.

As the above awards indicate, $1,000 is given for solutions of each of the ten mysteries—$10,000 in all. In case of a tie, the prizes are duplicated. Everyone except employees of Liberty and members of their families is eligible.

The series was completed in the issue of May 31, but the lists are still open on The Mystery of Arnold Rothstein, which appeared in the issues of May 24 and May 31, the rule being that solutions must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story was completed.

Solutions should be mailed to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-Office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

YOUTHFUL FEET AGAIN

REMOVE YOUR FOOT HANDICAP WITH Lynco TRADE MARK

MUSCLE BUILDING ARCH CUSHIONS

So much enjoyment lost because of foot troubles! Yet the remedy is so easy, so simple with Lynco Muscle Building Arch Cushions. Springy, cellular rubber, and soft pliable leather snugly support and restore weakened or fallen arches . . . Feather-light . . . every step cushioned by "breathing" air cells. Fit your own shoes without breaking-in . . . they give nature vital aid by constantly exercising the foot muscles. If legs or feet ache, if you tire quickly . . . Lynco Muscle Building Arch Cushions will bring you instant needed relief.

See your Chiropodist, Shoe Dealer or write to us for information.

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Supports Arch Naturally

Relieves Muscle Strain

Poor Jim!

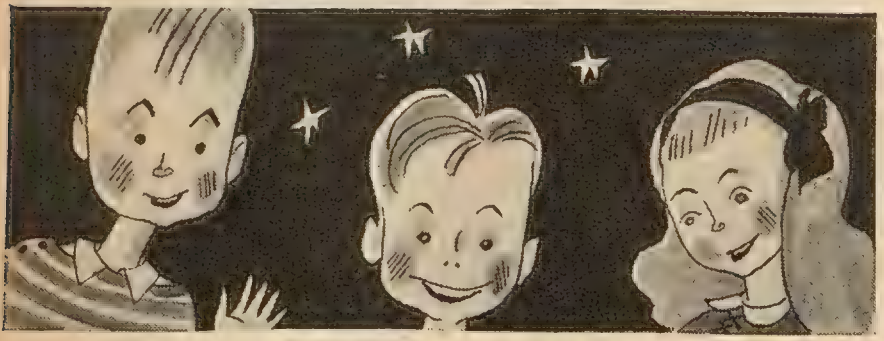
"TIRED out every night—half asleep all day—never has pep enough left to enjoy himself—he's sure skidding!"

No need for it, Jim. *Can* wake up with a grin and wallop the old job over the fence. *Can* put yourself across both in work and play—*can* be a success—*can* be happy and well—and so easy!

Go get yourself a bottle of crystal-clear Nujol, Jim, and clean those poisons out of your body regularly as clockwork. We all have 'em—they are the little devils that keep us in the dumps—clean 'em out, Jim, normally, naturally, easily—and then watch yourself go!

If you're Jim, get your Nujol this very day. Any drug store—only in trade-marked sealed package. Ask for it by name. Never mind whether you believe it or not. Try it. Many a man or woman has started Nujol with a doubt, and kept it up with a grin!

NATURE'S ● WAY
Nujol
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS



. . . . FOR CHILDREN who are "tooth-brush shy" —the new . . .

Orphos

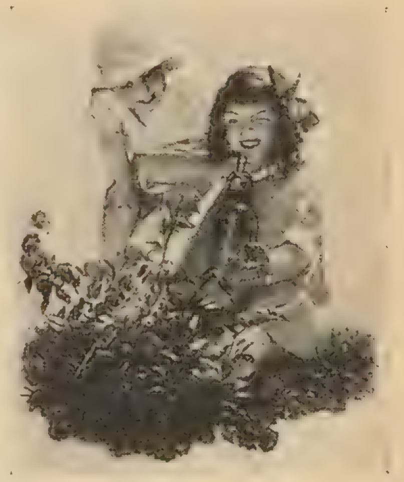
once-a-day
TOOTH·PASTE
40c at all good drug-stores

Watering The Roses

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

FAT Mrs. Smithers had taken up gardening for reasons of horticulture and avoirdupois.

Her flower beds were only two months old, but she already could spot an Iceland poppy shoot from a snapdragon and candytuft from sweet William. She toiled in the sun an hour each morning, which was just long enough to give the bugs and weeds a scare, and every time she bent at right angles over her trowel she claimed she lost half a pound. All she really lost was her breath, but if moist brows were wishes, Mrs. Smithers' garden would resemble a futuristic rainbow as soon as the buds popped.



This week's cover picture.

"Keep off my saxitrage!" she warned, puffing over her new fifty-cent weeding fork.

"Saxophone? Where's one?" Little Ulysses appeared from behind a privet.

"Saxophone?" Gwendolyn shouted at him. "She didn't say saxophone. She said saxisomething else. Don't step on it. If you do, worms'll get in your shoes." She was changing flower markers behind her mother's back. What Mrs. Smithers thought were dahlias would become hollyhocks, and Empress Augusta Victoria would turn into mignonette!

"I'm going to give a garden party when all the flowers are out," she told the children. "And I'll buy a summer-house for you to play in. Hand me the bamboo rake."

"Here," Gwen invited, picking up the hoe. "Use this. I wanna play with the rake. I'll be a old witch like Aunt Izzie and chase U. around."

"I'll chase you both around," Mrs. Smithers glared, "if you don't hand me that rake. Hand it to me quick before I count ten. One, two, three—"

"Here it is," Gwen giggled. "You count too fast. Mother, let me help you rake around the bushes."

"Get away, get away," she was told. "These are my new giant pansies. I paid nine dollars for twelve packages, so I'm hoping a few'll come up. The catalogue called them prize winners of a big flower show somewhere."

"Where zat?" U. piped up. "Mis' Smith—"

"Miss?" Gwen yelled, chasing an empty seed envelope which pictured enormous morning-glories trailing down over the front of a three-story house. "She ain't *Miss*. She's MISSIS! You're too dumb to be growin' in a garden. You're worse than the—than all the spitoonias."

"You quit using bad language," her mother laughed. She gave herself an extra push and stood upright at the edge of her patchy bed of giant pansies. "Pick up my tools. I can't bend over any more."

"Fools?" Gwen giggled.

"Don't be so fresh. Tools, I said. The trowel, the rake, the hoe, and my little weeding fork."

Mrs. Smithers went into the house to take a bath which she hoped would prove reducing.

"Gee, she forgot to water the roses," Gwen whispered when the door banged on her mother's well padded shoulders. "If them roses die, we won't have rose bugs this summer. We'd better water 'em."

"Yeah, we'd better water 'em," U. said.

Gwen went down the cellar steps.

"Where's you goin'?" he yelled.

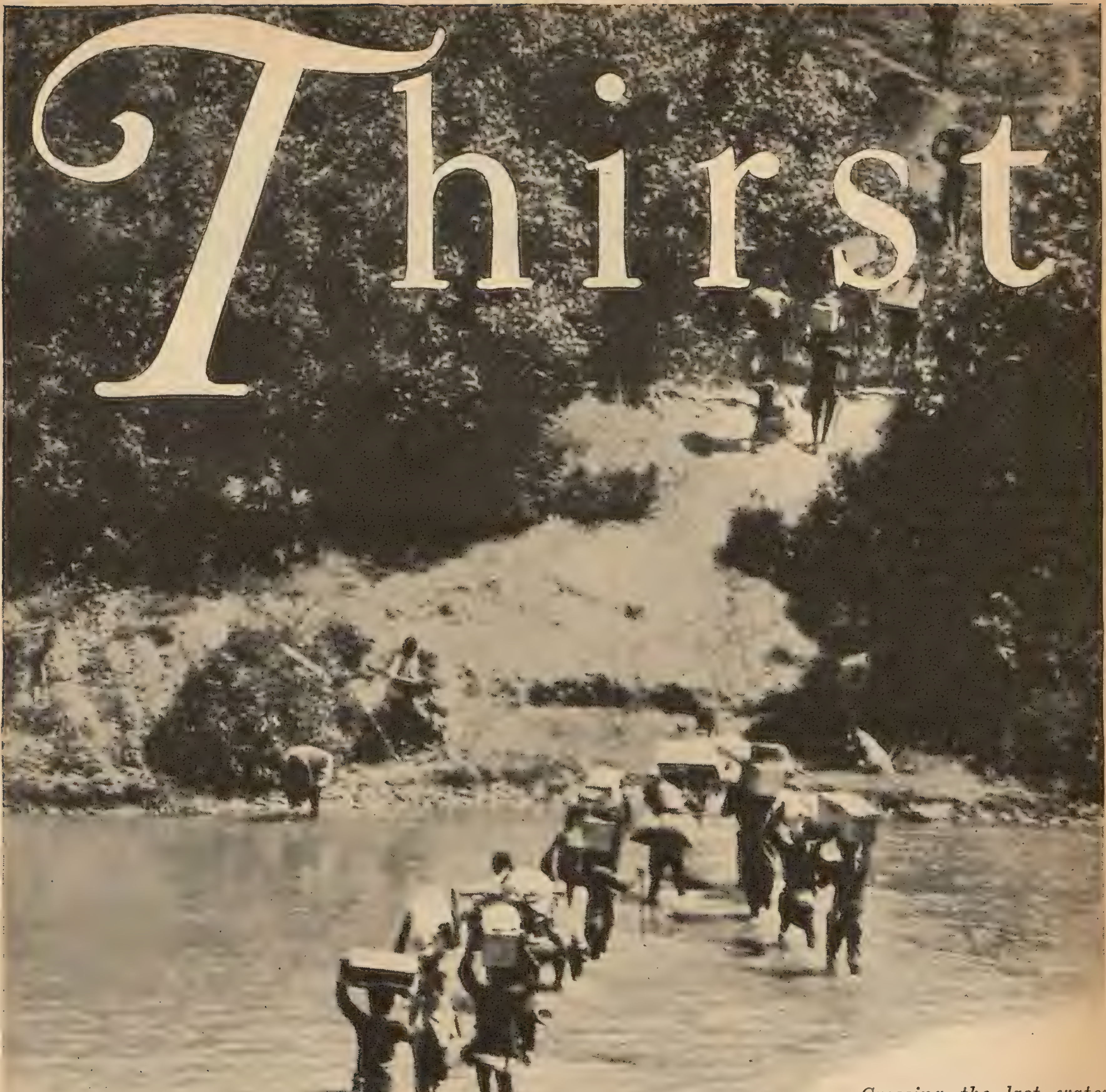
"Shut up," she whispered, suddenly reappearing. She was carrying a siphon of Vichy. "Come on."

He followed her to the rose bed. She knelt right down in the grass and—aimed.

"Watch," she giggled, squinting. "Here goes Niagara Falls! We're watering the roses! Gee!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Danger!)

Thirst



Crossing the last water after the start of the expedition for the desert.

The Experience of a Man Who Faced Death on the Great White Desert

By

ALFRED KLEIN

who was born in Germany about forty-five years ago and came to New York soon after. In 1912 he went to Africa as a big-game hunter. He is married and lives in Nairobi.

A FEW years ago, on the east edge of equatorial Africa, beyond the Athi plains where the ugly dom palms end, *I died of thirst.*

No, this is not my ghost speaking. I write with the same hands of flesh and bone that stretched trembling toward the empty water tin, emptied but a moment before I reached it by the sharp fangs of a thirst-mad hyena.

I say I died, because when I finally lapsed into blissful unconsciousness after days and days of torment, after my swollen tongue had turned as black as the eight faithful nigger boys who gave their lives for me, after thirst delirium had peopled the scorching veldt with nightmares—after all that, when I slipped into painless coma, I was quite dead, except for the little time it takes in such cases for one's soul to spread its wings and leave the lifeless thing that so long has been its dwelling place.

Yes, I am still alive—by the sheerest miracle of fate. Yet something died in me that day; I have never had quite the same stamina since. In the dark hours of night I often live again in my memory through that awful trek. Doctors say it shortened my life ten years.

I have never written the story before. I wouldn't now if I hadn't come to the United States a short time ago after nearly twenty years' absence and heard on every

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THIRST
Continued from page fifty-three

side: "The country's dry! Heavens, what a thirst I've got!"

Good God! You people don't know what real thirst is!

Here is the way I found out:

I went first to Africa out of pure curiosity to collect specimens for the American Museum of Natural History. Soon the mad adventure of it all got into my blood. I stayed there.

There was something in the Kenya country, astride the equator between Victoria Nyanza and the sea, that bewitched me. More than seventeen years I hunted every known beast that prowls the hills and plains thereabouts: lions, elephants, wart hogs, buffaloes, hippos, rhinos, jackals, giraffes, zebras, hartebeests, and half a hundred others.

The more I hunted, the more I wanted to hunt; not just to slaughter animals, but because I saw that the rich sportsman was going to clean them out sooner or later, and I thought museums and scientists should have their specimens first.

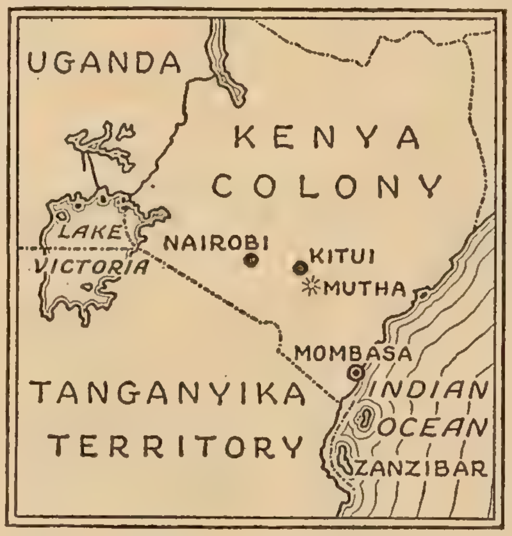
Then Paul Rainey came in from Mombasa and bought a ranch up Naivasha way. I was both guide and professional hunter by this time. I liked Rainey. He had the guts not to follow the beaten track. He liked me. After he left he sent word he wanted me to take two Philadelphia college lads out "on safari."

"Give them a taste of green scum at the water hole and let them get an elephant or two," was the way he put it.

THEY were a nice pair of lads when they turned up: Wetherill and McMichael were their names. It didn't take long to get together a rig of eighty black native porters, four small mules, and two dogs. Each porter carried sixty pounds of food or equipment. We white men rode the mules.

The dogs were mongrels belonging to the natives and helped the trackers when we got into elephant country.

Alfred Klein and a lion he killed in the Kenya country.



The Kenya country, British East Africa, on the equator between Victoria Nyanza and the sea, over which the author has hunted big game for more than seventeen years.

It was July. We were close enough to the equator to hang our sweat-drenched shirts on it every night. But the rainy season was over and the deep African mud had dried up. The number of water holes had dwindled almost to the vanishing point. This meant the game would concentrate on the few left. So if a hunter could only stand the terrific heat he found the season ripe for his work.

I was used to heat. More than once I had felt the weight of high temperatures pressing my temples. I knew how heat bites into a man's soul on the edge of the white desert when the camp thermometer shows 120 degrees in the shade. I knew the dangerous mental depression that comes at such times. I thought I was prepared mentally as well as physically. I soon found I wasn't.

We safaried down to Kitui. (It shows on any atlas map just below the equator, east of Nairobi.) The black boys took the trail well, their naked bodies glistening in the pitiless sun. A white vapor hung in the quivering air behind us as we toiled along—dust.

FROM Kitui we worked on toward Mutha. Elephant trails were our guide across the level country spotted with baobab trees and overrun with thorny brush. Otherwise we could never have got through. The nearly unbearable heat and the wait-a-bit thorns slowed us perceptibly.

Mutha is not on the map. It is scarcely in Africa. Six huts compose it, scattered squat hovels with thatched roofs and stinking insides. I spoke there to the big fat chief, Eugovie. He said:

"Yes, master, there are many elephants ahead of you." Then his voice took on a faraway tone. "But it is very dry this year, my friend."

I remember laughing. "It's dry everywhere right now, chief," I told him, my throat hoarse from the dust plastered across it.

The syce (mule boy), the Somali, and another of the natives on the hunt for elephants which became a hunt for water.

The black man handed me his water jug. The liquid was tepid and ill-flavored. But I drank deeply. It did not fully slake my thirst, though I was very well used to tepid, dung-flavored water. I had yet to learn what real thirst was.

From Mutha I took two old elephant hunters, Solo and Manubi. They knew the country and understood elephants. I tried to get younger men, but was reminded that the savage Wagala tribe lay beyond the plains. Solo and Manubi were old and had no wives. It made little difference if they were slain by the ancient enemy; whereas if they came back alive the white man's reward would put them in luxury for their old age.

We plunged on. Again the low hot bush country, this time unknown save by the two black guides. The occasional trees were thick and gnarled. Their leaves were tiny, characteristic of very dry districts, and gave no shade. The snakes we saw were sluggish with the intense heat. Our men were staggering under their loads.

It was two days to the first water hole. This lay in the dry bed of what in wet seasons was known as the Kiebambini River. The next water hole was as far again beyond.

TO the American camper, water means a sparkling spring, cold and clear and refreshing. To the East African native a water hole is a mud puddle, turbid with the churnings of many beasts and scummed with green ooze through which a myriad larvæ squirm.

As I sipped the tepid liquid I wondered why my stomach didn't turn against it. Surely at home the soupy, ill-odored stuff would have made me vomit. It didn't here. This was just another of the many proofs the explorer and traveler in the wilderness have that nature in an emergency nearly always rules the mind to suit the rigorous demands of the body, which must be preserved at any cost.

In twelve days we passed five water holes. The last one, known to the natives as Kallamie, was pretty thin. Though it was sixty yards long it was but half an inch deep. It was hot all day from the roasting glare that heated it to the vaporing point from an hour after sunrise to an hour before sunset.

Here the natives began to go down with fever. Afoot with their sixty-pound loads, they had not the resistance against disease that we white mule riders had. And they did not fight the tropic's scourge with quinine as we did. (I took as much as thirty-five grains a day at this time. Malaria was dragging at my heart.)

I saw right away, here at the water hole Kallamie, that we'd have to stop and reorganize. So I had the men build a big grass hut twenty-five by forty feet. In this I placed the sick, thirty in all by now. I figured that, so long as we had come this far and the two sportsmen had spent so much money, it was a shame not to get an elephant or two before we retreated.

" You go on," I told young Wetherill and McMichael. " Solo says there is a hole two days ahead. And maybe another not so far beyond that."

They agreed. I thought I could keep the other guide, Manubi, with me. But he explained that it wasn't safe for either to go alone. Let the Wagala catch one man from Mutha by himself and only murder could result.

At this a sudden unreasoning resentment and defiance filled me. Our big peril was thirst. Let any two-legged nigger dare interfere and I'd turn his enemy on the instant! Under pressure of privation, I was drifting rapidly into the native state of mind.

" All right," said I, though with some hesitation; " you fellows take Solo and Manubi and the strongest porters and go on with two of the mules. I'll follow as soon as I get things straightened out here."

" You think it's safe? " asked Wetherill.

" Sure. Solo and Manubi will blaze a trail through the brush. Be sure they scratch the ground when you pass an open hard spot. With the water holes so far apart, I can't afford to waste time looking for your tracks."

Six days later I followed them. On the other mule rode my personal gun bearer. I could see he was worried. The country was nearly as new to him as to me. From

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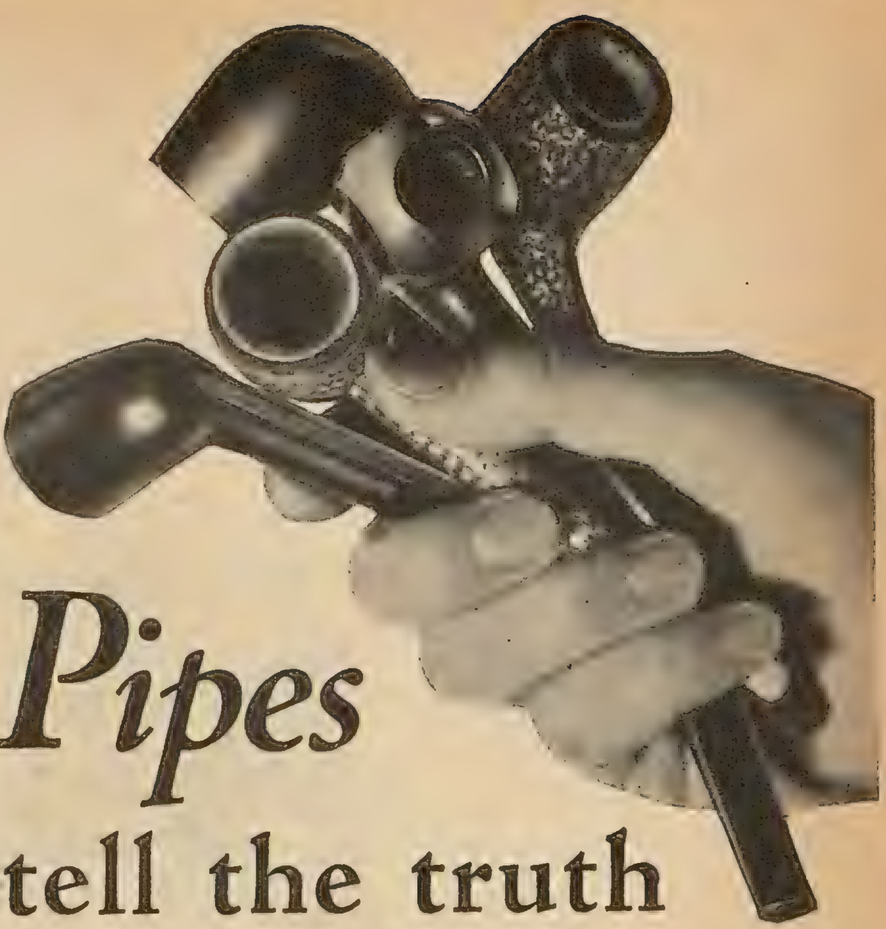

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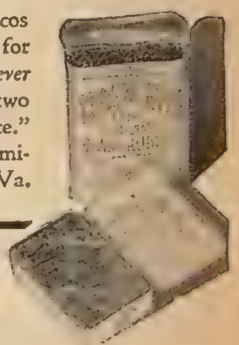

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THIRST
Continued from page fifty-five

what Solo had said, he figured we might make the next hole in one day. But I knew that in the condition the men were it would take twice that long.

We traveled three days without finding any hole. At first the trail was well blazed by the other party. Every so often there would be a chipped mark on a bush or tree trunk. Across the sun-baked openings jagged scratches on the earth's crust led us. Then the blazes faded and the scratches disappeared. This could mean but one thing: the other party was getting panicky over not finding water.

We had brought with us water for two days. By rationing this we made it last three. Now it was gone.

For the first time I felt fear. But the black men didn't seem apprehensive. That reassured me. But I should have known that it was my white man's superior reasoning power that painted more clearly a picture of the peril we faced.

The syce talking to his brother, who wears a cap, at the start of the safari. The latter was among those who died of thirst.

On our last march the porters straggled out miles behind us. For two days they had been coming in with lightened loads, having dumped by the side of the trail what they thought they couldn't carry. Now nearly all came in empty-handed, beaten and frightened. I could see them whispering among themselves. My power over them, like the water, was gone.

I took the thermometer out of my pack and stood it in the shade while we wearily made such slight camp as our strength would permit. When I looked at the instrument it showed 110 degrees—this at nightfall!

OUR predicament could not be exaggerated. The advance party with our only guides was ahead—lost to us, if not to themselves. The party back at the grass hut, with their half-inch-deep water hole and fever dreams, was six days' travel behind. I admit it was bad judgment to have gone on so far. But Solo and Manubi had been very emphatic about the water we would find. And they were old, intelligent bushmen.

I began to feel the mental depression that thirst brings on. Gnawing pains in my tongue and throat made me very irritable. I began to hate Rainey and myself with an equal fervor. I cursed Africa. What a fool I had been not to have stayed in America *where water ran in pipes right into one's house.*

Dawn broke cloudless and hot. Sunrise was like opening a furnace door. The sun shot over the horizon, glittering bright. Having been on less than half rations, without water, for four days, we were already tormented by thirst. Some of the weaker natives gave up then and there. Both of the dogs had been lagging for some time. One dragged itself in during the night and died at my feet. The other never came in.

One big Somali whom I knew and trusted, a six-foot fellow with white brains and a whiter heart, came to me.

"Master," he said, "there are some food tins with water in them." He meant the little canned fruit and vegetables we had along as luxuries. "With these you and I on the mules could make the grass-hut camp and bring out water to save some of these." He waved a thick black hand at the groaning wretches about him.

But I was for going on. The Somali's plan was dangerous. Surely Solo and Manubi could not have spent a lifetime in this area and be mistaken about their water hole. I suddenly spied a straggling dom palm a mile or so ahead. This tree, like our willow in America, means water. Elephants go at it and scrape away the top earth crust around it with their huge feet, then dig in the loose sand beneath with their trunks until they strike an underground spring.

I SUGGESTED that we try that. The native shrugged and followed me over the burning, crusty ground toward the palm. When we reached it he caught my arm.

"Look, master; it's thirsty like us."

He was right. The tree's leaves were gray and their edges curled. Life-giving water had sunk below its lowest roots.

We struggled back. I knew now we faced death by thirst, than which there are few more terrible fates. I tried to make my brain work. There wasn't much we could do. The black men would become panicky; they always did under such circumstances. They would want to argue. And every wasted breath brought death closer. I must be calm.

When we reached our wretched natives, I fired several shots from my rifle in hopes the other party might be near by. The Somali shook his head:

"No water hole near here, master. Four days we have seen no game. All have gone to water. See, it is very still."

He was right. Stillness of death seemed to have settled upon the parched plain.

"Master, we still have strength to go back. We may find some water. Else we die. Is it not so?"

"It is so," I said, and noticed with a shudder the strange crackling sound of my voice. For a moment I seemed to stand aside and look with loathing upon the shrinking useless thing my body had become.

I told the men they could come with us or wait for help. Some rose feebly and followed as we made slowly off on the two weak mules. Others lay with closed eyes. I knew they were not dead. Thirst does not kill. It is more like cold. Its victims lose heart, grow drowsy in their torment, and seek relief in lying down to their last sleep like the explorer lost in the snow.

There was no escape from the blazing sun. Dom palms were few and far between. Their scorched little leaves were no help; only the narrow black bands of their trunk shadows cut off the direct rays of the white-hot disk.

A queer illusion came to me at this time. I once had read a fantastic story about men who landed on the waterless surface of the moon near the scorching lunar noonday. They searched frantically for shelter from the pitiless blast of the sun's flaming rays. Their clothes crumbled from the heat. Huge blisters appeared upon their naked limbs. Screaming in agony, they fell and died on the hot moon lava. Again and again I died in my mind with those doomed explorers.

We dared not travel at night. Should we lose our way or tumble into one of the dry stream beds and cripple our weak mules, there would be no escape.

On the second day we came to a small cluster of palms. Surely there had been water here. Elephant tracks were thick around the bases of the trees. Our strongest men scraped the hard dry clay crust away. Through their rasping pants came whines of hope when damp earth was reached. But no water ever came. Several blacks threw themselves down and sucked the earth. I would have done so, but the Somali restrained me.

"No, master," he said; "it will only draw the moisture from your mouth."

I took him aside. "I have two tins of peas with liquid in them," I told him.

His eyes glittered. He glanced warily about.

"Let them not be seen," he cautioned me.

I COULD not understand his selfishness when he had been so considerate of his tribesmen up to now. Then abruptly I understood.

I heard a queer choking cry behind me: "The white man has water concealed!"

One of the men had heard us whispering and had guessed the truth. There was a rush. One of the tallest blacks threw himself at my animal and would have dragged the poor beast down had I not kicked out savagely. I was seized from behind.

"We will divide it!" I shouted. "Wait. We will divide!"

The clamor subsided a little. Niggers were sobbing at my knees. I thought I should be dragged off my mule. But I managed to extract a can of peas from my shirt. With a thrust of my hunting knife I slit the can, took a small sip of the hot water inside, and passed it out. Three men got a taste apiece. Fifteen had none, though they fought hard with what strength was left them.

One of the oldest porters had scorned the struggle. Now he came up, holding a strange mass of slippery gray flesh in his hands. He bit into it as he walked. Presently I saw it was a lungfish he had dug out of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THIRST
Continued from page fifty-seven

caked mud. This fish is normal and swims about when rain fills a pond. When the dry season comes, it buries itself in the mud and hibernates, breathing air like a land animal until the next wet period, when it miraculously resumes its life as a fish.

We went on. Our pace was very slow and I felt myself sway in the saddle. My throat was a great, thick, solid cylinder that throbbed and burned. There wasn't room in my mouth for my swollen tongue.

This group is a part of the safari of eighty black native porters who took the trail in the elephant hunt which ended so disastrously. Six of these men died of thirst soon after the expedition started.

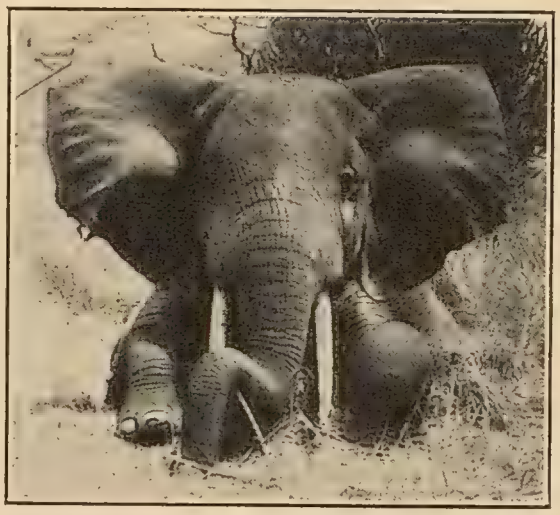
I wondered if those men who reached the moon had water with them. Surely it wouldn't be so bad to die of heat if one could take a last long drink.

Near sunset I heard one of the familiar croaking shouts my men gave when they found new evidence we were on the right trail. They had found two cases from our food packs. A dying nigger lay by them. The men hacked open the cases. One contained dry stuff—flour and meal; the other had some tins.

Another riot, all fighting to get the tins and open them. Sitting in my mule saddle I could take no part. By the labels I knew most of the tins held potted meat. A babel of piteous disappointment rose when the truth came out. Then suddenly I saw my personal gun bearer dart from the crowd with a bottle. Four hysterical wretches pursued him, black arms outstretched and hoarsely imploring a share in the liquid the bottle held.

For one stricken moment I sat puzzled. I was glad my man had found something to ease his misery. Then I realized the awful mistake he had made.

"No—no—*no!*" I shrieked as best I could. "Georgie, drop it! Oh, drop it!" Tears were welling out of my eyes. I loved the man; had brought him up from babyhood. Now he was committing suicide before my eyes. Despite my cries of protest, he drank gulpingly as he ran. He emptied the bottle before they caught him.



A young bull elephant, famished for water, that strayed into camp and was shot by the author.

THE bottle contained pickled walnuts. He died that night in agony.

At dawn two elephants came into camp. I shot one, a young bull. He was very thin, but the natives cut him open. Some of them drank the water from his bladder.

We were very near death.

I spoke to the Somali, "We have two marches left."

He replied, "Yes, master; two of the marches we made when we were strong. Now we are weak."

"Very weak," I whispered, resting my strangely heavy head in my hands.

"But we must go on, master."

"Yes."

"We can take the syce [mule boy]. He is strong. Let the others follow a little at a time. The mules can carry us another day."

It was at this time that thirst delirium first began to lodge in my brain. But I didn't know it. When I saw a strange white creature moving parallel to our slow caravan I thought it was a new kind of game. In my momentary fever dream I shouted at it, much to the surprise of the Somali. I didn't tell him about it because that would have taken too much breath.

We told the few remaining men that we would go ahead and bring water out to them when we reached the hole. I had pretty nearly given up hope of reaching it. But I had to encourage those who could not keep up with the mules.

WE set out once more. The endurance of the mules was incredible. They had nibbled dry grass in the night. I suppose they got a little moisture that way. They were typical Somali mules, only about five feet high. Without them we could never have kept the track. They walked slowly, their noses wearily down.

Near sunset we came upon four more broken boxes. The men had dropped them on the way out. Every tin had been opened to see if it contained any liquid. But there were only flour and sugar in them.

Our terrible craving for water now dominated everything we thought or said or did. I noticed there was a great deal of sugar spilt about one box. An East African black will commit murder for sugar. It is as sweet as passion to his savage tongue. Now I saw my black men tread it underfoot in a weak, tearful rage that the tins from which it came had betrayed them.

Something in the box had been wrapped in a page from a magazine. My eye fell on the bit of crinkled paper and made out the picture of a piano. I vaguely tried to recall what music was like. I tried to hum a tune to take my mind off my misery. But such a ghastly sound came out of my throat that I quickly stopped.

Dimly I realized that several of the blacks were pointing westward to a low ridge within easy rifle shot. Three huge elephants plodded steadily into the setting sun. How the sight would have thrilled us a few days before! I could see the light glimmer from the milky ivory of their massive tusks, but they meant nothing now. We made no move to stop them.

African sunset is one of the gorgeous natural beauties of that strange land. It sharpens and brings curiously to life the dry vegetation; it tints earth features purple and violet; and it dyes the sky to deep velvety blue of surpassing loveliness. This night I cursed the sun, the cloudless sky, and the dead caked ground on which I sat hunched and suffering.

In the twilight I again saw the white wandering creature of my fever dream. We were off at dawn, just the three of us—the Somali, the syce, and I. The boy was black as India ink and built like a pair of fire tongs:

legs that ran most of the length of his body. He had a large loose mouth through which his piano-key teeth showed every time he spoke.

He rode ahead. About a mile from camp he stopped and dismounted. By the time we overtook him he was off the trail, in the grass. I rode over and found him squatting with the head of his only brother in his lap. The brother had been missing for two days. Now he was dying with thirst.

"I stay here and die with him," sobbed the syce.

I explained to him that it would be better to go with us and help bring some water back. But he only bent over the limp form he was supporting, and moaned. I pulled our last can of peas out of my shirt. I had counted on its liquid taking the three of us the two days' journey still to go.

"Here, give this to your brother," I told the syce, "and you come with us." I held out the tin.

Before he could answer I felt clutching fingers on my legs. I had not noticed that during our delay several of the stragglers had come up. They had seen my gesture with the can. Now they fought to get it. I was almost dragged from my mount. The syce saved me by a wild rush. He seized the tin and drove the others off. The effort seemed to bring him to his senses. He gave his brother a sip of the water, bade him good-by, and joined us sorrowfully.

THE mules went slower and slower. This helped us a little because we were getting too weak to keep our seats on them. Toward noon the Somali slumped and pitched sidewise into the dust. The syce and I got him back aboard his mount and lashed him there. It was all we could do to lift him. I learned later that he had taken a swallow from a bottle of peroxide we had brought for medicinal purposes.

I began having pains in my chest. I know now my blood was "drying up"; that is, the water content in it was far below par. My skin felt stiff and leathery. The pain in my throat had extended to my entire neck. My tongue protruded from my lips most of the time. I had spells of vertigo and for minutes at a time my brain absolutely refused to work. I had an uncontrollable desire to sleep.

Again and again waves of delirium assailed me. The strange white creature I had seen was joined by two more. Once I waved my hand at them and laughed insanely.

Once in a while I tried to think what might be happening to the section of the party that had gone on with the two guides. But I always came to the conclusion that either they had reached a water hole long ago and were going merrily on with their elephant hunt, or that they were all dead of thirst. I knew that our end was only a matter of hours off—and we had a full day's march to go before we should reach the fever camp with its puddle of green ooze we had called a water hole.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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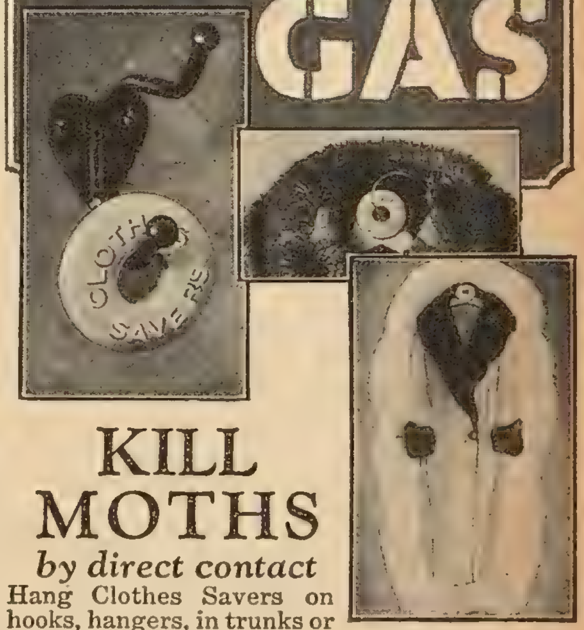

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THIRST
Continued from page fifty-nine

How beautiful that ooze would have looked now!

My delirium became more pervasive. The nonexistent white creatures which I was so sure surrounded us began to visit our small column. They had vague form and did not always touch the ground as they moved. I felt so light at times that I also seemed to float.

I was ahead. Suddenly my mule stopped. He did not shy or raise his head. He just stopped. Hazily I glanced out in front. There in the middle of the trail lay coiled a huge black cobra, ready to strike.

It seemed to take me hours, but I finally got my rifle out and up. I fired. I missed the cobra by six feet. But the bullet frightened it away and we went on.

Later that afternoon my mule stopped again. This time there was no snake. The mule was beat. I looked around. The Somali's mule was teetering in its tracks. Before the rider could dismount the animal collapsed.

I STARTED to get off my own mule. As I did so, the face of the earth swung slowly up to meet me. But before my foot struck solid ground it swung farther away than ever.

To my surprise the stinging pain that had racked my throat and head for days seemed almost to have disappeared. I was scarcely conscious that I had a neck or mouth. I reached up and touched my face. Something tough and spongy came into contact with my fingers. For an instant I was puzzled. Then I knew I was touching my bloated tongue which no longer could rest behind my teeth.

In one swift floating sensation I was borne in a second away through sunset and dusk and into night. I lost consciousness. To all intents and purposes, I died.

HAD not a miraculous coincidence come to pass, I should have drifted to complete death, never knowing more than that last swift transition from the afternoon's heat and pain into the sweet unconsciousness of the hereafter.

What had happened was this: The two white lads who had left our camp with their guides had reached Manubi's water hole in a desperate condition. Elephants were there ahead of them. The next day they knocked down a big bull. Solo and three other blacks followed the blood. Knowing it might be a long chase, they took a three days' supply of water with them in large calabashes. By luck, the wounded bull led the guides right across our trail. They found one of our dying boys, then hurried along for us.

When I came to, they were dripping water down our throats and on our heads. The poor mules were licking it off.

Don't try to tell me America is dry. You don't know what thirst is!

THE END

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece *for* Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 51

One leg of chair at the left of the table does not match the others.

Necklace worn by the woman at the left is disconnected.

Handle is missing from one of the teacups.

Woman standing in front of the table has only one leg.

Strap is missing from the same woman's handbag.

Girl at the right of the table is applying powder with a shaving brush.

Same girl is looking at the back of her vanity case instead of in the mirror.

Same girl is wearing man's drawers instead of a skirt.

A leg is missing from a chair at the right of the table.

Border design on the table cloth is not uniform.

A Woman can Change

A Short Short Story

By

KARL W. DETZER

a Hoosier who now lives in Northern Michigan. Before he began to write fiction he was soldier, detective, photographer, sales manager, and reporter. He says he doesn't play golf, but that rolling to action with a city fire department is his idea of diversion.

IT'S too bad, the old woman said, how you nag your Jim to get another job. Makes me think of your father's cousin Hildy. She was always finding fault with her husband, too. You look like her a little. You've got her mouth. . . . No, you never saw her.

She was a milliner. She married Chris Holseth up in Red Apple River, Michigan. Chris was a fisherman. Fished with nets. Sailed out to deep water one day and set 'em, and next day lifted 'em full of fish. He was quite a churchgoer, too.

Hildy was one of those traveling milliners. You don't see the kind any more. She trimmed hats all winter, and in the spring packed 'em in trunks and took the train round the country towns and sold the hats. That's how she met Chris. She went to Red Apple River that year from Big Rapids, and Chris used to loaf in the grocery where she showed her stock.

The first day she was there, she asked: "Any of you gents change a five-dollar bill?"

"Sure," Chris said, and the next week she married him.

Pretty fast? Yes. But that wasn't the trouble. The trouble was with Hildy. She'd traveled round. Sure, just little towns, but a train's a train, and Hildy liked to ride, and didn't mean to live in one place all her life. Especially in winter. Winters are hard at Red Apple. Ice always stays until April, and the wind blows forever. Chris didn't mind weather. He was born to it, and he thought it nice enough just having a woman in his house. He was pretty far gone on Hildy. It's like that, sometimes, when you don't get married till forty.

Well, Hildy couldn't stand it—even one winter. She began to scold. Oh, about this and that. You know how. I heard you at it this morning. Chris was a great fellow for keeping his mouth shut. Something like your Jim. Only Chris had a meek way of saying, "Oh?" instead of swearing. He'd listen to Hildy just so long, then he'd go down to the lake and talk to the gulls.

Gulls? You know what I mean—the big birds that always fly round a fish shanty after the cleanings. Chris thought a lot of his gulls. Oh, not more than he did of Hildy. No, I told you he was pretty far gone on her, just as Jim used to be on you.

THE second winter Hildy said: "I'll go crazy if I have to stay cooped up." So they went down to Chicago and rented some furnished rooms on the west side and Chris worked on a street car. He wasn't happy.

"A man can't take much leeway with two steel rails," he'd say. And she'd answer:

"Maybe not, but think of the movies. Can't see movies in Red Apple."

She loved it, of course. Chris kept at it till spring. But soon as it came time for the ice to break along Red Apple, he just naturally had to go back.

Fishing was good, too. Some days he brought in high as two thousand pounds. That suited Hildy all right in warm weather, but when the fall winds began to blow, she took on again about another job. They went to Toledo. Chris didn't argue, just hauled out his boat and went. Work was scarce there. By spring they didn't have a cent and Hildy was glad enough to get back to Red Apple.

The next winter they tried Flint, and Chris got a job in the car factory and Hildy went to the movies. The next winter he worked in a knitting mill in Grand Rapids, and after that he went wherever she took a notion—Cincinnati, Detroit, Battle Creek, Florida, and twice down to Milwaukee. They did that nine winters, and each time they left Red Apple Hildy told the neighbors they'd never come back. And each year soon as Chris smelled spring he had to see his boat and the gulls.

Hildy could scold almost as well as you can by that time. She blamed Chris for not sticking at anything.

"You can't keep a job," she told him. Well, he couldn't—the kind she wanted. But that fall when she said, "We go next week," he just answered:

"Oh?" and went down to his fish shanty and decided he wouldn't leave. He told Hildy so that night. "I don't aim to go away from the lakes again," he said, and right away she began to talk divorce.

Chris'd been brought up strict, and divorce didn't set well in his church. But when he tried to tell Hildy that, she said: "I guess what you believe won't make much difference to a judge. A judge'll put you to work and keep you at it. He'll make you turn a share over to me every week the rest of your life, and only one thing'll stop it."

"What's that?" Chris asked.

"Death," Hildy said.

DEATH didn't sound so bad as divorce to Chris. He thought about it all night, and got up next morning looking like a drowned whitefish, and told Hildy he'd go south with her. He'd do anything except have a divorce. Only he wanted to set nets one more time.

"There's always good money in the last catch," he reminded her.

It was blowing and foggy. Nobody else dared go out. But Chris took four net boxes and plenty of gasoline and went. The storm struck about ten o'clock. It lasted three days and nights, and the other fishing women didn't let Hildy go to bed. They sat up with her, drinking tea. And the fourth day a green screen off a starboard side light washed ashore five miles south of town, with some boards the men agreed were out of Chris' cabin roof.

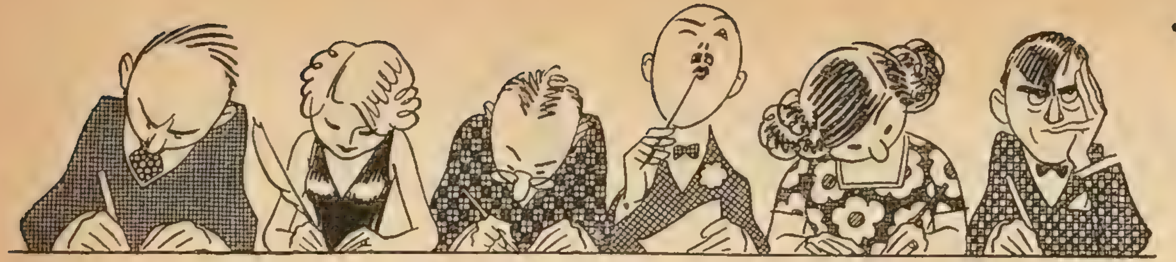
The preacher made a lot of fuss in his funeral sermon. He said: "Chris Holseth gave his life for this woman, trying to bring in a last catch."

Well, Hildy sold the house and fish shanty for nineteen hundred dollars, and she fixed herself some mourning and went down to Chicago. But she isn't any happier now than she was before, from what I hear. . . . Why, sure, you're a whole lot like her. That's what I told you at the start. . . . Well, maybe— Yes, I guess you're right. Nobody needs to be a scold. It's true a woman can change if she wants to. But don't bawl. And don't tell me how bad you feel. Tell Jim. He looked pretty white this morning, the way you sent him off. . . .

No, no, they didn't find Chris' body. Of course not. They couldn't. He's living over in Wisconsin now, right across lake from Red Apple. . . . Alive? Why, yes.

It was Hildy's talk about death put it in his head. He couldn't stand the idea of divorce, but 'twas all right to be dead, so he just pitched the screen and some roof boards into the lake to make it look as if he'd sunk, then he crossed over and located in Wisconsin. I saw him last summer. We stopped in his town for gas, driving north, and he'd just come in with a lift of trout. He didn't mind me finding him. He knows I won't tell.

THE END



Vox

Explaining, in Some Detail, Just Where the U. S. Air Force Gets Off At

DAYTON, OHIO—I have been reading quite a lot of war stories featured in your magazine and the thought has come to me that the American public must think the aviators won the war, judging by the amount of extraordinary fighting and exterminating that has been going on in Liberty—a lot of it done by General Mitchell and Elliott White Springs.

General Mitchell and Elliott White Springs do not understand the horrors of war—cannot even visualize what the infantry went through.

For four years life was exciting(?) living in holes in the ground, sometimes with mud up to the waist. The popular idea of having good times with the French mademoiselles is erroneous. Good times were few and far between, as most of the time our life was spent in villages and trenches where all civilians had evacuated, and often it was months before we saw a civilian, let alone a good-looking girl.

Our division served with the French and the Americans at Château-Thierry in September, 1918, under General Berthelot, but compared with previous experiences we found the Germans by that time were on the run and it was harder to keep up with them than anything else.

According to General Mitchell, however, the British at that time did not count in the picture, and the fact that they had between seven and eight million men fighting on all fronts made no difference to the result, which would have been a complete defeat of the allied forces had not General Mitchell and his Air Forces arrived on the western front.

I have written this letter as a sort of protest against some of General Mitchell's remarks slighting the British, which, of course, includes the Scottish regiments, and not to disparage the American soldier in any way. But General Mitchell should be sportsman enough to admit that the winning of the war was a coördination of all the allied forces, and that the Anzacs, South Africans, Canadians, Tommies, and Jocks were even with the men from the U. S. A. in courage, morale, and intelligence during the fighting on the western front.—*J. McD. Sturton, late Capt. 4th Seaforth Highlanders.*

WINNIPEG, CAN.—Have just finished reading General Mitchell's story of Rickenbacker.

Hats off to Rickenbacker as an aviator! The same to Lufbery and Luke—but General Mitchell makes a blunder.

In the end of his story he says: ". . . the fighting pilots in the American aviation in the Great War proved to the world that they were second to none"—when, as a matter of fact, the records of five Canadian aviators topped the list of any nation in the war.—*Canuck.*

Well, Cheerio Yourself, Old Top, and See How You Like It

TORONTO, CAN.—Your stories are jolly good but the characters have such putrid morals and, oh yes, old chap, why not let the bally war drop? You know your 2,000,000 warriors were a fearful worry to us in 1918. They were so very crude indeed, as soldiers, but Marshal Foch certainly achieved a master stroke when he sicked them on the Argonne Forest.

As he remarked to Clemenceau, "What shall I do with these impossible Americans—they will not be brigaded with us or the English. They are an embarrassment. Ah, I have the solution! England has sent their terrible navy up to the arctic to lay mines and I will send their army into the Argonne Forest. They will not be in much danger; they can play hide and seek and write home about their awful adventures."

Friend, this may seem the bunk, as you people say, but I can assure you there is much truth in it and you can believe me when I tell you that all we wished you to do was to declare war on Germany for the moral effect. We were too busy winning the war to desire the job of feeding, clothing, drilling, arming, and generally wet-nursing the nondescript mob you wished on us.

You did one thing, though—you caused faces to wreath in smiles that had forgotten how to. When your troops appeared in France with their tight tunics and funny little leggings a gale of laughter rolled over the front from Switzerland to the North Sea. I even laughed myself, by Jove. Well, cheerio.—*A Bloody Englishman.*

Or Maybe They Just Like Alleys

BOISE, IDAHO—If all the Vox Poppers who vow they are never going to buy your "d—— magazine" again really mean it, wotinell keeps up the circulation? I'll bet a dime to a whole doughnut (including the hole) that the people we bump into in dark alleys are those same people headed for the nearest news stand to get their copy.—*J. Stanley Mackenzie.*

Now Is That a Friendly Crack?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why not advertise as you drink, dear Liberty? For instance: Wanted: Six drunken printers with pre-Volstead experience. Must come well soused.—*S. O. Long.*

Yes, Yes—Go On

OCEAN PARK, CALIF.—Once, Liberty published a short short story by a contributor who was *not* a newspaper man. —*W. P. Johnson.*

You Asked for It, Mr. Powers

DURHAM, N. C.—Will you please publish this for the benefit of our much sought-after bachelor, Mr. George A. Powers? He is the gentleman whose letter recently glorified Vox Pop.

He stated that, because he's unmarried, there must be, somewhere, some woman who must get along without a home maintained by a man—and that this thought just tickled him pink.

I am a modern girl old enough to have voted for Mr. Hoover last presidential election, still single and "waitin' for some one of them thar wonderful critters called men to come along and marry me, and it just nacherly breaks my heart to hear Mr. Powers say that he ain't gonna marry nobody, 'cause I done had my cap set for him long 'fore I got to the bottom of his letter."

Honestly, Mr. Editor, it just burns me up to hear these conceited men, who think that all they have to do is to ask a girl to marry them and have her fall on their neck with gratitude, express their opinion of the ways girls feel about marriage.

Maybe there are some poor fools who will take anything that happens along, just to be able to say that they have a man—but, thank heavens, this is not the average American girl! We girls of today make, on an average, the same salaries the men do, we now have the freedom that only the men used to enjoy, we have opportunities for travel and a career that, at one time, were unheard of—so why should we chain ourselves to a male, a kitchen stove, a broom, and a dish pan for the rest of our days?

I'm tellin' you that's not my idea of livin'.—*Margaret Carrington, a modern American girl and darn proud of it.*

Sweetness, and Light, Eh?

NEW MARTINSVILLE, W. VA.—I read a great deal of "heavy" stuff, and when I pick up Liberty it is like sugar in my coffee.—*J. W. H.*

The Farther You Move the Better We'll Like It, Peg

LINCOLN, NEB.—I have figgered out how to bust into Liberty: 1. Write from Hootchy-Kootchy, China, or some other foreign place. 2. Have a famous name. 3. Take a swipe at prohibition.

What's the chance of getting on your staff permanently if I move to Siam and change my name to G. K. Chesterton? Can arrange my views on prohibition to suit.—*Peg.*

All Little Hyenas Together

SUPERIOR, WIS.—Let's have more animal stories by Paul Annixter. The roars of the lions were a welcome relief after the howls of the Vox Poppers. The only way to treat the latter is to do what the hyenas did—laugh.—*Mary Cash.*

Pop

The Case of Mr. Sutherland and Mr. Mooney

TOLEDO, OHIO—Your Mr. Sutherland has certainly not tried to do Tom Mooney any good. I have read the three articles you have printed—Sutherland's report on the affair, Tom Mooney's letter, and Sutherland's statement, and my impression of each article, respectively, is: strong—stronger—weak.

It is very evident, also, that Tom Mooney knows his subject better than Sutherland.—*K. L. Lewis.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—You have done well. Your fairness in publishing two sides of the Mooney affair is certainly commendable. I always like to see two sides to public events. It gives me the chance to weigh matters myself.

Congratulations, Liberty! You've won another fan, ardent and sincere.—*Edward Schmidt.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Your article by Mr. Sutherland on the Mooney case was horrible, unfair, and everything but the truth. So I am glad that Liberty had the fairness, the decency, and tolerance to publish Mr. Mooney's own letter. It speaks well for your weekly.

I have known Tom Mooney for more than twenty-five years and he is the dreamer, the idealist type of radical who probably had as much to do with the San Francisco affair as you or I.

I also think it would be fine if Liberty would get a man to California who would have an open mind and who would go into the matter for its millions of readers.—*Nicholas Klein.*

What! Flies in San Diego?

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I know of nothing more refreshing than taking a late issue of Liberty, and lounging near the bay window of our California home, overlooking the beautiful San Diego harbor.

The view is really wonderful, the Liberty—so convenient for swatting flies.—*W. W. A.*

Independent Audit

NASHVILLE, TENN.—I believe you pay your prize winners, because I have figured up what one week's issue brings in, to say nothing of advertising revenue. So I find you're *able* to pay.—*Mrs. R. L. Brown.*

It Must Have Been a Couple of Other Fellows

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In Part Two of the serial entitled " Slim," appearing in your issue of May 24, there is one point which I should like to have you clarify for me, if you will.

On page 48, at the upper part of the second column, it reads: " He picked up his brief case and began to button his pigskin gloves. Neither he nor the baroness had condescended to remove their gloves while in the shop."

Near the end of this same column it reads: " Slim sucked his knuckles ruefully. He had always been a one-punch fighter, and this was his punch. But he had bad hands."

Now the question is, when did Slim remove his gloves—or was he sucking his knuckles through the pigskin gloves?

Maybe it was only an oversight.—*W. J. Hickory.*

What Goes On When the Lights Go Out?

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Have thoroughly enjoyed reading the short short stories ever since same were inaugurated in your magazine, but of all the stories I have ever read, " Round Heels " was the most impossible. No one can ever convince me that anyone has as many sensations after taking an anæsthetic.

And, anyway, what was it all about? I could not get the gist of same. Where was the story? Maybe I am *dum*, but for once I believe that Liberty is *dummer* for having published a story like this.

Razzberries, etc.—*An Usual Booster.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Recipe for adding two million to your circulation: Print another story like " Round Heels." And then another.—*Jake.*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. — Houston Day's short short, " Round Heels," was interesting and made a swell bedtime story, but . . . I'm afraid Mr. Day never had the misfortune to take an anæsthetic.

Let an old-timer, with two major operations and a minor to her credit, tell anyone interested that to take an anæsthetic is to go out . . . phf-f-f-t . . . like a light!

No merry dreams of days gone by clutter up the ether, nor are you aware of pains, stabbing or otherwise.

Come over, some time, Mr. Day, and let me tell you about *my* operation!—*Barbara Barry.*

Male Voice

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—You seem to be in a fair way to lose about 50 per cent of your trade. And anybody who prints " raves " about Rudy Vallée deserves to.

He may be a Vagabond Lover to you folks, but to most of us—well, shucks!—*A Man.*

For Mr. Benchley

BUFFALO, N. Y.—I think he is great—wonderful—marvelous! Who? Why, Robert Benchley, of course, with his delightful titbits of humor. He is my idea of a real humorist. Why not exert your influence and get him to work overtime?

No fooling, he's good.—*Georgianne Gross.*

Punctuality

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—I was very much interested in your editorial in Liberty of May 24, headed, " Punctuality."

I have often wondered how many persons really know what that word means. I have often thought if there is a breed of humans in the world who should be chloroformed and placed out of their misery, it is the nondescripts who will come in to a theater after the curtain has gone up.

I have often thought that if there is any class of people who are able to go to a theater and are unable to get there by at least 8:30, or before the curtain goes up, they should go back home and start dressing for the next night.

In my opinion a great lot of this stuff is a mere pose. Some of these human disturbers like to get in the theater about the time of the first intermission so they can be gazed at by the audience.

If they could know what some of the audience thought of them they would come in when the house was dark.—*Charles F. Moyer.*

Coupla Thoughts for Showing Mr. Thrasher a Good Time

WADENA, MINN.—For the Love o' Mike please have the police dog on your May 24 cover eat these two kids and then, if he still lives and feels well, turn him on Leslie Thrasher.—*Stan Maher.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—If your Mr. Thrasher wants any new ideas tell him to come over and meet Gwendolyn in the flesh, except that our " new neighbor " is called Mary Lou.

This morning her mother had to pull her out of the garbage can which stands in the rear of my house. Only her head and arms were visible and I didn't care to see the rest.

She amuses herself by eating worms, bugs, etc., besides throwing rocks at puppies as an outdoor sport.

The funny part of it is that she is still too young to read or even to understand pictures so none of the credit (?) belongs to Mr. Thrasher.—*Mrs. Chas. E. Barber.*

Shut In—But Locking Outward

CLAREMONT, N. H.—I am eighty-three years old and do your cross word puzzles every week. Being housed, they are my opera, my theater, and my fancy ball.

I hold up both hands for Leslie Thrasher. He is a star and knows more about men, women, and children than any other person living. Give him all the space he wants.—*Abbie J. Field.*

Okay

FT. SMITH, ARK.—Just keep Liberty the way it is, and every week I'll gladly trade my nickel for ten dollars' worth of good reading.—*C. E. Stamps.*

Limericks Again!

LET'S GO!

Liberty will pay

$500 a week

for the good old game

WELL, folks, the Vacation Special is on its way. Liberty Limericks Limited you might call it, though there really is nothing limited about it. Anybody can get aboard.

Last week we offered you a chance to get a little vacation money and at the same time play a game that's lots of fun. Here we are again with another chance. We are reviving the good old game of Limericks, and we are going to give you a whirl at it every week until further notice.

It couldn't be simpler. Each week we shall print a Limerick, with the last line missing. You supply the last line—and that's all there is to it!

You know the famous Limericks, of course—like the one about the pelican, whose bill can hold more than his belly can. Well, these will be in the same form, and your last line must rhyme with the first two.

It's an easy, fascinating game, and everyone can play it.

For the best last lines sent in by readers, we are going to pay

$500 a Week *in* Five Big Cash Prizes

Here Is This Week's Limerick:

Said Grace, " My vacation this year
Will be kinda funny, I fear.
I'm all in a daze
With this Limerick craze—

. . . .
(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, June 21. The results from this Limerick will be printed four weeks from today.

And the prizes will be divided as follows:

First Prize, $250

Second Prize, $100—Third Prize, $75

Fourth Prize, $50—Fifth Prize, $25

Now read the rules on this page, study the Limerick that needs a last line, get out the old pencil, and GO TO IT!

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK AND $500 MORE IN PRIZES NEXT WEEK

News...if you drive a

Ford Model A Hudson
De Soto Dodge
Essex Reo

A new grade of Mobiloil is offered to scientifically meet the lubrication problem of your car . . .

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930		1929		1928		1927	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	....	....	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" 8-80	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.6, Sp.6, Twin Ig.6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	...	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

In the cars listed above, and in certain models of other cars listed in the chart at the left, we recommend the use of the new Mobiloil "AF"—

Because—it will stand up better under the higher engine temperatures of today's fast driving, and last longer.

Because—it is heavier in body than Mobiloil "A" and lighter than Mobiloil "BB".

Because—it is made by the makers of the world's leading quality oils.

Because—it is the result of thorough engine and lubrication study by the most experienced staff of lubrication scientists in the world.

Because—it is made by the vacuum process in the world's most modern lubrication plants.

Because—it is made from the world's finest crudes, selected by the outstanding authorities on scientific lubrication.

Because—it sells at 30 cents a quart (35 cents in Southwest, Mountain, and Far Western States).

Add to the performance of your good car, the improved performance *correct lubrication* can give it. Let your Mobiloil dealer drain your crankcase today and refill with this outstanding new lubricant.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

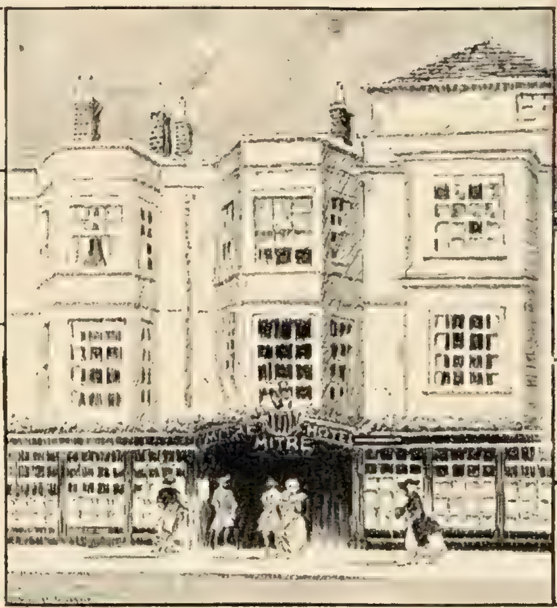
Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Ask here
for
GARGOYLE
Mobiloil

Mobiloil "AF"

WHEN OXFORD BOYS WENT ROISTERING



loud rang the rafters at the Sign of the Mitre Inn

Books tossed aside . . . these blue bloods of England's ancient 'Varsity knew where one tankard of ale was sure to be as sweet as the next . . . where they'd find feasting and drinking . . . merriness worthy of "Merrie England." It used to be, "Ho, to the Sign of the Mitre Inn in Oxford town." But those were other days . . . now we live to a faster tempo . . . we eat in a hurry and look to our vitamins . . .

today for good food and tall glasses of the best malted milk we go to the Sign of the Red Borden Diamond.

WE SERVE
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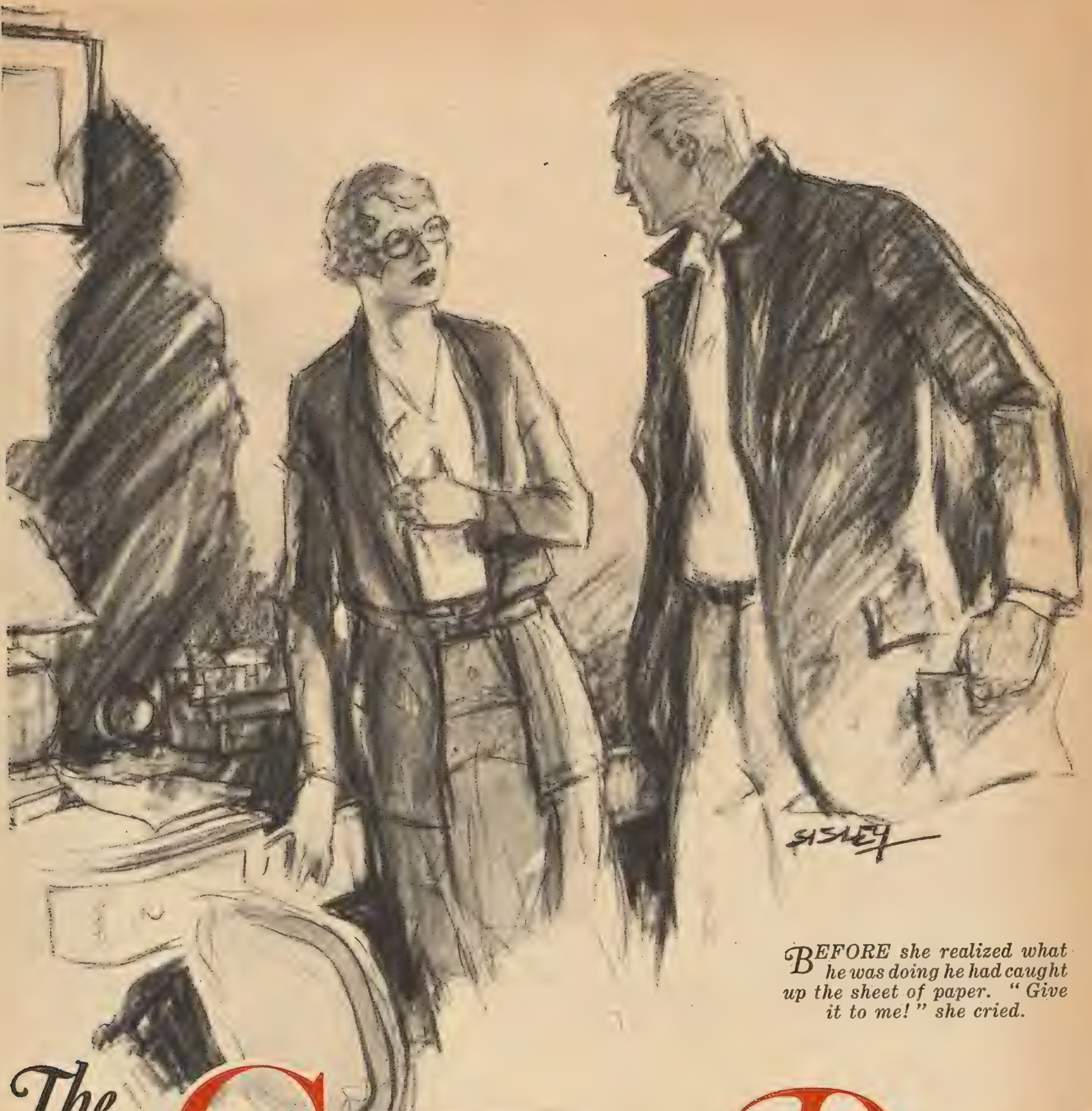
THE IMPROVED
MALTED
MILK
All flavors
Delicious

For the Red Diamond is the Sign of the most delicious and invigorating of all malted milks. . . . . The quality of Borden's Malted Milk and its extra richness make this sign worth looking for. . . . . No wonder we enjoy a satisfying lunch or restore our energy quickly in late afternoon at Diamond Fountains where everything is of the best and we are sure to find Borden's Malted Milk.



BEFORE she realized what he was doing he had caught up the sheet of paper. "Give it to me!" she cried.

The Chain of Death

The Story of a House of Mystery

By

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

A FAINT rain had begun to fall and Old Portland stood still for a few moments, glad to feel it cold on his face. Before him he could see lights in the upper windows of the house, and he thought it must have been the same the night Emery was shot: lights, hurry, tears, and a great dread.

He felt certain that Barrow was already dead, or dying. He was sorry for that, in a dim way; or rather he knew he was going to be sorry, when he had time. But just now there were other things that must be thought of and done.

The police would have to be notified, and Stevens arrested.

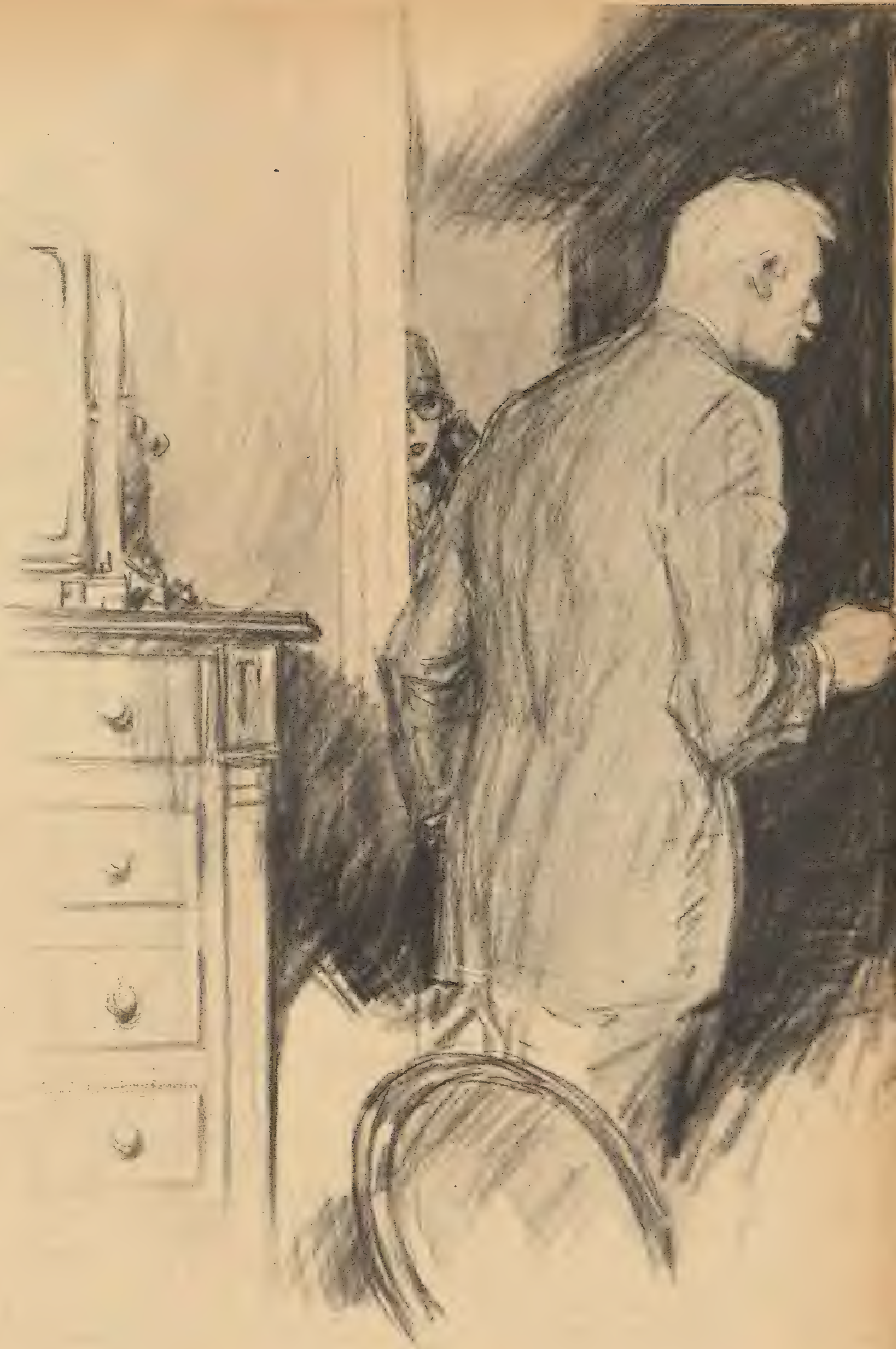
"But I'm going to tell Lydia first," he thought. "I'll give her time to make any arrangements she wants."

For, with Stevens captured or even under suspicion, the whole story must be revealed. The police would want to know why Stevens should have attacked a guest in the house; they would ask questions. . . .

He set off across the lawn again. Downstairs the house was as he had left it—tranquil; only one soft light in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Cont'd from page sixty-seven



hall; and he heard none of the sounds from overhead which he had expected, no footsteps, no doors opening and closing, no voices.

It worried him unreasonably. It seemed to him as if this tragedy, too, were to be hastily buried, somehow made plausible to the world—as if this chain of death were still being forged, link after link, by invisible hands.

He mounted the stairs. The hall upstairs was quiet, too, and all the doors closed. But, at the sound of his step, Elsie Evans came out of Barrow's room. She was fully dressed, and on her face was a look harder, more bitter, than he had seen before.

“ Oh! It's you! ” she said.

“ Is—Barrow—? ” he asked.

“ He's getting on,” she said briefly.

“ Getting on? You mean—”

“ I mean that I've been left alone to look after him! ” she interrupted vehemently. “ Everyone else is ‘ tired.’ But I'm too poor to be tired. I'm to stay up all night—”

“ Then he's not dead! ” said Old Portland, with a long sigh of relief. “ I suppose the doctor'll be here any moment.”

“ There's not going to be any doctor,” said Elsie. “ It's not necessary.”

WITHOUT ceremony, he took her by the arm and moved her aside, and went into the room. Barrow still lay there. He certainly was breathing, and groaning faintly, but there was a sickly, dreadful pallor on his face; he looked to Clement like a man half dead already.

“ You'll have to get a doctor,” he said sharply. “ Don't you realize—”

“ Tell Lydia, then,” said Elsie. “ It's her business, not mine.”

He shrank from that task.

“ I'll take the responsibility myself,” he said. “ Who was that fellow they had before? ”

Even as he spoke, he realized that calling in the doctor was equivalent to calling the police.

“ Does—Lydia know—the condition he's in? ” he asked.

“ She's been in here,” Elsie answered. “ She cried, and got faint, and did all the other proper things. Then she asked me if I'd stay and look after him, and she's gone back to bed.”

“ Any idea what's the matter with him? ”

“ I've been studying medicine for two years,” she said. “ I dare say I know that much. He's been chloroformed—and he doesn't react very well.”

He was silent for a moment.

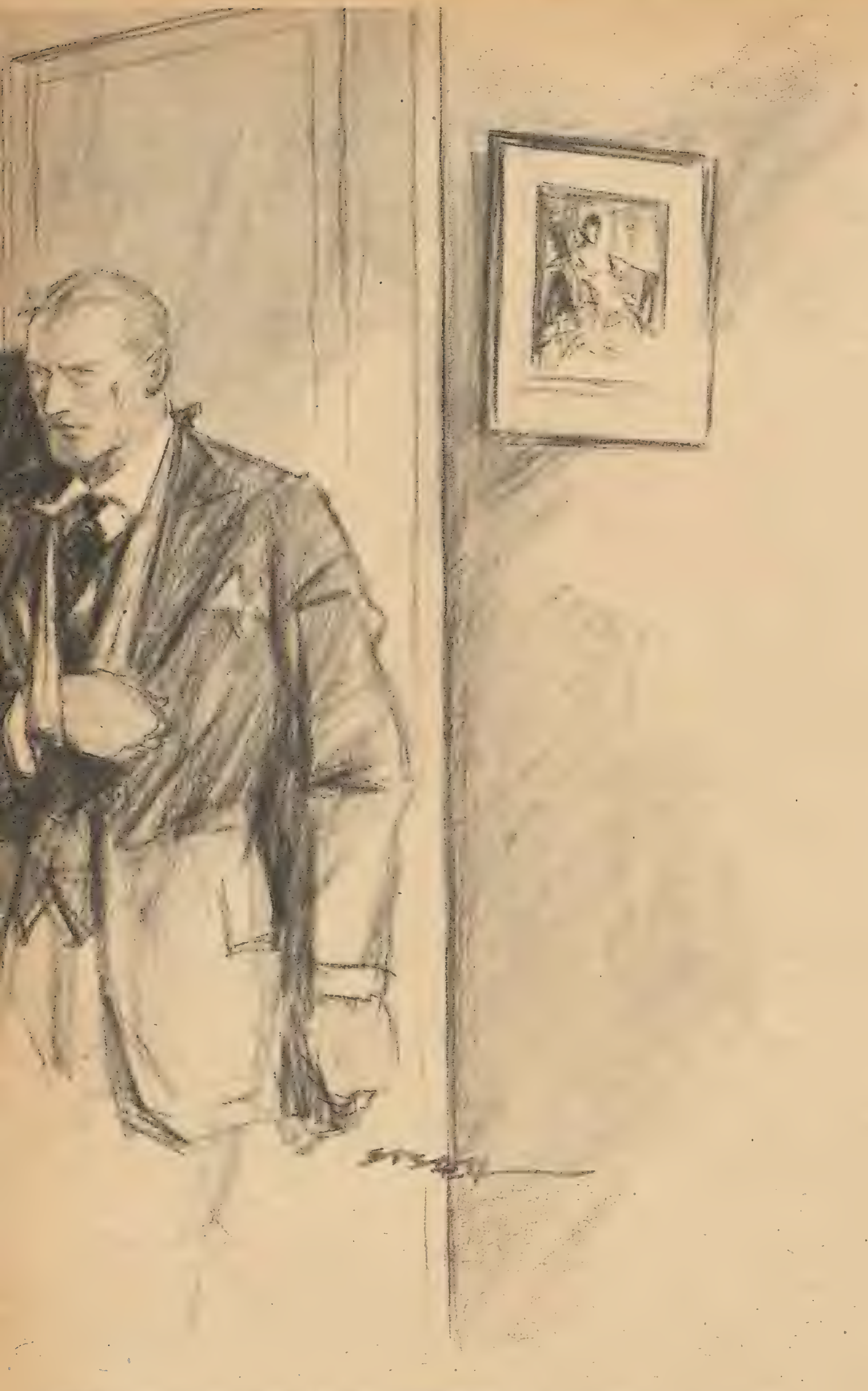
“ I've got to speak to Lydia,” he was thinking.

Then, without a word, he went out into the hall, to Lydia's room, and knocked at the door. It was opened by Lois, still in her dressing gown.

“ Lois,” he said, “ I'll have to speak to her.”

Their eyes met.

“ All right! ” she said. “ Come in! ”



Clement could not repress an exclamation. For Snow's face was contorted with pain; there was a cut on his cheek bone; he had one arm in a clumsy sling.

Lydia, in a black fur-trimmed negligee, was lying on the bed with her eyes closed; but as he drew nearer she opened them and sat up straight.

"He's not worse?" she cried.

"I don't think so. I don't know. But . . . Lydia . . . don't you *see?* It's—absolutely necessary to send for a doctor."

"But Elsie says he'll be quite all right in the morning."

"We'll hope so. But, Lydia! Don't you want the poor devil to have proper attention?"

"Yes . . ." she said. "Only—Elsie says she can look after him. And if the doctor comes . . . We've had so much—talk—already . . . Oh, Barty! If he is quite all right in the morning, what is the use of making more trouble and misery?"

"D'you think he'll be satisfied to let matters drop?"

"Oh, I'm sure he will!"

"Lydia, do you know who did this?"

"Why, no," she said. "How could I know, Barty?"

"Then why do you feel so sure Barrow will let it drop? If it is a thief, for instance, why should he simply let him go?"

"Oh, Barty!" she cried despairingly. "Why can't you—let well enough alone?"

He could have smiled at her choice of words.

"It doesn't seem to be very 'well,'" he said. "Please face this thing. Barrow's subpœnaed to appear at the inquest tomorrow—"

"He'll be able to go. Elsie said so!"

"It's possible that Elsie's mistaken. He looks—pretty bad to me. Suppose he dies?"

Her hand flew to her heart; her dark eyes widened.

"YOU'VE got to face it," he went on. "Barrow has been attacked under your roof. He's getting no medical care—and his assailant is having all the time he wants for making his escape."

"If you'll just wait—until Jack's better . . . Perhaps he won't want to—prosecute . . ."

"You know who the man is?"

This time she did not answer. The room was quiet. He heard a little clock ticking briskly. Lois stood by the window, looking out.

"Barty," said Lydia at last, "I'll—leave it to you. You must do as you think best."

With all his soul he protested against that. It was intolerable, to make him responsible for her ruin. But he said nothing. She was lying back again, her eyes closed, her face drawn with fatigue, helpless and without hope. And he was to take the steps to set in motion the inexorable machinery that would send her — heaven knew where. . . .

He turned away, went out of the room and back to Barrow. As soon as he entered, he was aware of a strong smell of chloroform.

"Funny I didn't notice it before," he thought.

He went over to the bedside. Elsie was not in the room. Barrow lay there as before, still with that deadly pallor on his face. But surely there had not been this reek of chloroform before! . . .

He thought he understood now. He crossed the hall and knocked on Snow's door; waited, knocked again; and presently it was opened. The room was dark, and Clement perceived here a new and unmistakable smell—the smell of whisky.

"See here, Snow," he said. "I'd like you to come and sit with Barrow for a while. He's—"

"Can't," said Snow unsteadily. "I had a filthy tooth-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page sixty-nine

ache, and I—took a drop too much. No good—to anyone—just present. . . . S-sorry, old man. . . .”

His door closed, and Clement stood in the hall, thinking fast. He was not sure where Elsie's room was, but he believed it was round the corner of the corridor, and he went there. From under a door he saw a ribbon of light; he knocked and she answered.

“It's Clement,” he said.

“What do you want?”

“I want you,” he said.

He heard a chair pushed back, and he turned the handle and opened the door. He found her just risen from a table where she had been writing, and before she realized what he was doing he had caught up the sheet of paper lying there.

“Give it to me!” she cried.

“Sit down and keep quiet!” he threatened, and to his relief she obeyed.

Then he looked at the paper:

> You must get away at once, before Jack has a chance to tell. You *must*. I know he means—

That was all, but it was a good deal.

“So you've been adding a little more chloroform, eh?” he said. “Just to help things along?”

She did not answer, but her eyes met his steadily.

“Who's the note for?” he asked.

She smiled a little, and remained silent.

“Do you realize what you've let yourself in for?” he went on. “Now I'll certainly call in a doctor, and he'll have to know. If Barrow dies—”

“He won't die,” she said scornfully. “I can bring him round in half an hour if I want.”

“Then you'd better want.”

“I will,” she said, “if you'll agree not to send for a doctor.”

“I'll agree to wait half an hour.”

“Give me my note!”

He shook his head and put the note into his pocket. He had not even begun to think of this new development; he was for the moment almost incapable of thinking.

“Come along!” he said. “I'll go with you—and stay with you for half an hour. Then, if I'm satisfied . . .”

They returned to Barrow's room, and Elsie fetched a jug of cold water.

“Is she in love with Stevens?” he thought. “She must know who did this. . . . But she probably doesn't know yet that he's got away. She wanted to warn him. . . .”

He had taken out his pipe to light it, but in his overpowering weariness he forgot it, sat with it in his hand. He couldn't think just now. Elsie was moving quietly about the room.

“Got to keep an eye on her,” he thought. “She's capable of trying that trick again, under my nose. She's—”

Something thick descended over his head. He struggled to rise, but the sickly sweet scent of chloroform was in his nostrils, stealing into his brain. He kicked over the chair; he raised his hands to tear off the suffocating thing over his head. But he was finished. . . .

HE was aroused by a sharp slap on the cheek, and, opening his eyes with a great effort, he saw Lois kneeling beside him.

“Say something!” she commanded; and, when he could not comply, the wet towel she held descended again and struck his face.

“Damn it! Stop that!” he cried angrily.

He imagined then that he saw her begin to cry, but he felt too sick to care. He closed his eyes and silently endured the waves of nausea that swept over him.

“Uncle Barty!” he heard her urgent voice in his ear. “Just tell me what's the right thing to do for you. . . . *Please* open your eyes!”

He managed to do so, and he saw that she was undoubtedly crying—tears raining down her cheeks.

“Do you want brandy, angel?” she sobbed, staring anxiously at him. “Or hot coffee—or ice—or something?”

What he really wanted was to be let alone, but he did not care to tell her that. He patted her hand, and lay still for a moment, remembering. . . .

“Barrow?” he said, so suddenly that the girl jumped.

“I don't know . . .” she answered dubiously. “I don't know much about sickness and things like that.”

He struggled up on one elbow. He was still there in Barrow's room. The lights were on; it was still night.

“What time is it?”

“Nearly two.”

“Where's Elsie?”

“She's gone.”

“You mean—left the house?”

“Yep. Her hat and coat and bag are all gone.”

He succeeded in getting to his feet with her assistance, but he very hastily sat down again. She opened the window wide, and he drew deep breaths.

“Let's have a look at Barrow,” he said, rising.

“Lean on me, angel,” said Lois.

With a faint smile, he ruffled her hair, and crossed the room, unsupported. Barrow lay there, still groaning.

“A little while ago he got awful,” said Lois. “He flounced and yelled and tried to hit me when I held him. I—he looks—pretty bad, doesn't he?”

It seemed to Old Portland that he looked very bad indeed.

“We'll have to get a doctor at once, Lois,” he said.

“I know. I tried. But someone's cut the telephone wire.”

His head was clearing now, the nausea and giddiness leaving him. Neither he nor Lois wasted any words upon the *fait accompli*. If the wire was cut, it was cut.

“MY car's still there,” he said. “I'll drive to the doctor's.”

“No; I'll go—”

“No!” said he, in the arbitrary voice which had carried instant conviction on his ship and in his office. But his niece was unimpressed.

“Listen first to the reasons,” she said severely. “In the first place, I don't think I can manage Barrow—if he gets that way again. He's delirious. I had a bad time—and he may get worse.”

“Get Lydia to help you.”

“Lydia!” she said with a sort of sorrowful gravity.

“Snow.”

“I've tried him. He won't even open his door. Just yells that he's ‘no good.’”

“Well, there are three servants.”

“And they're going to stay where they are,” said Lois. “There's no knowing what Jack will say.”

“I'll tie him—”

“I wish you weren't so obstinate,” said she. “Even apart from Jack, you don't know the way to the doctor's. I'll get there in half the time.”

He could not deny that she was right; yet the thought of her going off alone at this hour was unbearable to him.

“We're wasting time,” said she. “I'm going.”

“I'll go out to the garage with you.”

“You can't leave Jack.”

“I can,” he said; and without further hesitation he tied the unconscious man's ankles together with a towel, tied another towel to that one and knotted it firmly to the foot of the bed; then he poured water on the knots.

“It'll take a bit of doing to undo *that*,” he remarked. “And I'll hurry back. Come along!”

She went into her room, and came out wearing a leather coat and a small hat, with her bare feet thrust into shoes. With extreme disapproval he observed that she wore silk pyjamas.

“You'll take cold,” he said.

She did not even bother to answer that. They went downstairs quietly, and out of the front door.

“How did you happen to find me?” he asked, as they were crossing the lawn.

“Well, after I'd got poor Lydia asleep, I wanted to see how Jack was getting on. The room was all dark. I called to Elsie, but there wasn't any answer. And I heard

Jack groaning. . . . So I turned on the light, and I saw you lying on the floor. That was just about the final straw. I thought that if anything had happened to *you* . . ." She paused. "I'm going to take one of those first-aid courses," she went on. "It is—horrible not knowing what to do. I ran to telephone to the doctor, and I found the wire cut. So I tried to remember what people did in books and plays. I put water on your face, and I tried flicking you with a wet towel. . . . Did Elsie do it?"

"Couldn't have been anyone else."

"But why?"

"I don't quite know. But now—"

"Now it'll have to come out," she said, with immeasurable regret in her voice. "I suppose there's no way that we can stop it?"

"No way, Lois," he said.

There was a silence.

"And Elsie did that to Jack, too?"

"That's a little obscure. I caught sight of a man in the room. He jumped from the window, and I saw him lying on the ground. But when I got there he was gone, and a moment afterward the car drove out of the garage."

"But why should Stevens do that? To—help—her?"

"I don't know," he said. "Well, here we are!"

THE garage door was still open and the lights on. He made for his own car, and was looking to see how much gasoline the tank held, when he heard a sound.

"Just a moment!" he said, and ran up the stairs. He glanced into the upper room, closed the door, and ran down again.

"Hop in!" he said. "And drive carefully. Don't, on any account, stop or speak to anyone, and bring the doctor back with you. Don't—"

"I was driving cars before you were born," said his niece, in a good imitation of his own manner, and drove out of the garage.

He went upstairs again and opened the door.

"Come!" he said briefly.

Elsie Evans stood facing him.

"I won't!" she said.

But he had already discovered that her defiance was a flimsy thing.

"See here!" he said. "I have no time to waste. If you won't come willingly, I'll have to make you."

She shrugged her shoulders, and picked up her bag. He took it from her, and they set off together.

"Elsie," he said, "I'll help you—if I can, if you'll explain."

She made no answer.

"Lois has gone for the doctor. You can see what that means. For God's sake, you poor little devil, tell me the whole story, and we'll see what's to be done."

But she would not speak a word. They entered the house and went upstairs. He glanced in and saw Barrow lying as he had left him, apparently asleep.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You can't miss the weak spot
here
and you'll find it just as surely in cheap paint – once it's on your house

WHETHER it's tires or tables—rugs or radios—all merchandise may be divided into two groups—the quality group and the "weak spot" group.

Paint is no exception. It, too, has its "weak spot" brands. Cheap paint may look like a bargain—in the can. But use it, and its weak spots will stand out as glaringly as a fur coat in midsummer.

What are the weak spots in cheap paint? Faulty mixing is a common one. So is the use of "fillers"—adulterants that make long profits but short-lived paint. Weak spots make cheap paint an expensive "bargain."

Insist upon the brand that has no weak spots!

There are no weak spots in Pee-Gee Paints and Varnishes. Take Mastic House Paint, for instance. It's made from the combination of pigments that gives the greatest spreading power and longest wear—equal parts pure lead and zinc. They're *pure!* And they're *mixed*—by modern machinery and skilled workmen proud of Pee-Gee's 63-year reputation for quality.

And it's the same story for every Pee-Gee product. Judge them by long wear and lasting beauty, and you'll find Pee-Gee Paints and Varnishes not only the finest but the most economical in the end.

See your Pee-Gee dealer. He knows paint. His advice can save you many dollars—as can the use of Pee-Gee Paints and Varnishes!

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PEASLEE-GAULBERT
PAINT & VARNISH COMPANY, INC.
Louisville, Ky.
Makers of Good Paint Since 1867

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page seventy-one

"We'll talk out here," he said, "in the hall, so that we won't disturb Barrow."

Then she spoke for the first time.

"You'd better just feel his head," she said. "Tell me if it's hot."

"Do it yourself."

"I won't."

Clement was afraid to disregard her words. He entered the room and went to the bedside. The door slammed. As he turned he heard a key turn in the lock outside. And then he heard her knocking on the door opposite, heard her voice, desperate with entreaty:

"Marcus! Marcus! You *must* go—this instant! It's your *only* chance! I've locked him in—but Lois has gone to get the doctor. And Jack will tell. . . . Oh, Marcus! For God's sake, Marcus!"

He heard that other door open, and a dreadful cry from the girl. Then the key turned in the lock of his door, and Snow stood before him.

Clement could not repress an exclamation himself. For Snow's face was contorted with pain; there was a cut on his cheek bone; he had one arm in a clumsy sling made of two neckties.

"Clement," he said, "look after the girl, will you?"

Over his shoulder Clement saw Elsie leaning against the wall, with her eyes shut.

"You need a bit of looking after yourself," he said curtly.

"I'll do," said Snow. "I'll sit down a minute."

HE advanced, crossed the room, dragging one foot, to the chair by the window, and it was plain that every step was agony to him.

"Look after—the girl—" he said, lowering himself into the chair.

But Elsie came in herself then, and knelt beside him.

"Marcus! . . . Let me see . . . your arm!"

"Don't be a nuisance!" he said. "I'll do."

"Then it was *you*, Marcus—who jumped out of the window? You—not Stevens?"

"Me," he said.

"Why?" asked Old Portland.

"It was a mistake," said Snow easily. "I heard Barrow groaning, and I came in—and found him unconscious—but talking. . . . I didn't like what he was saying, so I tied something over his mouth. Then I heard someone coming, and I turned out the light. And *you* came in. I didn't want to explain my—rather questionable behavior, so I jumped. I knew the ground was soft there. I thought I could manage. . . . It knocked the wind out of me, but only for a moment. I got up, and luckily found the back door unlocked, and got up here. I'm sorry I haven't been—very useful this evening. . . ."

"But now, Marcus!" cried the girl. "Even now you can get away! The little car's still in the garage."

"But, my dear kid, I don't want to get away."

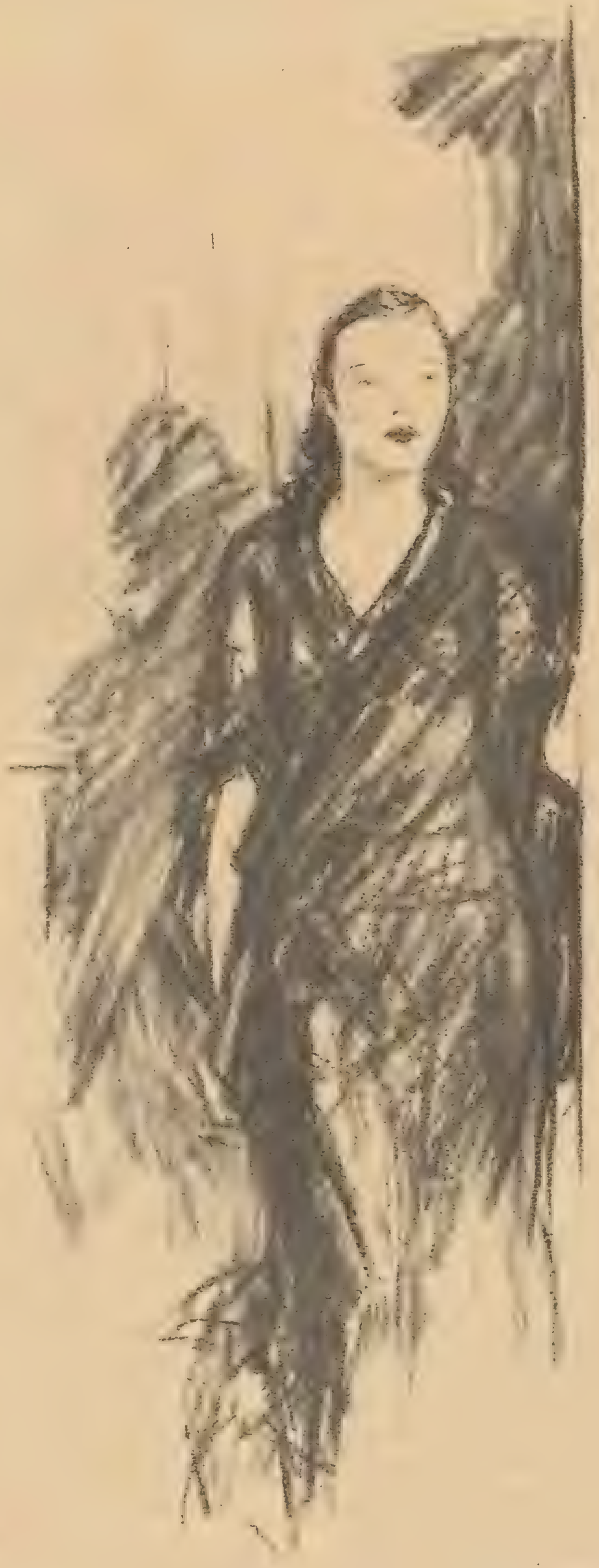
"Oh, Marcus!" she cried. "After all I've done for you!"

"Why, what have you done?"

"I gave Jack the chloroform—to keep him quiet—so that you'd have a chance to escape. I heard him say he was going to 'explain.' . . . Oh, come! I'll help you! You know how to drive. I can't do that—but I'll go with you. Don't—*don't* waste any time! Lois will be back. It's your only chance to escape!"

"Escape?" he repeated.

"I know Mr. Clement won't tell. And I'd rather die than tell. No one else knows but Jack, and he can't speak yet."



"Elsie!" said Lydia's voice. She was standing in the doorway, in her black wrap, with a look of shocked distress on her face.

"Knows what?"

"He does know! At first I thought *he'd* done it, but when I found it was you—"

"You mean — shooting Emery?" said Old Portland.

She turned to him.

"You *said* you'd help me. Then help me now! Help me to get him safely away! He's suffering horribly—he's ill. . . . He's the only person in the world who's been truly kind to me. My one friend . . ."

OVER her head, the two men looked at each other.

"Don't you see that it's no use?" she cried. "Lois is bringing a doctor. He'll insist on knowing. . . . Stevens is gone. When he doesn't turn up at the inquest tomorrow, the police will come again. . . . It can't be hidden any longer."

"No," said Snow. "I don't suppose it can."

"Then, quick!"

"It was kind of you to try to help me," said Snow. "It was . . . you're a good little bolshevik, Elsie. But I'm afraid I'll have to stay."

His hand rested on her hair; she looked up into his face, pulled off her spectacles.

"I'd have given my life for you, Marcus!" she said, with a sob.

"I don't deserve it, dear kid."

"At first I thought you were just trying to shield Lydia."

"Elsie!" said Lydia's voice.

She was standing in the doorway, in her black wrap, with a look of shocked distress on her face.

"What are you saying, my dear? I— Oh, Marcus! What's happened to you?"

"Nothing," he said. "I—had a fall."

Old Portland drew up a chair for her.

"But, Elsie, my dear!" she said. "I really don't understand. . . . You said—Marcus was trying to shield me?"

"I thought that, at first."

"I don't wish anyone to shield me," said Lydia, with quiet dignity. "I'm quite ready to take the consequences of all that I've done. I hoped it would never come into court; but if it does, I'm ready. I'm not ashamed—and I'm not sorry."

"See here!" said Snow. "Let's not talk any more. . . . Lydia, Elsie's found out!" His eyes were fixed on her face with terrible intensity. "Please listen to me! Elsie's found out—and I admit it: I killed Emery."

"Marcus!" she cried. "But that's—carrying chivalry *too* far! It's splendid of you, but it's—really too much. I can't let you say that."

“I do say it.”

“No, Marcus!” said she.

Her voice was as soft as ever. She looked distressed, but nothing more. And, thought Old Portland, she never would show any more emotion. In her polite gentleness there lay hidden an invincible strength, and an invincible pride.

“No, Marcus!” she repeated. “And it's quite unnecessary now. They have a good start.”

“A good start?” “They?” said Snow and Clement together.

“I don't think they'll be caught,” she went on. “Stevens is really very clever and resourceful. I wouldn't let them tell me where they were going, so that I can honestly tell the police I don't know.” She looked at Snow. “It was very splendid of you, Marcus, to think of such a thing,” she said. “I felt quite sure that you knew, and Jack, too. I hoped—” For the first time her voice grew a little unsteady. “I hoped that, for Gilbert's sake, we could manage to keep this quiet.”

“But what—” Elsie began, when Old Portland bent over her. “Keep quiet!” he murmured fiercely.

“When Stevens told me about Duncan,” Lydia went on, “I was afraid it wouldn't be possible to keep it all a secret. It was wrong and wicked of Stevens—but one can't help being sorry for him. . . . And his love seemed to me—a beautiful thing.”

Again she paused.

“Go on! Go on!” Old Portland urged her, but silently.

“I DON'T think he had actually intended to kill Duncan,” she resumed. “But there was surely murder in his heart. You see, Duncan had *seen* what happened—had actually seen the shot fired. And he was—horrible about it. . . . So that night—only last night, was it? It doesn't seem possible, does it?”

“No . . . it doesn't . . .” said Snow politely.

“He got to the station just as the train came in, and Duncan got into the car at once. He sat beside Stevens, and he began to talk . . . in a horrible way—about her . . . and what trouble he could make, if he liked. And Stevens stopped the car and threw him out. He drove on a moment, and then, he told me, he realized how wrong that was, and he went back. And before he could get there, another car ran over Duncan. It's so terrible to think of! But Stevens is sure that poor Duncan was unconscious from the fall.

“The driver of the other car didn't even stop. Stevens caught a glimpse of his face, looking quite wild. . . . Then Jack Barrow came up and they carried Duncan out of the road. He said that all night he lay awake thinking of Duncan out there in the rain, and first thing in the morning he brought him here. He really was sorry. You can see he had—some feeling of decency.”

“But—” said Old Portland, “—I don't understand—”

“It was all very simple,” Lydia explained, with a sort of courteous patience. “He felt quite certain no one had seen Duncan get into the car. He took a short cut and came to that garage from the other direction, as if he were just coming from the house. He did something to the tire on the way, to make it all seem quite right.”

In the silence that followed, Barrow muttered and tossed. She rose and went over to the bedside, laid her hand on his brow.

“Exactly—how much did Sommerfield say he saw?” asked Old Portland, very carefully.

“Everything. He was on the terrace. He saw Agnes snatch up the revolver that poor Gilbert always had on his desk at night, and fire.”

“Shot him down in cold blood?” said Old Portland.

Then he saw a faint color rise in Lydia's cheeks, and he was sorry he had said that. Knowing the late Gilbert Emery as he did, he could well imagine that Agnes had shot him, not in cold blood, but in the hot blood of anger, perhaps in fear. She was a pretty and unprotected young girl, and Emery had been—Emery.

“I think,” said Lydia steadily, “that Agnes must not be too much blamed. Her love for her husband—”

“Husband?”

“She and Stevens were married last week. I was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page seventy-three

happy to help them a little. I was willing to do anything I could to help her get away. I gave her money, but Stevens returned it to me."

And that, thought Old Portland, explained the purse. Everything was pretty well explained now by Lydia's words. And her silence in regard to Agnes' motive for the shooting was still more eloquent.

There she stood, straight and slender, fatigue in her face, and a look very grave, but at heart untouched by the tragedy that had blackened her world. She had done what she believed to be right. She had cared nothing at all for policemen and judges and other such masculine devices. She had tried to protect her dead husband's quite unprotectable reputation, but she had thought first and foremost of the luckless little housemaid. It never had occurred to her that she herself had been suspected.

And it never must! Clement had been willing to obstruct the course of justice, thinking her guilty. Barrow had removed the silver to establish a burglary theory Snow had gone so far as to make his preposterous "confession." And she was never going to know any of that.

Elsie rose to her feet.

"Of course you'll have to tell the doctor that I gave the chloroform to Jack," she said shortly.

Lydia looked at her kindly enough, yet, thought Clement, with considerable aloofness. For Lydia would understand her housemaid far better than she would Elsie.

"I DON'T think it will be necessary," she said. "I'm quite sure that Jack will be perfectly willing to say it was an accident. And Dr. Porter is so nice. We'll send for him—"

"Lois has gone to get him now," said Elsie. "Anyhow, I don't care what happens."

"My dear!" protested Lydia.

"I don't! I've—just made a—fool of myself—"

"I suppose your idea was to help Stevens get away," said Lydia, a little doubtfully. "Though I'm sure you were mistaken. Jack would *never* have told." She sighed a little. "If it really becomes necessary," she said, "I have their confessions. Stevens insisted upon leaving them, in case anyone else should be accused. But I shan't produce them for a week at least—until they are both safely away. And never at all if it can be avoided."

She stopped and listened.

"There's a car!" she said, and turned to the two men with her gracious air of deferring to their superior judgment. "If it's Dr. Porter, don't you think that perhaps I'd better see him first?"

"Certainly!" said Clement. "By all means!"

She went out of the room, and after a moment Elsie turned to follow her.

"Too bad, Elsie!" said Snow.

"I don't care!" said she.

"But your theory, my dear kid! About the poor always having to pay—no one willing to help them—"

"Oh, let me alone!" she cried.

"Sorry!" he said. "But this'll probably go on for years. Now you've got to marry a man who not only has a bit of money, but who's going to keep on trying to make more—"

"I haven't got to!"

"You have!" Snow assured her. "You've compromised yourself irrevocably. Clement heard you. He heard you say that—"

"Stop!" she cried. "Oh, how can you! When I've known for years and years how you feel about Lydia."

There was a moment's silence.

"As a matter of fact," said Snow, "you don't know anything about anything. Got a cigarette, Clement? Thanks!" He struck a match with a shaking hand, but his voice was level and cool. "And I'm not going to explain. Only that in my younger days I made a fool of myself, and Lydia was very kind to me. . . . Just lately, after I'd met you at that studio tea, I wrote to her. I said I thought that if you ever grew up you'd be someone worth knowing. And she was delighted. She asked you here, *and* me. I hadn't seen her for years, but she was just the same. She's a prejudiced woman. She's an unreasonably loyal friend. She thought you had only to see me for a week or so to adore me. So you came, and I came, and now you've got to marry me and stop being a female doctor."

" Never! " cried Elsie.

" But, my dear girl! " protested Snow. " Look at me, utterly neglected here, with any number of broken bones! Look at Barrow! My dear girl, *look* at your two patients! Don't you see what an utterly rotten little doctor you'd be? "

She drew herself up proudly; but, to save his life, Clement could not help bursting into a laugh. She looked at him furiously; then, with something like a sob, she began to laugh herself. Clement had not heard her laugh before, and it seemed to him very touching, as if she did not know much about laughter.

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" I thought," said Snow, "that Lydia'd do you good. She belongs to the strait-laced, law-abiding past generation. . . . Look here! You'd better clear out before the real doctor comes. He might not approve of your—treatments."

She ran out of the room, and Snow glanced at Clement.

" And otherwise," he said . . . " we might as well leave the explanations to Lydia? "

" I agree with you," said Old Portland.

. . . . .

Two days later Old Portland sat at dinner in the hideous and forbidding dining room of his own flat.

The inquest was over, not postponed, as he had feared, because of Stevens' flight. The police were certainly looking for Stevens, but so far they had found no trace of him except the car, discovered in a garage in a neighboring town. They understood, now, why he had disregarded his subpœna. Lydia had explained to them. It appeared that Stevens and Agnes had been married the week before, and that they had helped themselves to certain petty cash, no doubt to start housekeeping. Of course, this was reprehensible, but Lydia said she would never prosecute.

Barrow had attended the inquest, and given the evidence required of him. Dr. Porter had been called, too, as he had been summoned when Stevens had brought the body of Sommerfield to the house. He deposed that Sommerfield had been dead when he saw him, and his opinion of the injuries was the same as the police doctor's.

Captain Snow had not been required to attend, which was a good thing, as he had slipped on the stairs and broken his arm and sprained his ankle. Nor did Elsie have to appear. She was still visiting Mrs. Emery, and had decided not to return to medical college.

All over. All explained. And now in the hideous and forbidding dining room sat Old Portland, facing his niece, and between them sat young Martin.

Seen away from the office, Martin was notably younger, and his conversation, to his employer, was not very interesting. But it seemed to entertain Lois.

" As soon as he's out of the hospital," young Martin was saying, " he's going to hop off again. And he's promised to take me on his trial flight."

" Well, I'll send a wreath," said Lois.

They both smiled. That was their idea of a joke. Their eyes met; they were appraising each other, in the merciless fashion of their years; and they smiled again.

" Ha! . . ." said Old Portland to himself, with boundless satisfaction.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

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One afternoon everything seemed to go wrong with Evelyn. Finally she started to go in the house and fell on the steps. Getting up, she said in disgust:

" Sometimes I feel like hitting those old fairies."—Esther Smith, 741 N. Emporia Street, Wichita, Kan.

* * *

Shock or Surprise?

A farmer took his little girl to town and bought her a new outfit of clothes and placed the bundle containing them in his wagon. Deciding to surprise his wife, as they neared home he had the child take off her old clothes and tossed them off a bridge into the river, then discovered the bundle had dropped out of the wagon.

" I'll get under the seat," bravely suggested the child. " We'll surprise mama anyhow! "—F. J. Miller, Box 1200, Shreveport, La.

* * *

A Good Boy's Reward

Oliver was told by his aunt to put the garden tools away when he finished playing with them or his uncle wouldn't let him play with them again. He obeyed, and called his aunt to see.

" Now what will uncle say to that? " he asked.

" That you are a good boy," his aunt told him.

" No," said Oliver; " he'll say, 'Let Oliver have the ax too.' "—Miss G. M. Kilburne, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.

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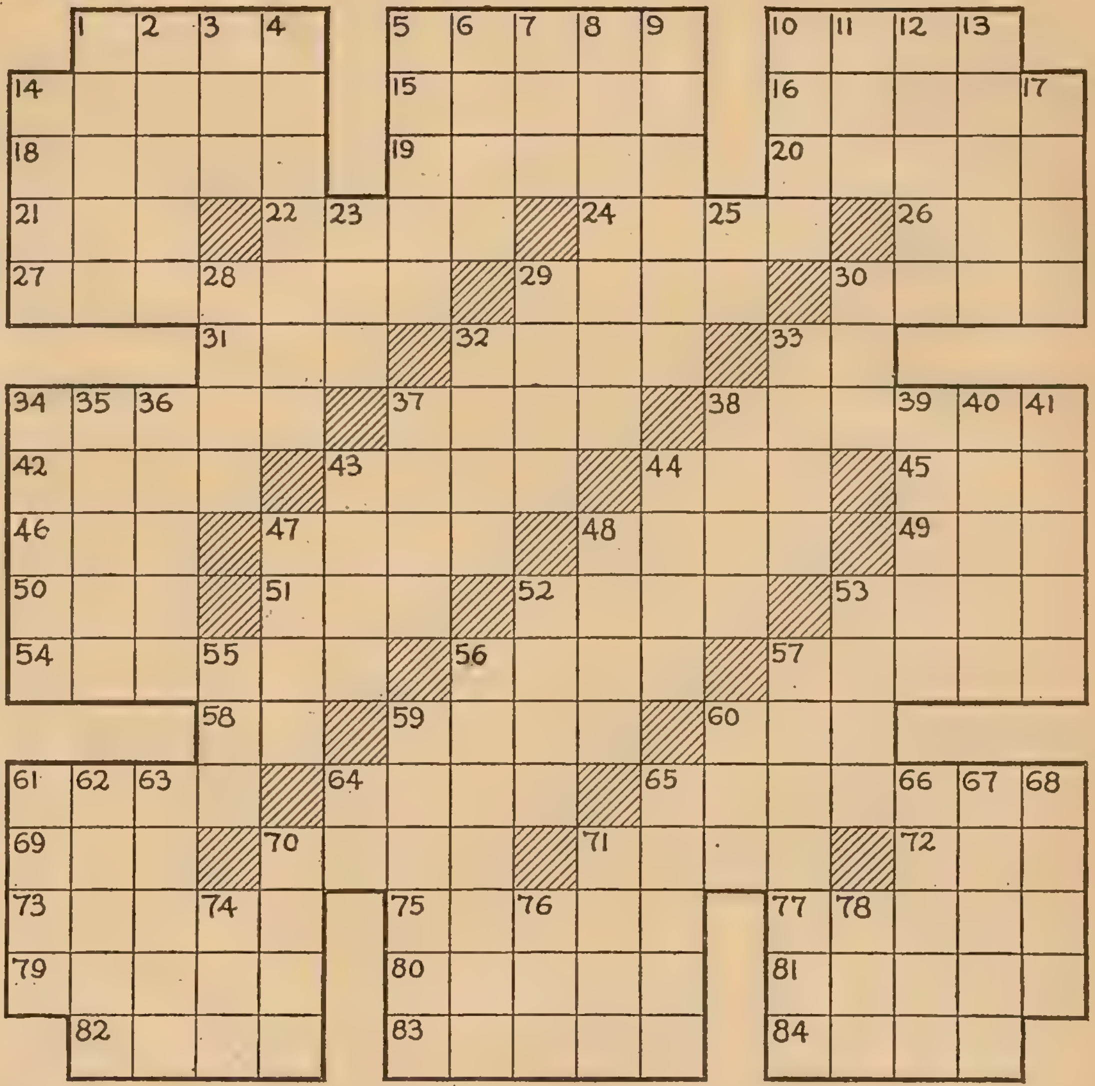
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58 59 60
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69 70 71 72
73 74 75 76 77 78
79 80 81
82 83 84

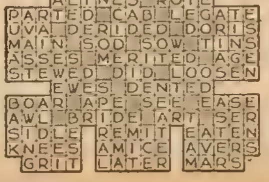
HORIZONTAL

1 Rush
5 A steep descent
10 Hoop or ring
14 Territory of Japan
15 Energy; vigor
16 Appended
18 Inactive; lifeless
19 Woman's name
20 Indigent
21 Measure of weight
22 Large receptacle
24 Observed narrowly
26 Duration of existence
27 Expungers
29 Was indebted
30 Employs
31 A fragment; refuse
32 Hastened
33 By
34 Scrutinizes
37 An act
38 Unwilling; reluctant
42 Sharp tinge
43 Part of to be
44 Silkworm
45 Beard, as of grain
46 Termination
47 A fruit
48 Compensated
49 Obtained
50 Corroded
51 Ever
52 Unyielding
53 At this point
54 Those things which are lost
56 Director or manager
57 A duck
58 Either
59 A brewing substance
60 Cooking utensil
61 Soon
64 Animal
65 Either of a couple who dance together
69 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
70 Town in Siberia
71 A fertilizer
72 Hail!
73 Declaim
75 Ill temper
77 Borders of a roof
79 Measure of length
80 Frighten
81 Slope
82 Appear to be
83 Stitched
84 A condiment

VERTICAL

1 Giver
2 Region in an amphitheater
3 East Indian weight
4 Dealers in hats
5 Twirls
6 County in Ireland
7 Reverential fear
8 Begun again
9 Pillaged; spoiled
10 Conspire together
11 American author
12 Notions
13 Shelf, as of rock
14 Species of hawk
17 Colors
23 Craft
25 Man's name shortened
28 Musical setting for a lyric poem
29 Not concealed
30 American Indian
32 Prophet
33 Greedy
34 To move furtively or clandestinely
35 Division of a poem
36 A mountain range
37 Costly
38 Dry; barren
39 Stormed
40 Took oath
41 Penetrate
43 Insects
44 Parts of the head
47 An equal
48 Gone by
52 Cavity
53 A clew; suggestion
55 A descendant
56 To cause to be in equilibrium
57 Without ears
59 Marsh; swamp
60 Parity
61 Minute particle
62 Nostrils
63 Oval
64 A parent
65 Peeled
66 Pertaining to vessels of war
67 An occurrence
68 Repose
70 Limited or definite extent of time
71 Such and no more
74 A mound
76 A crease in cloth
78 A wing

Answers to last week's puzzles.


CARD MADAM LOAM
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POT WAD SATIN TIE
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MAIN SOD SOW TINS
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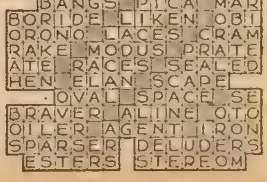
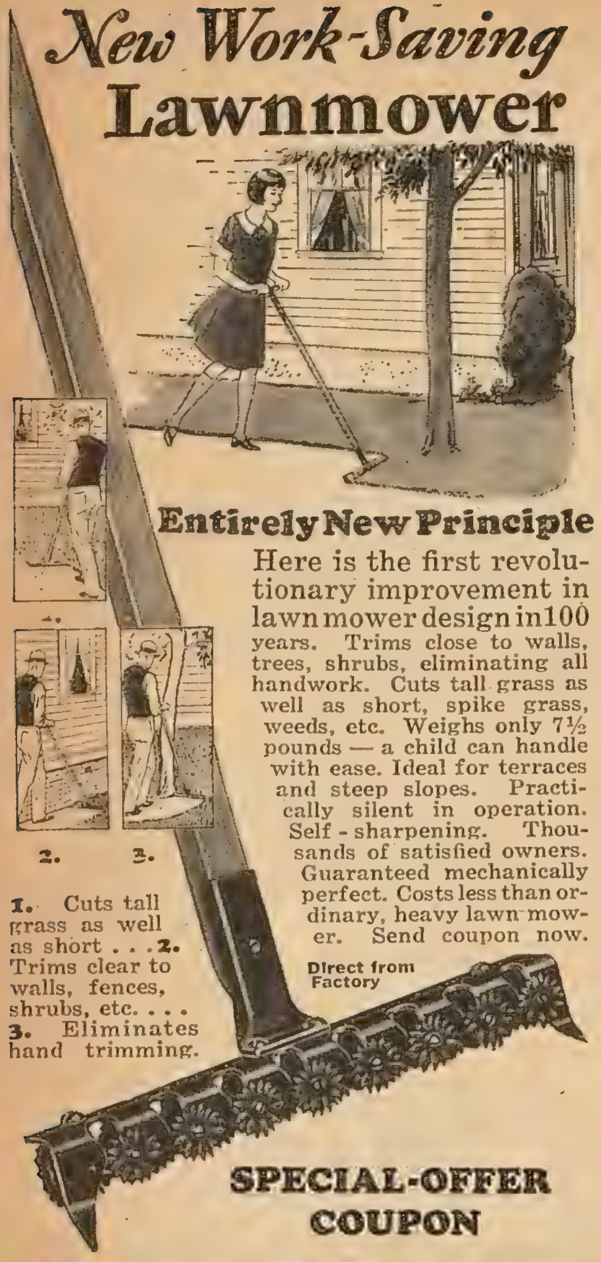
KNEES AMICE AVERS
GRIT LATER MARS


DERIDES ATONES
SEDIMENT LATERAL
ABED FERAL TAINE
GIN HAMAN FORAGE
AT MORAY DAMS
BANGS PICA MAR
BORIDE LIKEN OBI
ORONO LACES CRAM
RAKE MODUS PRATE
ATE RACES SEALED
HEN ELAN SCAPE
OVAL SPACE SE
BRAVER ALINE OTO
OILER AGENT IRON
SPARSER DELUDERS
ESTERS STEREOM



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The Charm Decade

By

EILEEN BOURNE

ENTER, Madame and Mademoiselle, with all the charm you can assemble—for the Charm Decade is here!

Slowly, subtly, the lovely quality described by Barrie as " a sort of bloom on a woman " has been stealing up on us, insidiously replacing the sophisticated smartness that was the keynote of yesterday's success. And mark well that *yesterday,* you who would be in the mode.

It is no idle conjecture that today's desideratum is—and tomorrow's will be—the woman lure that never fails, neglected though it may be in decades given over to smartness, sophistication, and pursuit of the ultramodern, as the one from which we have just emerged. For charm is becoming to every woman. It flatters her, no matter what her silhouette, the shape of her nose, the size of her feet, or the tone of her complexion.

As much cannot be said for smartness, as it has been practiced in our midst in recent years. The coiffures that were adopted because they were " smart," the hats, the frocks exposing knees and legs of questionable contour, manners strident, aggressive, often crude, and the monotonous standardization of the sex was woman at her least becoming, flattering, or alluring.

Don't prolong the day of response to the new call. Be among the first exponents of this thing called charm. Don't be like the woman of the past decade who waited until all the other heads were bobbed before she got up courage to have her hair clipped. Jump right in with your daintily shod feet and take a stand with the most charming of them.

A charming woman is good to look upon. That goes without saying. Whatever may be said against the recent sophisticated era, women learned then to keep weight in control. They learned the value of health in connection with beautiful skin and hair and teeth and so on. They learned the value of a vital body, good posture, and a constructive turn of mind. All of which may be carried over into the new charm era advantageously. Also, women learned that they did not have to be born beauties to attain distinction. If not beautiful according to artistic canons, the good looks that result from good health, physical care, and careful grooming were theirs for the asking.

Women henceforth will cultivate the art of good taste in everything—clothes, conversation, home decoration, make-up, coiffure. They will develop that sureness of self that comes from a nice unconsciousness of self and without which grace is impossible.

They will substitute for the self-centered, selfish influence of the sophisticated era an interest in other people that will make them pleasant companions. They will be alive, energetic, enthusiastic, and have the will for worthwhile accomplishment—but always they will remember the importance of cultivating charm.

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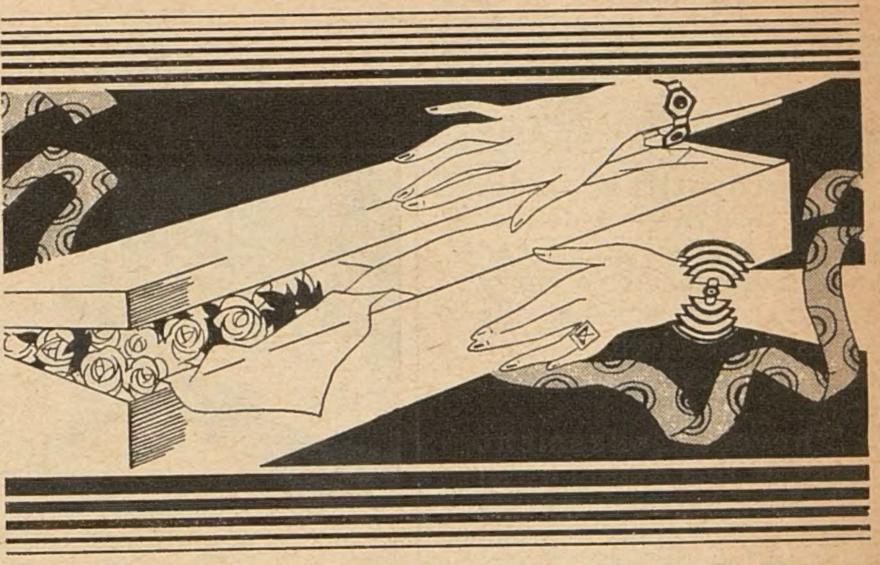
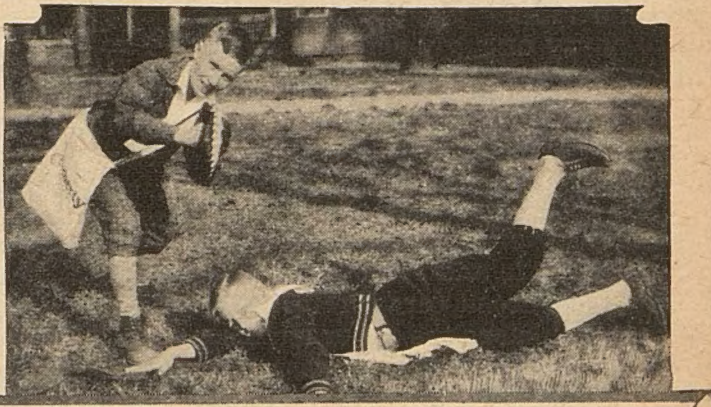


SEND HER FLOWERS

Say it with Flowers



Charles Summerall (Ala.) slides to first before Jerry McCord gets the ball in the mitt he received free.

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Color *marks the modern* Menu

By ETHEL SOMERS

COLORFUL tables are now very much the prevailing mode. Even though you do not possess colored linens and table accessories to carry out a color scheme, the foods themselves, if well chosen, provide sufficient color.

The commencement party of this season often calls for a particularly difficult color plan. If the natural yellows, reds, greens, pinks, and creams of the viands do not provide the necessary variety, we can, for example, color the cake or its frosting. Combinations of fruit juices may be made of just the right color. Then, too, we could roll the sandwiches to simulate diplomas and tie them with the school colors. Such a party menu, consisting of a colorful beverage, diploma sandwiches, coconut-coated cake or individual pies, can be designed to carry out any school colors, no matter how complicated.

Diploma Sandwiches

- Fresh bread, sliced thin
- Narrow ribbon
- Softened butter or creamy sandwich filling

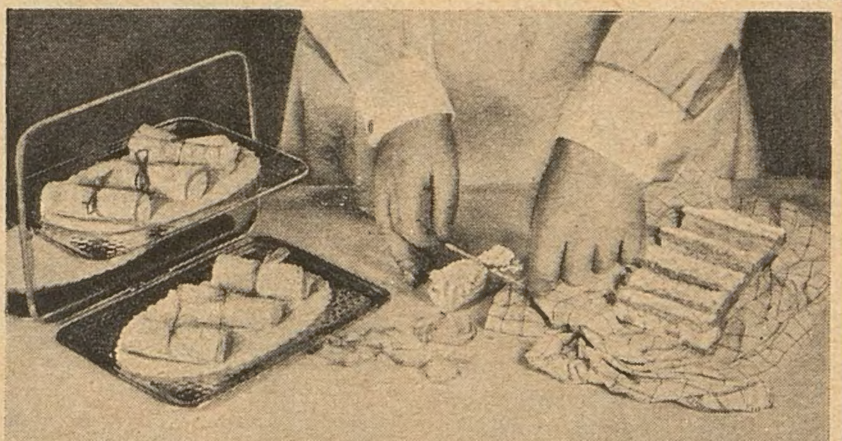
SPREAD a towel wrung out of cold water on a table and place on it rows of the thinly cut bread (crust removed). The damp towel keeps the lower surface of the bread moist, which prevents its cracking when rolled. Spread the bread with the filling or softened butter and roll each slice in a *tight* roll. Keep in the dampened towel until just before serving, then tie with ribbon. If a green and white color scheme is being used, a parsley spray may be used instead of the ribbon.

Sugar Designs

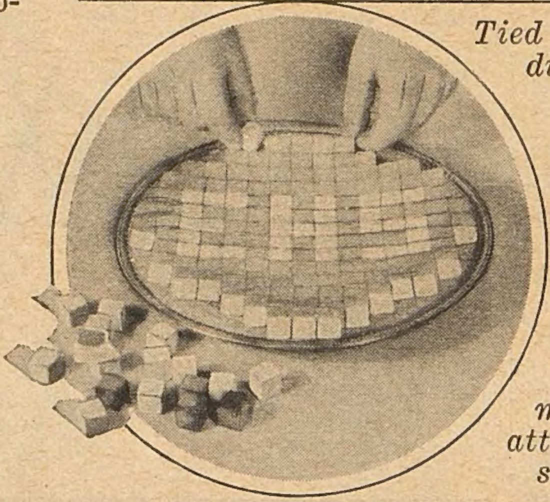
THERE are colorful sugar cubes sold in floral, candle, or teapot designs. Sugar cubes also may be had in many of the school colors and will make an excellent decorative piece to accompany your beverage service.

Colored Coconut

ONE easy way of bringing out the party color scheme is with colored coconut. This may be used on the cake or meringue-topped pies, in candies, on the salad or fruit service. Add either the liquid coloring or color paste to one-half tablespoon of hot water, and when the mixture is smooth stir in the shredded coconut until the desired shade is obtained.



Tied with the school colors, diploma sandwiches are most appropriate for the commencement tea.



Tinted sugar cubes make a modern and an attractive note for school parties.

Colored Angel Food Cake

ANGEL food cake is an excellent medium for carrying out color schemes. The cake itself may be made of one color with a contrasting icing, or a still more interesting effect may be produced by dividing the cake dough in the number of portions required and tinting each portion as desired; for example, one white, one a delicate yellow, and another a delicate lavender. These colors may then be put into the cake pan in alternating spoonfuls. Then marble the colors by twisting a fork gently with a spiral motion throughout the dough. Checkerboard effects may be produced if one has the proper cake pan.

DAFFODIL cake is a simple means of carrying out a yellow-and-white color scheme. Prepare one recipe of sponge cake and one of angel food. Alternate spoonfuls of each in a cake pan and marble the two colors by gently twisting a fork through the mixture.

Party-Colored Cookies

- ½ cup butter
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 unbeaten egg white
- 3 tablespoons milk
- 1½ cups bread flour
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon desired flavoring
- Color as desired

FIRST cream the butter and gradually work in the sugar. Add the unbeaten egg white and beat the mixture thoroughly. Then alternate additions of the sifted dry ingredients and the milk, adding the flavoring to the milk. When the mixture is smooth, divide in half and color as desired. Chill one portion. Then roll the chilled portion to one-quarter- or one-half-inch thickness. Return to the ice box until thoroughly chilled. Now roll the second portion, which has been kept at room temperature and is therefore softer, on top of the chilled portion. Return to the ice box and when thoroughly chilled, roll in a *tight* roll as for jelly roll. (This roll may be placed in the ice box and kept as for ice-box cookies, even as long as a week, before baking. It must be kept at least until cold enough to slice neatly.) Cut into thin slices, turning the roll after each cutting so as to distribute the pressure and thus prevent flattening of the sides. Bake in a hot oven (390° F.) for eight to ten minutes. Take care not to actually brown the cookies as this destroys the coloring.

Gold Cake

- ½ cup butter or substitute
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup egg yolks (about eight)
- 1¾ cups pastry flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- ½ cup milk

WHEN the fat is well creamed, gradually work in the sugar. Stir in the well beaten egg yolks. Beat the egg, fat, and sugar mixture until smooth and creamy. Mix and sift the dry ingredients several times. Add to the sugar mixture alternately with the milk mixed with the lemon rind. Beat the mixture after each addition and pour into oiled, lightly floured cake pans. If it is spread to a layer-cake thickness, bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for twenty to twenty-five minutes. If a loaf cake is being made, place in a 350° F. oven for forty-five to sixty minutes.

HIGHEST honors in taste await your commencement party menu—provided you consult Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. Delicious cakes, sparkling beverages, and creamy sandwich fillings are but a few of the additional suggestions in Miss Somers' booklets that will enhance the gayety of graduation time. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Send for them now. And please use the coupon.

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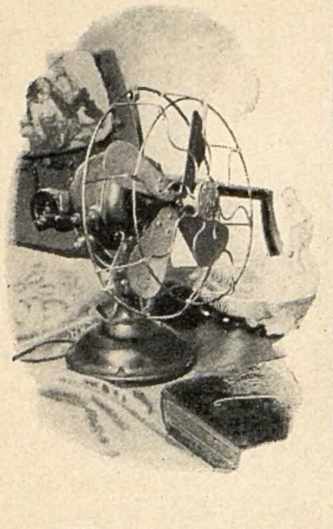

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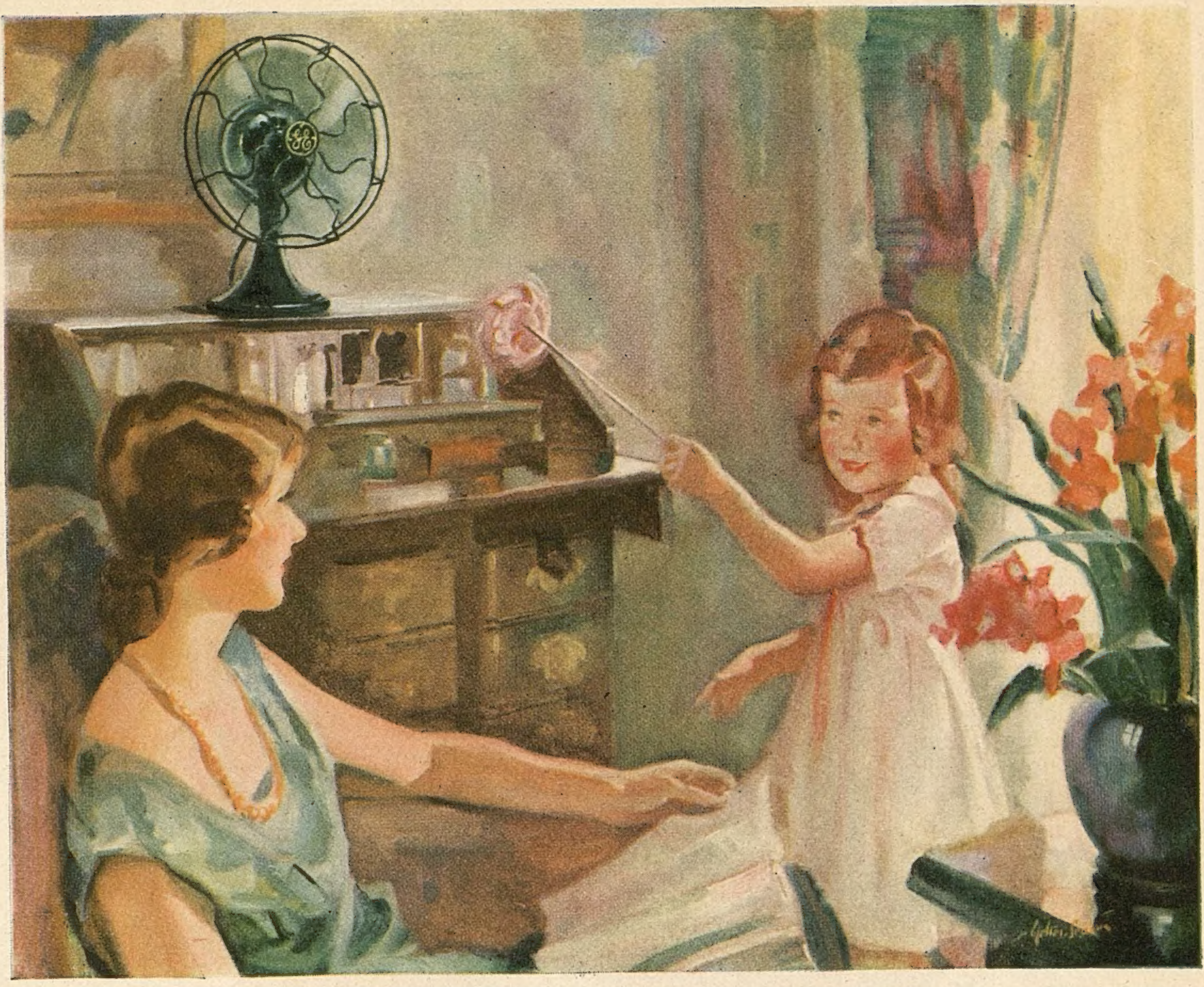

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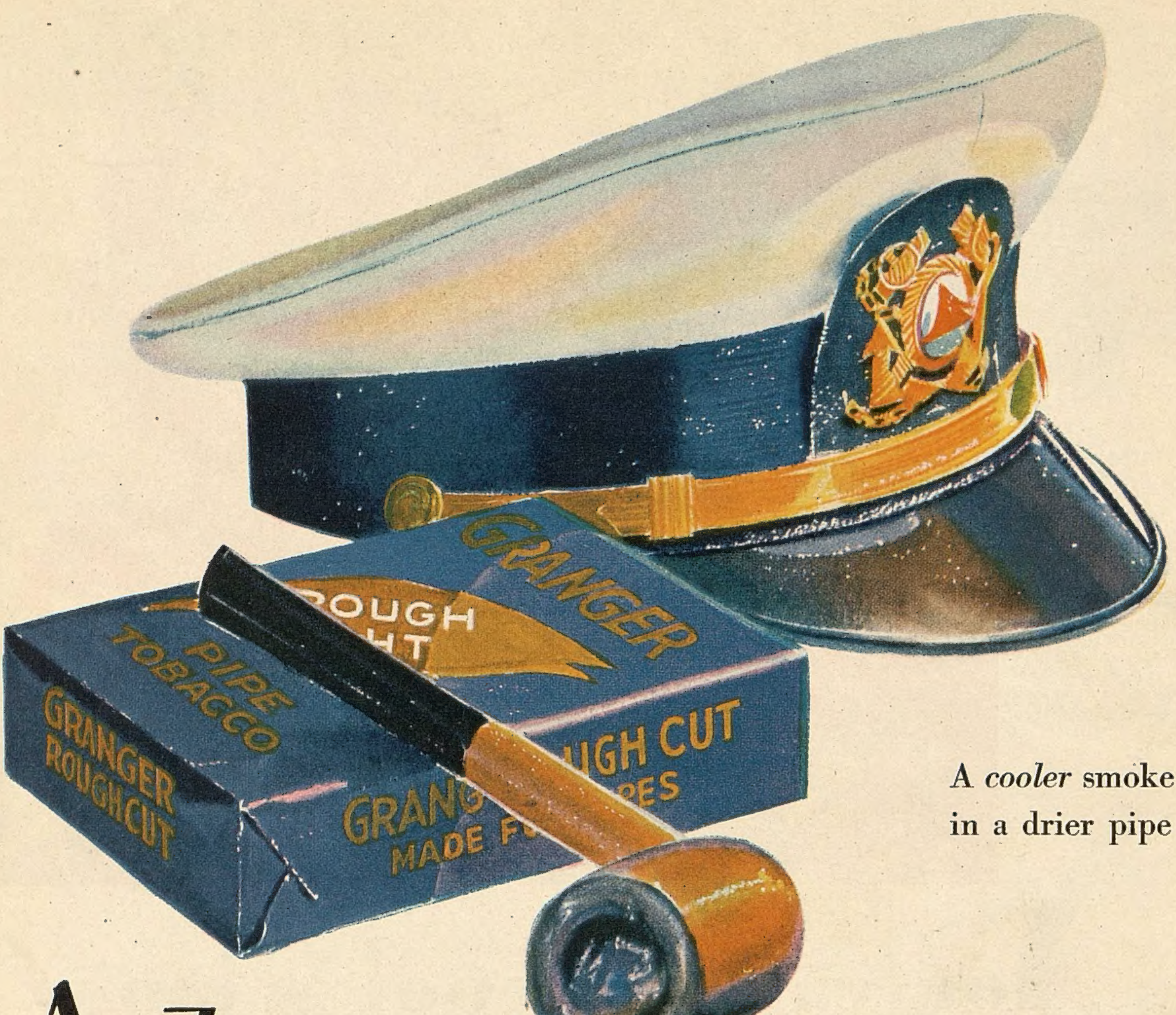
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